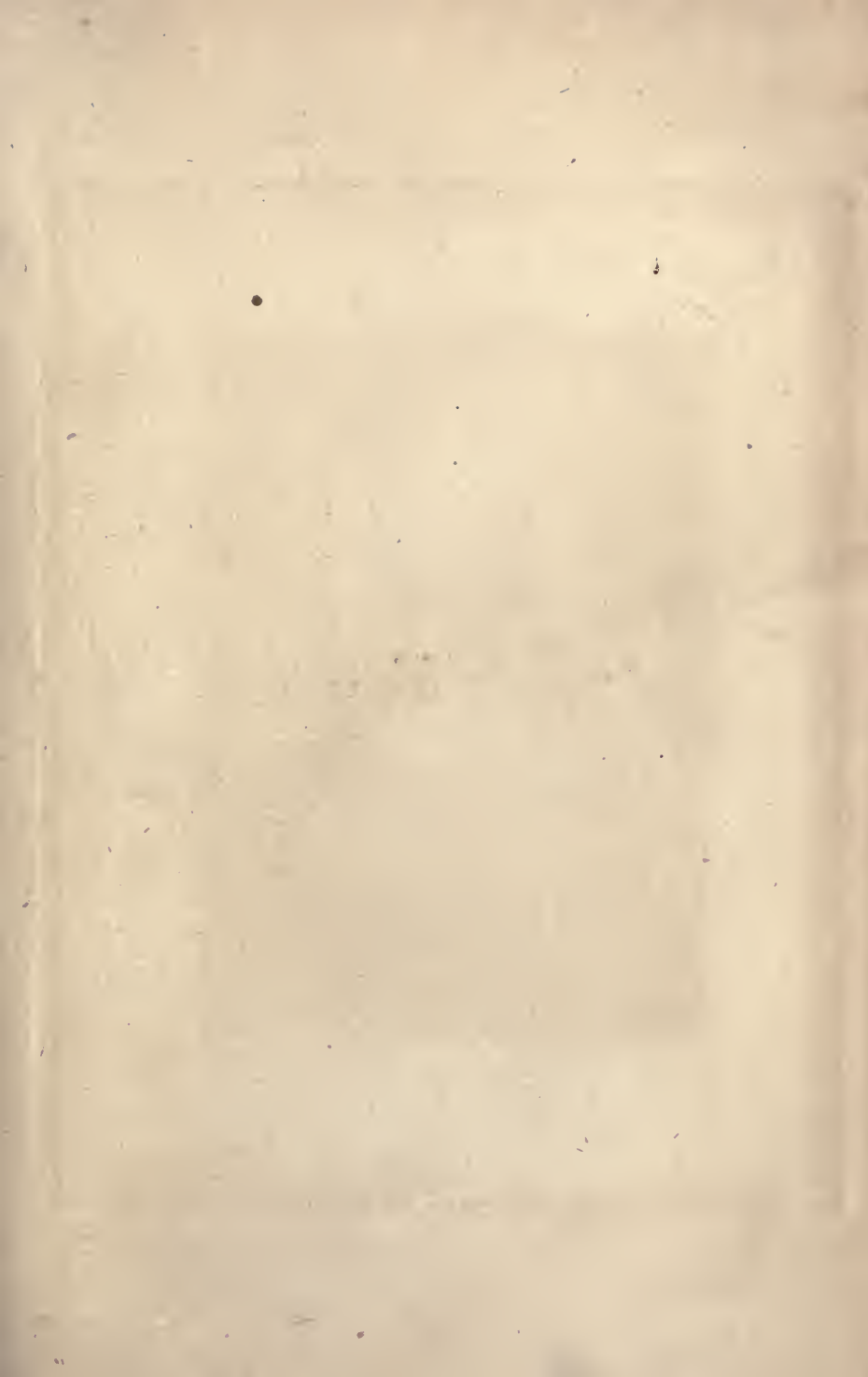
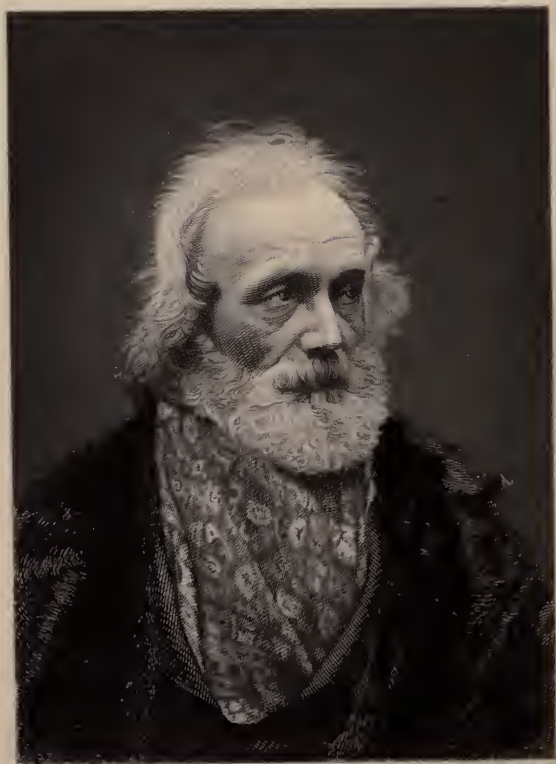




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation







James Henry - U.S.
Sen. Tenn. 56

POEMS

508

CHIEFLY

PHILOSOPHICAL,

IN CONTINUATION OF

MY BOOK AND A HALF YEAR'S POEMS,

BY

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

"Bégone, foolish babbler! I hate and despise thee,"
Said Nêwton to Póesy, turning his back;
But Philósofhy smiling said:—"Dóest thou not knów me,
Thine ówn only loved one?" and thrêw down her másk.

35526
6/1/92

DRESDEN,

C. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

1856.

FORMER

PHILOSOPHY

THESE thoughts, while through my brain they passed, were mine;
Passing through thy brain, reader, they are thine;
Use them as best thou mayst; who I am, thee
Concerns as little, as who thou art, me.

1888
11/13

COME, Máry with the eyes so blue,
Come, Máry with the heart so true,
Cóme and let 's roam a while together
In the bright, wárm, sunshiny weather,
Alóng the lane, beneath the trees,
In the fiéld or garden, where you please,
For it 's nót about the walk I care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

If you don't like to walk, we 'll sit
In the jéssamine bower and while you knit,
Or dráw, or work in filligree,
Í, on a stool beside your knee,
Will téll you tales, read poetry,
Or lilt to my guitár an air,
Nót that guitár or book 's my care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

If léss agreeable the bower,
Come, let 's ascend the ruined tower
That ón the hill commands the shore
And fár off hears the breakers róar.
There, armed with Galilean eye,
Évery spar, sail, rope we 'll descry
In évery táll ship passing by,
Nót that for tówer, sea, ship I care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

If you will nót the tower ascend,
Ínto the wood our steps let 's bend
And márk with what agility
The brówn squirrel bounds from tree to tree,
Or heár the oft repeated stroke
That félls at last old monareh oak,
Or gáther mushrooms or see glide
The cleár stream by the gráy rock's side,
Nót that for stream, rock, wood I care,
Bút to be with you anywhere.

You 'll nóne of all; well, Mary, no;
Óút of this spot we 'll never go.
Smile but on me those eyes so blue,
Beát but for me that heart so true,
Hére is my world, and other none
I récognise beneath the sun;
Beside you here I 'll live and die,
Beside you 's my eternity.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 17, 1854;
and while walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

THE WEDDING RING.

LÉT the pure unalloyed gold of this ring
Decláre the perfect love with which I love thee;
LÉT the firm, cómpact, indestructible metal
Witness my love 's no evanescent passion;
Ánd the strong, massy hoop, encircling thus
Thy slénder finger, typify the pale
Witlín which thou shalt pass thy days secure,
From áll harm guarded by these sheltering arms.

Walking from PFUNDS to RIED (German TYROL), Sept. 4, 1854.

I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be wise,
I énvý nó't the regal state,
Weá'lh has small splendor in mine eyes,
I am contented with my fate;

I live and breathe and see the sun,
And féél the frésh air round me blow,
For mé the earth is spread with flowers,
For mé the gurgling waters flow;

And if I 'm loved by one alone,
Lóved by one ónly let me be,
For thát one heart is all my own —
Ye kings, wise, rích men, envy me.

LANDRO in the valley of AMPEZZO, July 22, 1854.

CUCKOO!

"TWAS ón a balmy day
In the látter end of May
I heárd the cúckoo say,
 Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

Évery day in June,
Mórning, evening, noon,
She repeáted the same tune,
 Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

But when búrning hot July
Fláred in the summer sky,
Ah! the cúckoo bade good bye,
 Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

Quick cóme again, sweet May,
Till ón a balmy day
Again I hear her say,
 Cúckoo! Cúckoo!

While travelling in Stellwagen from SAUERLOCH to HOLZKIRCHEN (BAVARIA),
July 8, 1854.

JULIA ALPINULA.

"MY father, spare my father," Julia cried
And at th' inexorable Roman's feet
Thréw herself, tearless: — "Spare, Oh spare, my father;
Mércy is dearer far to heaven than justice;
Mércy is fair and lovely and makes friends
And binds with the indissoluble bond

Of grátitude; Oh spare my father, Roman;
 Róme is no petty state compelled to uphold
 By térror its precarious sovereignty;
 Róme can affórd to have mércy on a rebel.
 Man, Roman, father, spare a man, a father,
 Spáre an Helvetian guilty and repentant;
 Só at Aventia's altar shall my prayers,
 The priéstess' and the daughter's prayers, be daily
 Óffered for greát Rome and for thee — Oh spare him,
 Magnánimous Roman, spare him, spare him, spare him."
 In vain she supplicated and in vain
 Clúng to the Consul's knees; un pitying justice
 Lópped with remorseless axe the victim's head;
 And never in Aventia's temple after
 Officiated Julia, but away
 Pined grádual and at last died brokenhearted.
 Áfter a thousand and six hundred years
 A stóne found at Aventicum affirms
 The trúth of the Historian: — "Here I lie,
 Júlia Alpinula, Aventia's priestess,
 Ill-fated daughter of ill-fated sire:
 The sire a rebel died by the hand of justice,
 The daúghter's supplication failed to save
 The fáther's life — her years were three and twenty." *

RATISBON, June 30, 1854.

* JULIA ALPINULA: HIC JACEO. INFELICIS PATRIS INFELIX PROLES. DEAE
 AVENTIAE SACERDOS. EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTUI: MALE MORI IN FATIS
 ILLI ERAT. VIXI ANNOS XXIII.

MÁN, egoistic, for his own self lives,
Thinking he lives for honor, virtue, fame,
Ór for his country, as he 's pleased to call
The land which chanced to give the egoist birth;
Wóman, devoted woman, knows no self,
Lives only in and for the egoist
Whó in the name of love has made her slave.

Walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

A mán and woman travelling by the way
And thirsty both, found each a cup of liquor;
The mán, as he drank his, made a wry face
And spát some óut and said it was most bitter.
The wóman, as she dránk hers, kept her eyes
Fixed on the man, then meckly smiling said: —
“Bitter was mý cup too, and I doubt not
Bitterer than thine, but pleasant to me always
Éven the most bitter draught if I have only
Thy face before mine eyes while I am drinking.

Walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

ANNA MARIA PRIETH.*

It was the morning of the Sunday first
In Advent, when, four hours before daylight,
Anna Maria Prieth, the widow, left
House, home, and children five at Pitz and crossed
The ice of Reschen's frozen lake to Graun,
There made confession of her sins and eased
By that sweet sacrament her burthened mind.
'Twas not yet light when 'cross the ice returning,
Pleased with herself and with the world at peace,
And full of happy thoughts of home and children,
She trod upon a spot — Ah! blessed Mary,
Mother of God, where wast thou at that moment? —
Above a spring the weakened ice gave way,
And not till five months later, when May's sun
Unbound the icy fetters of the Vintschgau,
Was found the body; the blessed spirit meanwhile —
A stone attests it on the banks of Reschen,
And every Advent the officiating
Curate of Graun confirms it from the altar —
Sank not into the abyss but, upward borne
By hands angelic, soared until it joined
The harmonic choirs that never ceasing sing
Glad hymns of praise around the eternal throne.

Walking from RESCHEN in the VINTSCHGAU (German TYROL) to PFUNDS,
Sept. 3, 1854.

* The principal facts of this story are taken from an inscription on a
stone on the banks of the lake of Reschen.

MARY'S WRAITH.

'Twas eárlý on an April morn
As músing sad and all forlorn
I wálked through the scarce braided corn,
 Ah, well aday!

Methóught I heard close by my side
A voice that "Woé 's me!" threé times cried,
And sáw a figure past me glide,
 Ah, well aday!

Bý her white scarf and ribbons blue
My ówn dear Mary's form I knew,
My Máry of the heart so true,
 Ah, well aday!

"And whát, my Mary, hast to do
Hére in chill April's morning dew?"
She ánswered not but from my view,
 Ah, well aday!

Awáy far into thín air fléd —
Quickfoót to Máry's home I sped,
And thére lay Mary strétched out dead,
 Ah, well aday!

Walking from ROTTACH ON TEGERNSEE to SEEHAUS ON ACHENSEE in the
German TYROL, July 9, 1854.

LABOR AND IDLENESS.

It happened once that in a coffeehouse —
How many years ago it is not certain —
Labor and Idleness together met,
And thus said Idleness to Labor, sighing: —
“Well, it’s a weary world! I can’t conceive
How any one can like it; for my part
I wish I had died an infant or had never
Been born at all — what think’st thou, brother Labor?”
“It may be as thou say’st or it may not,
For aught I know,” said Labor with a smile;
“To say the truth my life has been so busy
I’ve had small time to enquire into the subject.”
“And dost thou really mean thou dost not know
Whether thy life’s a pleasant one or not?”
“I do indeed, and, what will more surprise thee,
I rarely think either of pain or pleasure
Or of myself at all; I’m always aiming
At something I’ve in hand that must be done;
Of that and that alone I’m always thinking.”
“And so thou slipp’st through life almost without
Knowing thou’rt in it — happy, happy Labor! —
While I am always wondering why the day’s
So very long, so full of care and trouble.”
“To me the day is well nigh over ere
I feel it’s well begun. I’d wish it longer

Thát I might do more work, get further forward.
Éven for this hour here spent with thee in gossip
I feár my sleep tonight will have to pay.”
So said and to his work away went Labor
Cheérful and humming a song; but Idleness
Looked áfter him some moments, wishing half
That hé too had some work to do; then listless
Flúng himself into a chair and dozed, or smoked
And reád the news until the clock struck dinner.

Walking from BAIREUTH to HAAG (BAVARIA), June 23—24, 1854.

OLD MAN.

AT six years old I had before mine eyes
A picture painted, like the rainbow, bright,
But fár, far off in th' unapproachable distance.
With áll my childish heart I longed to reach it,
And strove and strove the livelong day in vain,
Adváncing with slow step some few short yards
But nót perceptibly the distance lessening.
At threéscore yeárs old, when almost within
Grásp of my óutstretched arms the selfsame picture
With áll its beauteous colors painted bright,
I 'm bákward from it further borne each day
By an invísible, compulsive force,
Grádual but yet so steady, sure, and rapid,
That at threéscore and ten I 'll from the picture
Be éven more distant than I was at six.

Walking from MALS to GRAUN (German TYROL), Sept. 3, 1854.

VERY OLD MAN.

I wéll remember how some threescore years
And tén ago, a helpless babe, I toddled
From chair to chair about my mother's chamber,
Feéling, as 'twere, my way in the new world
And foólishly afraid of, or, as 't might be,
Foólishly pleásed with, th' únknown objects round me.
And nów with stiffened joints I sit all day
In óne of those same chairs, as foolishly
Hóping or fearing something from me hid
Behínd the thick, dark veil which I see hourly
And mínutely on every side round closing
And fróm my view all objects shutting out.

Walking from MALS to GRAUN (German TYROL), Sept. 3, 1854.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT POSSAGNO

AFTER VISITING CANOVA'S MODELS COLLECTED AND PRESERVED AT
POSSAGNO, THE ARTIST'S BIRTH- AND BURIAL-PLACE, BY MONSIGNORE
SARTORI CANOVA, BISHOP OF MINDO, HIS HALF BROTHER.

PÓETS have lived who never in their lives
Compósed one line of blank or rhyming verse,
Yet léft behind them no less lovely thoughts
And nó less durable than Petrarch's own,
Táссо's, or Ariosto's; witness thou,
Posságnò, tomb and birthplace of Canova.

Aug. 4, 1854.

IT wás a sultry Júly day,
Strétched on the Álpine sward I lay;
There wás no shelter, not a cloud
The sún's downdárting rays to shroud.

'Twas noón; no breath, no stir, no sound
Distúrbed the spacious landscape round;
No bird, no grasshopper, no fly
Véntured beneath the flaring sky.

And thére upon the grass I lay
Ín the full sún that sultry day,
The heát, the air, the clear, blue sky
Ánd my own thoughts my company.

And só the livelong summer day
High on the mountain's breast I lay,
Háppier than César when Rome's crowd
Shoúted their vivats long and loud;

For his thoughts were of self and Rome,
Greátness and power and fame to come,
Míne of the wárm sun, mountain air,
And náture lovely every where.

While walking from PEUDELSTEIN in the valley of AMPEZZO, to AMPEZZO,
July 23, 1854.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR ANGELO MICHELE
NEGRELLI AND ELISABETHA NEGRELLI OF PRIMIERO WHO AFTER HAVING
BEEN SIXTY FOUR YEARS MARRIED, AND HAVING EACH ATTAINED NEARLY
THE AGE OF NINETY, DIED IN THE YEAR 1849 WITHIN THREE DAYS OF
EACH OTHER.

THEY lived through every change of wind and weather
Sixty four years, a loving pair, together;
Thén, within threé days of each other, died
Ere either missed the other from the side.
Thrice háppy, háppy, pair! to the last breath
United, and not parted even by death.

PRIMIERO in the Italian TYROL, July 29, 1854.

“HOW háppens it that no one with his lot
Contentéd lives?” Horace once asked Mecenas;
Í, for Mecenas answered not, will answer,
Meáning no harm to Horace or Mecenas:
“Nó one contented with his own lot lives,
Becaúse each one his neighbour’s lot thinks better,
And éach one bétter thinks his neighbour’s lot
And wórse his own, because each one the goods
Seés of his neighbour’s lot, feels not the pains;
Whilst of his ówn lot éach one feels the pains
And, blind as any bat, sees not the goods.”

PRIMIERO in the Italian TYROL, July 30, 1854.

THE GATES OF SLEEP.

THERE áre two gates of Sleep, the poet says;
Of pólished ivory one, of horn the other;
But Í, besides these gates, to blessed Sleep
Three óther gates have found which thus I count:
Fírst the star-spángled arch of deep midnight,
When lábor ceases, every sound is hushed,
And Náture, drowsy, nods upon her throne.
Pále-visaged Spectres round this gate keep watch,
And Feárs and Horrors vain, and beyond these
Rést, balmy Sweát, and dim Forgetfulness,
Reliéved, at dawn of day, by buoyant Hope,
Fresh Stréngth and ruddy Health and calm Composure
And dáring Enterprize and Selfreliance.

The sécond gate is wreathed, sideposts and lintel,
With ódorous trailing hop, and poppystalks;
The sháddy gateway paved with poppyheads.
And thére, all day and night, keeps watch sick Fancy
Hággard and trémbling, and delirium wild,
And Ímpotence with drunken glistening eye,
And Ídiotey, and, in the background, Death.

The thírd gate is of lead, and thére sits ever
Húmming her tedious tune Monotony,
Tíred of hersélf; about her on the ground
Sérmons and psalms and hymns lie numerous strewed,

Tó the same import all, and all almost
 In the same words varied in form and order
 To cheat, if possible, the weary sense,
 And different seem, where difference is none.
 At th' opposite doorpost, on her knees, Routine
 Keeps turning over still the well-thumbed leaves
 Of the same prayerbook; reading prayers, not praying;
 Behind them waiting stand Conformity
 And Uniformity, Oneness of faith,
 Oneness of laws and customs, arts and manners,
 And, Selfdevelopment's unrelenting foe,
 Centralisation; and behind these still,
 Far in the portal's deepest gloom ensconced,
 A perfect, unimprovable Paradise
 Of mere, blank nought unchangeable for ever —
 These as *I* count them are the Gates of Sleep.

PRIMERO, in the Italian TYROL, July 30, 1854.

DEATH'S BRIDE.

“So young! so fair! so kind! so true!
 Gó, Death, she is no bride for you;
 Ugly, rapacious, cruel, old,
 With heart as marble hard and cold,
 Gó, seek elsewhere more fitting bride.”
 But hé, with arms extended wide,
 “Come!” in a voice terrific cried,
 And clasped her waist; I swooned away
 And when I woke, there Emma lay
 Stiff, stark, and cold, in nuptial white,
 Death's bride upon her bridal night.

Walking from PRIMERO to CASTEL DELLA BETTOLA, on the SCHENNER
 (Italian TYROL), Aug. 1, 1854.

WRITTEN IN LA BARONESSA SOFIA FIORIO'S ALBUM. SAN GIACOMO,
NEAR RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA, AUG. 25, 1854.

"COME, something for me write, Sir."

"What, Lady, shall I write?"

"The first thought in your head comes
That 's beautiful and bright."

"Nay, náy; I vow I cannot,
I cannot óne word write,
I 'm dázzled by those eyes so,
The beautiful and bright."

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ALBUM IN WHICH LA BARONESSA KITTY
FIORIO SKETCHED THE LIKENESSES OF HER FRIENDS.

Thése of my friends are skétches
Which don't pretend to art;
I háve their perfect pótrraits,
But they 're lócked up in my heart.

KITTY FIORIO.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRECEDING.

I álways knew my sister
Was an ádept in her art,
But I n`ever until nów knew
She hád a hollow heart.

SOFIA FIORIO.

SAN GIACOMO, near RIVA on the LAGO DI GARDA, Aug. 25, 1854.

WÉT and drý and hót and cöld,
Light and dárk and yóung and óld,
Greát and smáall and quick and slów,
Só the wórld will éver gó;
Só the wórld hath éver góne
Since the sún the wórld shone ón;
If with mé thou thinkest só,
Cóme and crý with mé, Heigh hó!

VILSHOFEN in BAVARIA, June 25, 1854.

HE SHE AND IT.

It háppened in a distant clime
Were trávellíng, once upon a tíme,
Through évery change of wind and weather,
Jólly companions three together:
The first was neither young nor old,
But brówn and muscular, wise and bold;
The sécond delicate and fair,
With sóft, sweet eyes, and flaxen hair;
The third was inoffensive, mild
And dócile as a well reared child,
Pátient of wrong and in all ill
And hárdship uncomplaining still.
As thús they travelled on and on,
Through heát and cold in shade and sun,
Each óne at night in separate bed,
The first thus to the second said:

"I eán't imagine, lovely SUE,
 Why wé might not united be,
 Right wéll, I doubt not, we 'd agree:
 I háte a lonely, separate bed;
 Come, fáirest, loveliest SHE, let 's wed,
 And leáve that dull, eold-blooded elf,
 Hardhéarted IT to mind itself;
 Three never were good company;
 What think'st thou, my ōwn darling SHE?"
 "I 'm quíte of your mind," SHE replied,
 "And will stay ever by your side
 Through goód and bad, through death and life,
 Your dútiful and loving wife."
 So said so done; the two are wed;
 And as they lay that night in bed
 'Twas thús deriding IT they said: —
 "ÍT will have all the ghosts tonight;
 Pray Gód it may survive till light."
 The mórning came and IT, before
 Well risen the sun, tapped at their door: —
 "Make háste, make haste; it 's rising time;
 Alréady we have lost the prime."
 "We eóme, we eome immediately;"
 Upstárting quick thus answered SHE;
 But Hé: — "I 'll not a foot go," eried
 And túrned him on the other side.
 "You will, my dear." "My dear, I wont."
 "You will indeed." "What if I don't?"
 "And will you, eán you, say me nay
 Ere yét well fled my bridal day?"
 "I eán and will; you must obey."
 "Not Í indeed." "You shall, I say;
 Come báek to bed." "No, dear, I wont."
 "You will and must." "What if I don't?"

"Don't talk so loud; that It has ears."
 "I don't care if the whole world hears."
 As thus they argued, to the door
 It with a táp came as before: —
 "Not ready yet?" "No!" with a shout
 At ónce both disputants cried out.
 "Then good bye; if I longer wait,
 Fór a cool wálk I 'll be too late."
 "Good bye! good bye! we 'll follow straight."
 And só at last away It went,
 Háppy and with itself content,
 And whére it liked best the day spent.
 What though it lay alone all night,
 It slépt till noon or rose at light
 Júst as it pleased; let it set out,
 Stop shórt to rest, or turn about,
 Nó one was thére to make a rout,
 And ánsWER "Come, Love" with "I wont,"
 And "Múst Love," with "What if I don't?"
 In vain with oft reverted eye
 Strove Ír its comrades to descry: —
 "Though nó't in sight they 'll come anon" —
 Yés, It; but wait not them upon;
 The first point settled, their debate
 Túrns on the next; good It, don't wait;
 Enjóy the precious liberty
 Alréády mourned by HE and SHE.

Walking from SILLIAN in the PUSTERTHAL to LANDRO in the valley of
 AMPEZZO, July 22, 1854.

DEMOCRITUS.

“GOODHEARTED, kind and generous, to a fault,
In all his dealings scrupulously just,
He were the model of a perfect man
Had he his senses; but this constant laughing,
Nothing but laughing, — morning noon and night —
Is evidence, alas! but too convincing,
Our good Democritus is gone stark mad.
Let’s send to Athens for Hippocrates;
Perhaps the wise physician knows some herb
Potent to chase thought’s fever and bring back
Composure to the agitated brain.”
Come to Abdéra and his finger laid
Upon his patient’s pulse Hippocrates,
Nothing wrong finding, asks Democritus: —
“At what so merry?” But Democritus,
Instead of answering, only laughed the more: —
“At what so merry, good Democritus?”
But still Democritus only laughed the more;
Until at last, after a long, long fit,
Tired thus he said to the amazed physician: —
“Go back to Athens, good Hippocrates,
Unless you’d have me die downright with laughing.”
“How or at what?” “Why at the learned Doctor
Who, sent to cure me, makes me ten times worse.
Before you came I used to amuse myself
With laughing at the silly people here

Who thought me mad because a little wiser,
 A véry little wiser, than themselves;
 And nów my laughing 's doubled at the sage
 Athénian Doctor who would cure my madness.
 Go báck to Athens, good Hippocrates,
 Or stáy and cure the people of Abdéra,
 And leave me to myself to laugh at both
 Dóctor and patients." So Hippocrates
 Went báck to Athens, saying he had found
 In áll Abdéra only one man sane
 And thát one sáne man was Democritus.

The story 's nó less true told of the poet
 Whó with his pen in hand keeps laughing; laughing,
 Still laughing at the follies he sees round him,
 With this one only difference, that the poet
 Finds séldom an Hippocrates to judge him.

Near MONTEBELLO, while walking from VICENZA to VERONA, Aug.
 15 — 16, 1854.

I can put up with people of all sorts, if only they have money,
 I can find beauty in all kinds of eyes, if only they are funny,
 I can live anywhere in town or country where it's only sunny,
 I can eat fish of any kind, fresh, salt or pickled, except tunny,
 But curse me, if I can without a massy crystal spoon eat honey.

KÜSSNACHT, on the VIERWALDSTÄTTER SEE, Sept. 20, 1854.

LUCK.

If háppy you would be tomorrow
Todáy must be a day of sorrow,
For Fórtune 's never tired of ranging
And Lúck of áll things loves place-changing:
Todáy good luck, tomorrow bad;
Sórry today, tomorrow glad;
Take úp, put down; now none, now all;
So spins teetotum, twirls the ball;
Lúcky, we bless kind Providence,
Unlúcky, with no jot more sense
Upbraíd the Author of all ill,
For mán must be religious still,
And háve his Oberon and his Puck,
Thát for his góod, this for his ill luck.

TAUERNSHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 16, 1854.

GOOD AND BAD.

THE first draught of cold water when you 're thirsty
Is nótt delicious only but divine,
Bálsam and nectar or whatever more
The gráteful heart can say or think of praise;
The sécond draught falls short of the delicious,
Though nótt unpleasant, though even pleasant still;
The third palls on the taste and you turn fróm it
Avérse, and will no more, not even one drop;
Fórced to the fourth you swallow with displeasure,

Loáthing and pain the odious beverage,
Which, fórced upon you still, becomes at last
Your dírest enemy, your deadliest poison,
The wáter all the while being the same,
Ánd the last draught refreshing as the first,
Hadst thou thyself not in the meántime changed.

Go tó! go tó! ye that an absolute good
Or ábsolute bád find in the outward world
And loók not in yourselves for that which makes
The indifferent, outward object good or bad.

ALPNACH in the valley of SARNEN, Sept. 23, 1854.

PROVIDENCE.

A cát that in a barn the day
Had móusing spent among the hay
Without success, and thought her fast
Was likely now till morn to last,
Spied, with her eyes half closed to sleep,
Óut of a hole a fát rat creep
And jóyful cried, with claw and fang
As ón th' unhoped-for prey she sprang: —
“Whó could believe with common sense
There 's nó such thing as Providence?
Whát but a special Providence sent
This fát rat for my nourishment?”
“Áh,” squeaked the rát loud, “it 's a good
Próvidence gives rats to cats for food!”

LICHTENSTEIN in SAXONY, June 19, 1854.

EXPERIENCE.

"THERE 's nóthing like experience" — I heard once
An óld fly to a young one say, as both
About my study buzzed in the golden sunbeams: —
"Ónly experience teaches what to follow
And w^hát to shun; only experience guides
In sáfty through th' intricacies of life.
Bút for experience Í had months ago
The préy been of that fell and cunning spider;
Bút for experience' salutary counsel
I 'd limed perhaps both foot and wing ere now
In yón pestiferous dish of viscid fly-trap.
List éver to experience, child, and thánk God
Thát he 's vouchsáfed us the unerring guide —
But áren't you lonely in this wide room here?
Cóme and let 's pay a visit to the blackbird
That síngs so sweetly in the cage in the window."
"Let 's gó by áll means if it 's only safe,"
Replied the yóung fly; "what says your experience?"
"Nóthing on this point; I have never yét been
Inside a blackbird's cage; it 's plain it 's pleasant,
We 'll néver yóunger learn whether it 's safe;
Expérience can be got only by trying."
So said, and through the bars direct they flew,
With civil buzz of greeting, to the blackbird
Whó in the mídst of his song made so long pause
As was required to snap at and down swallow
First óne and then the other of th' intruders,
Then, táking up his song again, praised God
That only *after* the evil comes experience.

While travelling with the Postboy from NEUSTADT to GEISSENFELD
(BAVARIA), July 3, 1854.

INSTINCT.

"Pshaw!" said a wise, grave moth that, as it flitted
About my candle that same evening, heard me
Telling a friend the story thou 'st just read,
"They were a pair of fools or worse, those flies;
Instinct 's the only guide, the sure safe rule
Supplied to every creature by its kind
And provident creator; never let me,
While I have life, forsake or disobey thee,
Unerring counsellor, monitor and friend;
And whither first?" "Direct into the light
That spreads such bright warm radiance all around."
"I 'm but too happy" said the moth and into
The flame flew straight and, in the wick entangled,
Was burned into a cinder on the instant.

SATTEL, Canton SCHWYZ, Sept. 19, 1854.

IT happened as a fox and wolf together
Were travelling by the way and both were hungry,
They saw a man approaching, and to the wolf
Thus said the fox: — "Here comes one of those ugly,
Vicious, malignant creatures who for pastime
Hunt wolves and foxes, and assert that God
Made this fair world and all that it contains
For their sole use and interest and profit.
Come, let us shew that God has some care too
For wolves and foxes; not that flesh of man

To mé 's particularly sweet or dainty,
 And wére I not by hunger pressed I 'd hólđ it
 Almóst beneath me to defile my blood
 With éven the least admixture of the blood
 Óf the foul, lying, hypocritical monster;
 But húnger has no law; so fall thou on him
 And tear him to the ground, whilst I keep watch
 Lest ány of his fellows come to his aid."
 "The cóunsel 's excellent," replied the wolf,
 "And I 'm quite ready to perform my part;
 The móre as, unlike you, I find the flesh
 Of thát sleek, pampered animal a bónne bouche,
 And hólđ it for mere cowardice in our kind
 Thát they préfér to prey on harmless lambs
 And leáve their direst and most cruel foe
 To ríot as he will, untouched, unpunished."
 He said, and on the man sprang with a howl,
 And tóre him down, then called the fox to supper;
 And thús both, mocking, said as in his vitals
 They fléshed their tusks: — "Where 's now the Providence
 That máde us and all creatures for thy use?"

PRIMIERO, in the Italian TYROL, July 31, 1854.

Íf thou would'st lead a quiet life
 Respéet my corns, my creed, my wife —
 Three ténder points — and I 'll agree
 The sáme points to respect in thee.

ETZELBERG, in the Canton SCHWYZ, in Switzerland, Sept. 18, 1854.

"MIGHT I ask, Sir, where you 're always
Pó스팅 tó in súch a húrny?"

Sáid a snail ónce tó an éarwig
Wríggling pást him ón the roádsíde.

"Í cannot conceíve the bússínss
Só perpétuáally úrgent,
Stíll less thínk ít ís for pleásure —
Yóu keep drívíng ón at thát rate."

"Téll me first," replíed the éarwig,
"Whý you 're néver ín a húrny,
Whý you álwáys seém as íf you
Hád a whóle lífe fór each jóurney.

"Í for mý part cán't conceíve whát
Pleásure yóu can táke ín thát pace,
Stíll less thát ít fórwárdss bússínss,
Ór ís whólesome ór becómíng."

"Bút ye áre a páír of níníies
Tó díspúte whére thére 's no dífference!"
Sáid a mílestóne thát stóod hárd bý
Ón the roádsíde ánd thér tálk héard,

"Fást and slów are bóth álíke bádd,
Tíresome, úseless, únbecómíng;
Íf you wóuld be gráceful, héálthy,
Ánd of úse, stánd stíll as Í dó."

Walking from GÜCKELSBURG to CHEMNITZ (SAXONY), JUNE 18, 1851.

WILL AND THOUGHT.

SIR Will once on a time, being in need,
Called loud to Thought: — “Good Thought, I pray come hither.”
When Thought nor came nor answered, Will repeated
Louder the call: — “Good Thought, I say come hither.”
When Thought, as marble statue stiff and dumb,
No word replied, showed never a sign of hearing,
Will thus in soothing tone began to coax him: —
“Nay, nay, good Thought, you surely wont be pettish,
Or for an idle humor lose a friend;
Come, come, I say.” Still Thought nor stirred nor answered:—
“Then as I see fair words are of no use
Come, I command you; come this instant, slave.”
As Thought immovable sat and either heard not,
Or made as if he heard not, Will’s commands,
Will, growing angry, rose and went away
And at the court of Reason lodged complaint
Against his servant Thought for disobedience.
Thought took defence and thus in open court
His own case pleaded: — “I am not Will’s servant,
And never was; if Will says otherwise,
Let him produce his witnesses to prove it.”
So Will called witness Popular Misconception,
Who swore in plain, round terms that Thought was then,
And from all time had been, Will’s bounden servant.
But the Judge frowning said: — “The evidence
Is bad in law, being but of opinion;
Remove the witness if she cannot prove

Either a contract or some act of service."

So Pópular Misconception being removed
 And Will to the question, had he other witness'
 Whereon to rest his case, replying: — "No,"
 The Judge declared the plaintiff was nonsuited,
 And, bówing on all sides, dissolved the court.
 That night in bed thus said Thought to himself: —
 "Wéll, it 's a wicked world! my old bondslave,
 To whom from immemorial time I 've been
 So kind, so loving, so indulgent master,
 Séts himself up not for a freéman only
 Bút to be máster of his rightful lord.
 Lét me but see tomorrow's light I 'll try
 If still some further justice may be found
 In thát same court which judged today so soundly."
 So 'twas not long before Chief-justice Reason
 Again in cóurt sat the cross case to try:
Thought versus Will; and thus swore Thought's first witness,
 A léarned Doctor grave, hight Metaphysics,
 With smáll, bright eyes, white beard, and furrowed cheeks:—
 "Well knówn to me from earliest youth, my lord,
 Both plaintiff and defandant in this action,
 And scárcely has a day passed of my life
 In which I 've nótt had opportunity
 To sée them in their mutual relation
 Of sláve and master dealing with each other,
 Will, menial slave, obeying master Thought,
 And Thóught commanding most obedient Will.
 A thousand times I 've heard Thought say to Will: —
 "Cóme," and he came; "Go," and forthwith he went;
 "Dó," and he did it; "Cease," and he left off;
 And néver have I seen so much as once
 Will áct except at the command of Thought;
 And só well used am I to see Will acting

Always in consequence of Thought's command
 Thát I doubt not Will's recent suit was brought" —
 "Stop there," said the Chief-justice; "until now
 Your évidence has been direct and valid,
 Bút in a court of justice the opinion
 Éven of wise Metaphysics has no weight.
 Go dówn." "My Lord," then thus said the defendant: —
 "This Métaphysics is my ancient foe,
 His évidence the outpourings of a malice
 Which never ceases to abuse all ears
 With stóries of my slávery and dependance.
 This hónorable court, I hope, my lord,
 Will nót lend ear to the calumniator."
 But hére the auditory with one voice
 Begán to cry: — "Will never was a servant,
 And néver sháll be; Metaphysics lies;
 Punish the pérjurer ánd let Will go free;"
 And whén the Judge would nót, but with loud voice
 Commáded Will to be bound hand and foot
 And to his rightful lord delivered over,
 Aróse such uproar that the Judge his safety
 Sougħt in precipitous flight through a postern door;
 Whereón the mob with fury fell on Thought
 And Metaphysics; trod them under foot,
 Ánd for dead left them; then upon a chair
 Uplifted on their shoulders Will, and bore him
 With shóuts of triumph round and round the city.

Walking from AZOLO to MESTRE near VENICE, Aug. 5—6, 1854.

PASKEWITSCH.

PRINCE Páskewitsch to Turkey went
His ráge upon the rogues to vent
Who vówed they never would consent
Czar Níck should have the management
Of their Greek church;
But júst as he arrived before
Silístria's barricaded door,
Néver let schoólboy such a roar
Óut of his móuth, at the first sore
Skélp of the birch,
As Páskewitsch, when trundling slow
A cánnon ball so bruised his toe
That stoóping down he cried "Oh! oh!"
And right abóut faced, home to go,
And in the lurch
Left lýing there his haversack
And boót pulled off without a jack
And traín-oil-drinking Don Cosaque,
And ón Silístria turned his back
And the Greek church.

Walking from SCHÖNAU to LICHTENSTEIN (SAXONY), JUNE 19, 1854.

RÉSTLESS as billows of the sea
And agile be thy feet,
Fírm as a rock thy purpose be,
Nor from the right retreat.

Walking from ARCO to TENNO in the Italian TYROL, Aug. 24, 1854.

TRUE FRIENDS.

POET.

NÉVER tell mé there 's nó such thing as friends,
Steady, true, constant, without selfish ends;
Óf my long life 't has been the happiness
To have hád some five and twenty, more or less.

READER.

Aye, to be síre; friends of the summer day,
That at the approach of winter fled away.

POET.

Nó; sterling friends that ever ready were
The wórst 'inclemencies for me to bear
Of wintry weather, hail and rain and snow,
No lés than sultry summer's burning glow.
Alás! those valued friends are dead and gone,
Dropped óff one after another all but one
Néwest and lást but not least stout and true —
Thou 'st néver seen a better parapluie.

Walking from HAAG to HAINBACH near AMBERG (BAVARIA), June 25, 1854.

TICK TICK TICK.

SOMETIMES it 's slow, sometimes it 's quick,
But still the clóck goes tick tick tick;
And tick tick tick from morn to night
Goes still the heart, be it sad or light;
But sád or light and slow or quick,
Both sóon shall cease their tick tick tick.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 15,
1854.

I, BEING a b6y, used thus to count my fingers:
 Stand 6p, right thumb here; thou art Geoffrey Chaucer,
 Grave, reverend father of old English song,
 The clear, the strong, the dignified, the plain;
 I love thee well, thy prologues and thy tales,
 Never for me too long, nor long enough;
 Thou art my dictionary, primer, grammar;
 From thee I've learned, if I have learned, my tongue,
 Not from the modern winnowers perverse
 Who save the chaff and cast away the grain.
 Yet, Chaucer, though I honor and admire
 And dearly love thee, there are in my breast
 Some deep emotions which thou touchest never:
 Kind, gentle, tearful pity, dire revenge,
 Stern, unrelenting hatred, and sweet love;
 Awe reverential too of influences
 Unearthly, unsubstantial, superhuman,
 And almost adoration of the face
 Sublime of wild, uncultivated nature —
 Chaucer, thou touchest none of these; go down.

Stand 6p, forefinger; thou 'rt the arch-enchanter,
 Sweet, fanciful, delicious, playful Shakespeare,
 With his hobgoblins, fairies, Bottom, Puck,
 His robbers and his cut-throats and his witches,
 And bold Sir John and all his men in buckram,

And géntle Juliet and impassioned Romeo,
And bloódy Richard wooing lady Ann
Or stúdyng prayers between two reverend bishops.
But chárming though thou art and captivating,
And lóved within the cockles of my heart,
I 've yét a crow to pluck with thee, my Shakespeare;
For wén thou shouldst be noble thou 'rt oft mean,
And fúll of prattle when thou shouldst be brief,
And, like a miser doating grown and blind,
Stúffest intó thy bags of gems and gold,
Nót the pure métales only but false coins
And vile alloys groped out of mire and dirt,
Which éven the scavenger had disdained to touch —
I 'm sórry, Shakespeare, but thou must go down.

Stand úp, strong middle finger; thou 'rt John Milton,
Mónarch of Éngland's poets, prince of verse;
I lóve thy deep, harmonious, flowing numbers,
Thy sénse, thy léarning, gravity and knowledge,
Thy ráational Adam, and sweet, hapless Eve;
Bút I like nót thy bitter pólemics,
Thy smáall philosophy and mean religion,
Nor thát inflexible, obdúrate temper
Thou bórrowedst from the temper of the times;
No vénial faults are these, so get thee down.

Stand úp, ring finger; thou 'rt accomplished Pope,
Melódious minstrel of the rounded rhyme,
Philósopher and satirist and wit,
Acúte, dogmatic, antithetic, bright,
The póet of the reason not the heart,
A pédagogue who lashes and instructs,
A rhétorician léss loved than admired,
Whó, when we ask him for a tender tale,

Reáds us a syllogism, a dry prelection;
Yét for his brilliant wít's sake and his keen
Well mérited scourgings of that vicious age,
Ánd for the noble height at which he stood
Abóve religion's vile hypocrisy
I could forgíve his frailties and forget,
Hád he but with more conscientious hand,
More skilled, more diligent, less imaginative,
Painted his English portrait of great Homer —
Thou múst go dówn, Pope, I love others better.

Stand úp, weak little-finger; thou art Goldsmith,
Simple and tenderhearted to a fault,
The bútt of wítlings, even of his best friends,
Jóhnson and Burke and Reynolds, coarser natures
But little capable of understanding,
Or dúly valuing had they understood,
The póet's almost childish inexpertness
In life's conventionalities, masquerade,
And súbtle thimble-rig and hocus-pocus.
Yét his sweet Auburn, Traveller, Venison-Haunch,
Good, simple Vicar and queer Tony Lumpkin
Shall fill their separate niches in Fame's temple
When féw shall ask what was 't churl Johnson wrote,
Burke tálked about, or cold Sir Joshua painted.
Still áll too soft thy gentle genius, Goldsmith,
And móre the wax resembling which receives,
Thán the hard stóne which stamps, the strong impression;
I lóve thee wéll, but yet thou must go down.

Stand úp, left thumb here; thou art mighty Homer,
Bright mórning sun of poesie heroic,
Whose beáms far-darting west are with redoubled
Spléndor and beauty from the disks reflected

Of the great Mantuan and British planets.
I know not, Homer, whence thou in thy turn
Thy light hadst, whether from some farther sun
Whose rays direct have never reached our eyes,
Or from a fount in thine own self inherent,
But this I know at least: those sceptics err
Who see indeed and recognise the light
But have no faith there ever was a Homer.
Well! let it be, so long as they cannot
Rob us same time of th' *Odysey* and *Iliad*,
Themselves, their species, of the noblest work
That issued ever from the hands of man;
Not perfect, some have said — alas! what 's perfect,
What can be perfect in imperfect eyes,
That must, were 't but for change, have imperfection?
So, blamed or blameless, get thee down, great Homer.

Stand up, forefinger; nightingale of Andes,
That in the dewy evening's pleasant cool
Sangst out of humble hazelbush sweet ditties
Of *Corydon* and *Thyrsis*, and how best
To twine the pollard with the vine's soft arms;
Then bolder grown pour'dst from the highest top
Of birch orholm-oak thy sonorous song
Of wars and battles, Gods and Goddesses,
And *Rome's* foundation by the second Jason,
Adventurous like the first, and, like the first,
Perfidious, calculating, cold seducer,
Whom with more complaisance than truth thou styl'st
The tenderhearted — I blush for thee, *Virgil*;
Hadst thou no other fault, thou must go down.

Stand up, strong middle finger; thou 'rt *Venusium's*
World-famous lyrist, moralist, and critic,

My heart's delight, judicious, pithy Horace,
Who, frugal in his plenty, never wastes
A word not by the sense required, and, liberal
Even in the midst of his frugality,
Flings free the useful, necessary word.
Yét, Horace, thou 'rt for mé something too much
The courtier; for a prince's smiles and favors
Too readily sold'st a poet's independance.
I can forgive the purchase by the great
Of ease and honors, dignities and fame,
Of the vile populace' vivats and hurrahs,
Of the priest's unction and the lawyer's parchment,
Even of Hygéa's ministers' leave to live
A life of sin and luxury and riot,
Bút I cannot forgive the poet's sale
Of his fine soul to the démon Patronage —
Too, too obsequious Horace, thou must down.

Stand up, ring finger; thou 'rt the Florentine,
The hapless, exiled, ever persecuted
But still undaunted Dante, who in the dim
Dark middle age the first was to hold high
The beacon torch of rational enquiry
And boldly speak the truth he boldly thought;
Wert thou less stern, less terrible, less just,
Less Éschylean, hadst thou less of Moses,
Less of that jealous and vindictive God
Who punishes children for their fathers' sins
Even to the generation third and fourth,
And hadst thou taken Maro for thy real,
Not merely for thy nominal, leader through
Death's awful, unexplored, Trans-Stygian land,
And hadst thou oftener slaked thy knowledge-thirst
At the clear, welling fountain of Lucretius,

And nót kept drawing still unwholesome draughts
Óút of Saint Bási's, Hilary's, Chrysostom's
And Áthanasiu's duckmeat-mantled pools,
I doubt if in my heart I could have found it
To sáy, as now I say: Dante, go down.

Stand úp here, little finger; thou 'rt the pensive,
Délicate, gentle, noble-minded Schiller,
Ténder white-rose frostnipped in Weimar's garden
Ére it had raised its modest head above
Luxúriant Goethe's all too neighbouring shade.
Redúndancy of words, enthusiasm,
Subjéctiveness (youth's faults) are thý faults, Schiller!
Amiable weakneses which every day
Of lónger life had sobered, cúrtailed, cured —
Diis aliter visum; so thou must go down.

Só, beíng a bóy, I used to count my fingers,
And só in mánhood sometimes count them still
Ín the late-gloáming or the early morn
Or when I sleepless lie at deep midnight.

Walking from SANCT ANTON on the ADLERBERG (German TYROL) to TEUFEN
in Canton APPENZELL, Sept. 6—10, 1854.

“WHÝ 's a priest like a fingerpost, you dunce?”
Saíd a schoolmáster to his pupil once;
“I think I know,” replied the roguish elf;
“He points the way, but never goes himself.”

Walking from UNTERBRUCK to KREUTZSTRASSEN near MUNICH, July 4, 1854.

THERE wás a curious créature
Lived mány years ago;
Don't ásk me what its náme was,
For I myself don't know;

But 'twás a curious créature,
So délicately made
It could not bear the súnshine,
It scárce could bear the shade.

Its júdgment was deféctive,
Its mémory was weak,
Until it was two yeárs old
Not óne word could it speak.

Capricious in its témpér,
And gráve by fits, then gay,
It séldom liked tomórrów
The thing it liked today.

When 't mét a little tróuble
'Twould héave a doleful sigh,
Clásp its forepaws together
And loudly sob and cry;

And thén when something pleased it
'Twould fáll into a fit
And wórk in such convúlsions
You 'd think its sides would split

With little taste for lábor,
And weáry soon of rest,
It seemed álways in a púzzle
Which óf the two was best.

So áfter a while's lábor
It wóuld sit down and say: —
“This lábor is a killing thing,
I 'll wórk no more today.”

Then áfter a while's sítting
’Twóuld fóld its arms and cry: —
“Donóthing 's such a weárinness
I 'd álmost rather die.”

As fóx or magpie clever,
And fúll of guile and art,
Its chiéfest study ever
Was hów to hide its heart;

And séldom through its feátures
Could you its thoughts discern,
Or wát its feelings towards you
From wórds or manner learn.

Fierce, únrelenting, crúel,
Bloodshéd was its delight;
To gíve pain, its chief pleasure
From mórning úntil night;

All kinds of beasts, birds, fishes,
’Twóuld fáll upon and kill,
And nót even its own like spare,
Its húngry maw to fill;

And wén it could no móre eat
But was stúffed up tó the throat,
'Twould hún't them down for pástime,
And ón their anguish gloat.

Of imitative mánners,
And a baboon in shape,
Some náaturalists will háve it,
It wás a kind of ape;
But í would not believe it
Though depósed to upon oath —
Such cálumnies to crédit
Wise men were ever loath;

And ál'l the ancient récords
Unánimous declare
It wás God's own legitimate
Likeness and son and heir,
That fór some seventy yeárs should
Live wickedly, then die
And túrn into an ángel
And flý up to the sky;

And thére in the blue éther
With Gód for ever dwell,
Oft wóndering how it cáme there
When 't shóuld have been in hell.

Begun at Arco in the Italian TYROL, Aug. 24, 1854; finished while walking from CAMPIGLIO across the VAL DI NON and over the PALLADE to SPONDINI at the foot of the ORTELER, Aug. 29 to Sept. 2, 1854.

THE GAP IN THE CLOUDS.*

It happened as one summer day I walked
From Küssnacht round the Righi's foot to Schwyz,
And had behind me left Tell's Hollow Way
And the green, sloping banks of Zug's clear lake,
That looking up I saw *a gap in the clouds*
And asking what had made it, was informed
'Twas left there by the fall of Rossberg mountain
Whose ruins strewed the valley at my feet.
Doubting, as usual, and incredulous,
Again I looked up, at and through the gap,
And saw beyond it in the clear, blue ether
The figure of a man with open shirtneck,
Seated and writing something upon papers
Which ever and anon down through the gap
He scattered to the ground. One near me fallen
I picked up, curious, and began to read;
But being no lover of *non sequiturs*
And Beggings of the Argument and mean
And vulgar thoughts dressed up in melodrame,

* Mountains have fallen

Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel — thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg.

BYRON.

And nót being over patient of bad English,
And hólдинг still that *sápere* is the basis
Of áll good writing whether prose or verse,
I soón grew weary and threw down the paper,
And ón my wáy to Schwyz sped and no more
Thought of the *gap in the clouds* or of the writer.

Walking from KÜSSNACHT to LUCERNE, Sept. 21, 1854.

"I 'll take mine ease in mine inn."

ÍN mine inn I 'll táke mine eáse,
ÍN mine inn do whát I pleáse;
ÍN mine inn my pípe I 'll smóke,
Reád the néws and cráck my jóke,
Eát my púdding, drink my wine,
Gó to béd when Í incline,
Ánd if Í the báрмаid kiss
Whó 's to sáy I díd amíss?

Whén to visit you I gó
Knóck knock knock! door 's ánswered slów: —
"Máster Místress nót at hóme;
Dón't know whén back théy will cóme;
Cáll agáin at six, seven, eight;
Álmost sùre they 'll stáy out láte."

Whén to visit mé you cóme
Ánd by chánce find mé at hóme
Í must sít and wáit on you
Máybe á good hóur or twó;
Lét my búsiness préss or nót
Thére I ám, nailed tó the spót,

And my wife and children too,
Paying compliments to you.
To my inn door when I come
I enquire not who 's at home,
Walk in straight, hang up my hat,
Order this and order that,
Right before the fire sit down,
Call the waiter out and down
If I must five minutes wait
Ere the chop smokes on my plate.

Him that first invented inns
God forgive him all his sins;
When he comes to Paradise gate,
Early let it be or late,
Good Saint Peter, open straight;
'Twere a shame to make him wait
Whose house door stood open still;
I 'll go bail he 'll pay his bill.

In mine inn I 'll take mine ease,
In mine inn do what I please,
In mine inn I 'll have my fling,
Laugh and dance and play and sing
Till the jugs and glasses ring,
And not envy queen or king.

Walking from RANKACH over the FREIERSBERG to OPPENAU in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 11, 1854.

A DOUBLE folly how to cook
If you desire to know,
You 'll find it in a cookery book
That some score years ago

Was printed for the use of cooks
Who well had learned to read;
I 've tried it often, and still found
The récipé succeed.

You 'll táke the first young man you meet
That 's hándsome and well made,
And dréss him in a brán-new suit
Of clóthes of any shade;

But blué and drab, or brown and white,
Is saíd to be the best;
His glóves must be of yellow kid,
Of páttérned silk his vest.

His glóssy, lacquered boots, too small
To hólđ with ease his toes,
Should glánce and sparkle in the sun
At évery step he goes.

Both cheéks should be scraped close and clean,
But I advise you spare
Just in the middle of his chin
One little tuft of hair;

And léave upon his upper lip
 Enóugh to take a twirl —
In áll as múch hair as may show
 He 's nót all óút a girl.

And thén you 'll teach him airs genteel,
 And wórds of import small
About religion, politics,
 Ánd the last fancy-ball.

When your young mán is thus prepared,
 Look róund until you find
A máte for him as suitable
 In pérsón as in mind.

Simple and dignified must be
 Her boárding-school-taught mien,
Ánd for the last five years her age
 Sómething about eighteen.

She múst have learned a mincing gait,
 And nót to swing her arms;
Ánd cán she sit bolt úpright straight
 'Twill dóuble all her charms.

Ígnorance of things she knows right well
 Her loóks must always show,
Ánd things she 's wholly ignorant of
 She múst pretend to know.

Néver must shé behind her look
 While wáلكing in the street;
Her eyes and those of a young man
 Must néver, never meet.

Bút she may peep behind the blinds
When in the room 's no óne,
And wátch what in the opposite house
Or street is going on.

She múst have learned neat angle hand
And hów to fold a note;
Búlwer and Byron understand,
And on dear children doat.

Bút above áll things she must love
The óny, one, true church,
And héresy and unbelief
Háte, as bold boys the birch.

They 're reády now, the youth and maid,
And néed but to be brought —
Mind wéll! — by accident together
And without all forethought.

Two rainstreams on the window pane
You 've seén together run,
Two poóls of milk upon a tray
You 've seén blend into one.

So youth and maid bring them but near
Are síre to coalesce;
Cértain the fact, although the cause
May hárdier be to guess:

Grammárians hold it for the accórd
Of similar tense and case,
Attráction, it 's by chemists called,
Of ácid for a base.

Musicians call it the concórd
Of óctaves lower and higher,
Philósophers the sympathy
Of púppets on one wire.

Geólogists find éven hard stone
Given to conglomerate,
And nót a botanist but knows
Each plant turns toward a mate;

Áll may be right or all be wrong
For ánything I know,
Beyónd the simple matter of fact
It 's nót for me to go.

They 've seén each other at a friend's;
Well dóne! you 've now to choose
A place convenient to them both
For fréquent rendezvous.

The máll 's too public, and almost
As public evening Tea;
'Twére a real pity your good work
Should spoiled by tattling be;

Bút in a Propaganda school
As óften as they please
They 'll cóme together, youth and maid,
In sáfety and at ease.

Here while he teaches little boys
She girls their catechism,
From him to her from her to him
Streams fást the magnetism.

Your wórk is done; your youth and maid
No móre need of your care;
Léft to kind heaven and to themselves
They áre a wedded pair.

A dóuble folly so they cooked
Some twénty years ago,
But whý so called the excellent dish
Ask nót, for I don't know;

But thís I know, the recipé
Succéeds even in these days,
And mérits of all culinary
Cónnoisseurs the praise.

Walking across the mountains from CORTINA in VAL AMPEZZO to PREDAZZO
in VAL FIEME, July 24 — 26, 1854.

SAID Vinegar-cruet to Mustard-pot once: —
“I wish you knew how to behave;
What pleásure can any one take in the feast,
While you keep still looking so grave?”

“Excúse me, dear Vinegar-cruet,” replied
Mustard-pót, “I ’ve been thinking this hour
How háppy we ’d áll be and merry the feast
Were you but a little less sour.”

OPPENAU, in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 12, 1854.

TÉN broad stéps there 's tó my ládder,
Fíve on óne side, fíve on th' óther;
Ón one side I móunt my ládder,
Ánd come dówn ít ón the óther.

Ón the first step síts a móther
Róeking with her foót a erádle;
Lísten ánd you 'll heár her sínging
"Húsh-a báby, báby húsh-a."

Ón the sécond mý heart trémbles
Tó see seáted á schoolmáster
Slápping leárning with a lóng eane
Ínto á refráct'ry púpil.

Ón the third step Álma Máter,
Stánding ín the mídst of dóetors,
Púts a réd gown ón the shóuldérs
Óf a yóung man leárned and módest.

Ón the fóurth step thé same yóung man
Púts a góld ring ón the finger
Óf an — ángel ís 't or góddess?
Kneéling bý him át the áltar.

Ón the tóp step síts a fáther
Ín the évening bý the fireside,
Children róund his kneés are pláying,
Móther 's wáshing úp the teá-things.

Ón the first step dówn my ládder
Sít a géntlemán and lády,
Bóth with spéctaclés, and reáding
Hé the néws, she Mrs. Tróllope.

Ón the sécond step dówn, a lády
Ánd a géntlemán sit trýing
Át the mirror, hé a brówn scratch,
Shé a ghástly rów of white teeth.

Ón the thírđ step dówn, a wrinkled
Wíthered gránny knítting sócks sits,
Ánd a pálsied óld man shákes out
His pipe's áshes ón the táble.

Ón the fóurth step dówn, two ármchairs,
Óne each síde the fire, stand émpty;
Ón two tábles át two béd-sídes
Lábelled phíals stréwed abóut lie.

Ón the lást step dówn, two séxtons
Síde by síde two gráves are sódding;
Lísten ánd you 'll héar them clápping
Thé soft hillocks with their shóvels.

Yé that háven't yet seén my ládder,
Cóme look át it whére it stánds there
With its five up stéps in súnlight,
Ánd its five steps dówn, in sháadow.

Walking from FALKAU to TRYBERG in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob.
8—9, 1854.

BEERDRINKER'S SONG,

UNDER A PICTURE OF GAMBRINUS.

GAMBRINUS was a gallant king
Reigned ónce in Flanders old,
Hé was the man invented beer
As í've been often told.

Of mált and hops he brewed his beer
And máde it strong and good,
And sóme of it he bottled up
And sóme he kept in wood.

The gólden crown upon his head,
The beérjug in his hand,
Beerdrinkers, see before ye here
Your bénomfactor stand.

Beerlóvers, paint him on your shields,
Upón your beérpots paint —
'Twere wéll a pope did never worse
Than máke Gambrinus Saint.

And nów fill every man his pot
Till the foam óverflows;
No higher praise ásk's the goód old king
Than fróth upon the nose.

Bácchus I 'll honor while I live
And while I live love wine,
But still I 'll hold th' old Flanders king
And beérjug more divine.

While I have wine night's darkest shades
To mé are full moonlight,
But kéep my beérpot filled all day
And í 'll sleep sound all night.

So bléssings on th' old Flanders king,
And bléssings on his beer,
And cúrse upon the táx on malt,
That mákes good drink so dear.

Walking from SCHOPFHEIM to GERSBACH in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN),
Octob. 6, 1854.

ÓNCE it háppened í was wálking
Ón a bright sunshíny mórning
Thróugh the córnfields, gáy and háppy,
Lilting tó mysélf some nónsense;

All at ónce came á policeman,
Caught me fást by thé shirt cóllar,
Drágged me tó the village Séssions,
Ánd befóre their Wórships sét me: —

“Hére ’s the féllow stóle the ápple,
Pleáse your gráve and réverend Wórships;
Nów he ’s in your hánds do with him
Ás required by lów and jústice.”

“Nó, I díd not ; it ’s a fouíl lie;
Í ’m no thieáf, stóle néver ápple;
Lét me gó, and thé false wítness
Púnish ás your Wórships thínk best.”

“Nót so fást; it hás been swórn to:
Yóur grandmóther stóle the ápple;
Thát ’s the sáme in lów and jústice
Ás if yóu yóursélf had stólen it.

“Só you ’re séntenced tó go álwáys
With your coátsleeves ínside óút turned,
Thát all scéing yóu may knów ’twas
Yóur grandmóther stóle the ápple.”

Thát ’s the réáson, Génts and Ládies,
Í go álwáys ín this fáshion;
Thrów no bláme upón my táilor,
Thé fáult ’s áll my óld grandmóther’s.

SUMISWALD in Canton BERN, Octob. 2, 1854.

THE human skull is of deceit
 As full as any egg of meat;
 Full of deceit 's the human skull
 As any egg of meat is full.
 Some eggs are addled, some are sweet,
 But every egg 's chokeful of meat;
 Cléver some skulls, some skulls are dull,
 Bút of deceit each skull 's chokeful.
 Lét your egg addled be or sweet,
 To háve your éggshell clean and neat
 The first step is: scoop out the meat;
 And cléver let it be or dull,
 If you would háve an honest skull,
 Oút you must scrape to the last grain
 The vile, false, lýing, pérjured brain.

VERONA, August 19, 1854.

I AM a versemaker by trade
 And vèrses of all kinds have made,
 Bád ones to win me fame and pelf,
 And-goód ones to amuse myself.
 Of várious humor grave and gay
 I póetise the lívelong day
 And sómetimes sít up half the night
 Sóme flúent nonsense to indite
 About an élephant or a fly,
 Or Ánnabel's bewitching eye,

About past, present, or to come,
 About America, Carthage, Rome,
 About high, low, or great, or small,
 Or maybe about nothing at all.
 I wish you saw me when I write
 Verses for mine own delight;
 I can't sit still, I jump about
 Up and down stairs, in and out;
 My cheeks grow red, my eyes grow bright,
 You'd swear I'd lost my senses quite.
 But when I'm set a verse to spin
 That shall be sure applause to win,
 Lord, but it is an altered case!
 I wouldn't my foe see in my place;
 In vain my locks I twirl and pull,
 And bite my nails, and thump my skull,
 My spirit's ebb'd, my wit's at null;
 Gods, but it's hard work to write dull!
 Thrice-gifted Wordsworth — happy bard
 To whom that task was never hard! —
 Teach me the art into my Muse
 Not "gentle pity" to infuse,
 Or fear or hope or jealousy,
 Or sweet love, or philosophy
 And reason strong and manly sense,
 But paltry cunning, sleek pretence,
 And how to give no vice offence,
 That sits installed in station high
 And mixes with good company;
 In all, sufficient skill to cook
 Some fiddle faddle, pious book
 On drawing-room table fit to lie
 And catch the idle visitor's eye
 And help the author on to fame

And pénsion and a poet's name.
 Don't ásk me can I nothing find
 More fitting to employ my mind
 And while away my idle time
 Than "stringing blethers up in rhyme"
 For you and other fools to sing,
 For I 'm as happy as a king:
 My tróchees are my diamond crown,
 My ánapests my purple gown,
 My pén 's my sceptre, my inkstánd
 Sérves me for révenues and land,
 And as for súbjects — every thing
 In héaven and eárh owns mé for king;
 So mány háve I that I choose,
 And táke the good, the bad refuse;
 In the whole wórl'd, I 'd like to know,
 Where 's th' óther king that can do so?

Walking from BEUERN to WEINGARTEN (BADEN), Octob. 14—15, 1854.

ST. ARNAUD.

"ÓN, to the fight!" St. Arnaud called
 Though faint and like to die;
 "Bring me my horse and hold me up,
 We 'll win the victory."

Into the fiéld the hero rushed,
 One héld him on each side,
 He wón the fight, then turned about
 And droóped his head and died.

BRUCHSAL in BADEN, Octob. 16, 1854.

SOMETIMES I 've with my Muse a miff,

Sometimes my Muse with me, as if
You 'd think we féll out just to have

The pleásure to agree.

Last night she came to my bedside

And twitche'd me on the ear: —

“Wéll, Miss,” said I, turning about,

“What is it brings you here?”

“I 've cóme to sing you a new song,”

With a sweet smile she said,

And ón the táble laid her lamp

And sát down by my bed.

“This is no time to sing,” said I

And túrned me round to sleep,

“You wóuld not trill one note all day,

Your sóng for mórning keep.”

No wórd replied the déar sweet maid,

Nor taúnted me again,

But géntly laid her hand on mine

And sáng so sweet a strain,

So ténder, melaneholy, soft,

That téars came to mine eyes

And sómetimes searee the words I heard

Fór mine own bursting sighs: —

“Chármer, sing on, sing éver on,
We ’re ónce more friénds,” I cried;
“A thousánd years I ’d nótt think long,
My sóngstress at my side.”

I túrned about as thus I said,
But ló! the maid was goné,
Had táken her lamp and left me there
Ín the dark night alone.

In váin I watched the livelong night,
All dáy I ’ve watched in váin:
But stáy — aye, thát ’s her ówn dear voice,
And hére she comes again.

Walking from OPPENAU to BEUERN (BADEN), Octob. 12—13, 1854.

SWEET breathes the hawthorn in the early spring
And wállflower petals precious fragrance fling,
Sweet in July blows full the cabbage rose
Ánd in rich béds the gay carnation glows,
Sweet smells on sunny slopes the nów-mown hay,
And belle-de-nuit smells sweet at close of day,
Sweet under southern skies the orange bloom
And lánk acacia spread their mild perfume,
Bút of all odorous sweets I crown thee queen,
Plain, rústic, unpretending, bláck eyed bean.

Walking from ACHENKIRCHEN to SEEHAUS on the ACHENSEE, in the
German TYROL, July 9, 1854.

KING Will his seat in royal state
Takes on Thought's ocean shore,
And "Silence!" calls to the loud waves;
The waves but louder roar.

"Back back, audacious, rebel slaves,
How dare ye" — the king cries —
"How dare ye come my person near?"
The waves but higher rise.

And first they drench his velvet shoes
And then they splash his knee;
The king's cheeks grow with choler red,
An angry man is he.

"What mean ye, what?" three times he cries,
"Thus to assault your lord;
Ye shall be hanged up every one —"
The waves hear never a word;

And one comes souse and overturns
Him and his chair of state —
Make haste, good king, and save yourself
Before it is too late.

Then comes another, twice as big,
And rolls him up the shore,
And says: — "Lie there, and call us slaves
And vassals never more."

“Minion,” faint gasping he ’d have cried
But ló! the wave was gone,
And from the deep already comes
Anóther rolling on,

And breaks and flows over the king
As if no king were there,
And knocks about his chair of state
Like ány common chair.

“Enóugh! he ’s had enóugh,” cries loud
The fóurth wave tumbling in;
“Now lét him off; though great his crime,
To drówn him were a sin.

“Dówn to this shore, I promise you,
Unléss he is a fool,
King Will will not come soon again
Thought’s ócean waves to rule.”

“So bé it, so bé it,” they all reply,
And ébb and leave him there
To drý himself as best he can
And gáther up his chair.

Thát was the first day kíng Will claimed
Rúle over Thought’s free waves,
And you may sweár it was the last
He éver called them slaves.

Walking from TRYBERG to OBERWOLFACH in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN),
Octob. 9 — 11, 1854.

WÉLL, it is a dárling crèature!
Í could loók for éver át it;
Lóvelier báby Í saw néver —
Stáy — is it a són or daúghter?

Són! I knéw it — ówn Papá's self,
Ówn Papá's nose, mouth and fórehead.
Hów I wish its eýes would ópen!
Í could álmóst sweár they 're házel.

Fíe! no mátter — 't há's no sénse yet —
Six weeks! whý, I 'd sáy six mónths old.
Wípe its nóse — all 's ríght agáin now;
Whát a sweét smíle! whý, it 's an ángel.

Cóme come, dón't frown, máster Bóbbý —
Ísn't it Bóbbý I 'm to cáll it?
Fírst són 's álmóys fór Papá called;
Chérub beáuty! lét me kiss it.

Fíe agáin! a spoónful fénnel;
Sómething súde 's the mátter with it
Ór it wóuld not twist and whíngé so,
Sweét, good témpéred, quíet dúcky.

Ít 's the grípes; the grípes are whólesome;
Quíck the fénnel; míx some súck wíth 't:
Deár, sweet créature, hów it súffers!
'Tmúst be páin that mákes it ery so.

Gíve 't the breást; what! wónt it táke it?
Dón't be cróss, dear préttý Bóbbý;
Pá wont háve you íf you cry so;
Thére there! gó to sleép, sweet Bóbbý.

Deár me! whát can bé the mátter?
Máýbe á pin 's rúnníng ín ít;
Stríp ít quíck; see! thére 's no pín here —
Poór, dear bábe! what ís ít áíls ít?

Heát the flánnel át the fíre well,
Dróp six dróps of brándý ón ít,
Bínd ít tíght róund — nó't so stráít quíte —
Stíll ít eríés as múch as éver.

Whére 's the sáffron, thé magnésia?
Í 'm béínníng tó be fríghtened;
Bút ít loóks íll! cáll á dóctor;
Stóp, I thínk ít 's gróvíng quíet.

Húsh-o húsh-o; whát 's thát nóíse thére?
Shút the doór to, dráw the eúrtaíns,
Lét no foót stír; húsh-o húsh-o;
Húsh-o, dárlíng báby, húsh-o.

Nów ít 's quíet, ít 's asleép nów;
Húsh-o, dárlíng báby, húsh-o;
Ánd ít 's slóbbéríng, thát 's á goód sígn,
Thís tíme Gód wont táke híis chérub.

What a sweet smile! it's awake now;
Take it up, put on its clean bib;
Now 'twill take the breast I warrant;
How it sucks, the little glutton!

Puking! lovely; it's all right now.
Wipe its mouth — another clean bib;
Blessings on it for a fine child!
It will be a great man some day.

Walking from TODTMOOS to MENZENSCHWAND in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 7, 1854.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT PREDAZZO IN VAL FIEME (ITALIAN TYROL) WHERE GEOLOGISTS FIND CHALK UNDERLYING GRANITE.

BREAD upon butter spread is rare,
Rare heels up and heads down,
Grass growing toward the centre's rare,
Rare underfoot a crown;

But of all rarest, granite here
Lying on chalk is seen,
And by some blunder chalk below,
Where granite should have been.

July 27, 1854.

WITHIN the convent of Johannathal,
Before daybreak upon Ascension day
There is a sound of more life than is common
Within Saint Ursula's bare and lofty walls.
Three times the portèress to the latticed window
Of the locked gáte has put her ear to listen
If foot of prior's mule might yet be heard
Or réverend bishop's up the valley wending
From fár Saint Martin's, and fourth time at last
Hearing the hoofs, the portal wicket opens
And to "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus," answers
With fólded hands "In Ewigkeit, Herrn Väter."
"God greét the lady Philippina," said
The bishop and the prior entering the parlour,
"And Gód greet all the sisters here assembled,
And Gód greet trebly her whom here today,
Sáved from a sinful world, we are to add
To hóly Ursula's pious sisterhood."
"I need not ásk, Sir prior," then said the bishop,
"Íf to our deár child Agatha has been
Dúly administered for seven days past
Each dáy the sacrament of the Lord's body,
Her héart being first prepared for its réception
By fúll and free confession of her sins
Éven the most vénial?" "As thou say'st, my lord."
"And thoú, my lady abbess, of no cause
Art cónizant why to this sisterhood

Should nót be added one more loving sister,
 Not plánted in the garden of the Lord
 This shoót of promise, this sweet, fragrant branch?"
 "Í of no hindrance am aware, my lord,
 Unléss it be a hindrance, to have passed
 In pénitence, obedience, selfdenial
 And wórks of mercy and beneficence
 The yeárs of her noviciate and white veil."
 "Then lét the child attend us in the chapel,
 If reády there the coffin and the pall."
 The yóungest sister then the candles lit,
 And twó by two, each with a light in hand,
 They wálked in slow procession from the parlour
 Alóng the corridór and down the stair
 And róund the cloister court into the chapel,
 The nóvices before, the white veils last,
 Behínd the novices the prior singly
 In gówn and scapulaire, the bishop then
 In púrple pallium, on his head the mitre,
 And in his hand the golden, jewelled crozier,
 Betweén whom and the white veils the long train
 Of bláck veils headed by the lady abbess,
 The greát bell all the while the death knell tolling.
 Meanwhíle two sisters, beckoned by the abbess,
 Condúcted to the chapel from her cell
 The lády Agatha pale, weak and trémbling,
 And on her knees in front of the crypt's stairease
 Pláced her beside a lidless, plain deal coffin.
 Of coárse black stuff her raiment; from her head
 Behínd in loóse folds hung the long white veil;
 Ón her white néck a crucifix of jet;
 A góld, gem-stúdded hoop on the ring finger;
 Behínd her and at cách side of the crýpt stair
 Stood mótionless the two attendant sisters;

Behind the crypt the altar hung with black;
And curtained black the doors, lucárnes and windows;
A single dim lamp from the high vault burning.
The tolling ceased as entering the chapel
The sisters ranged themselves in triple file
Half-moon shaped round the entrance of the crypt,
The kneeling Agatha and open coffin,
In each right hand still burning bright the taper.
"Selected child of God," then said the prior
Beside the bishop standing in the midst
And putting into the maid's trembling hand
The véry crucifix Saint Ursula
Préssed to her lips upon her martyr day,
"If of its own free will thine heart accepts
The wórds thou now shalt hear the bishop utter —
Wórds which for ever from the world divide thee,
From fáther, mother, friends, and house and home,
Bróther and sister, all the joys of life —
Sweár to the wórds and kiss the holy rood."
"Thou sweár'st," then said the bishop, "that till death
Thou wilt be faithful to the mother church,
That to the letter thou 'lt observe the rules
And órdinances of Saint Ursula,
Obéy the lady abbess of this convent
In preference to thy father and thy mother,
And love this sisterhood more than thy sisters,
Sweár'st that thou 'lt live in chastity perpetual,
Seclúsió, poverty and self-abasement,
And in all things conduct thee as becometh
The bríde of Christ, the adópted of the Lord;
And as thou keep'st this oath or break'st it, so
Máy thy soul whén thou diest ascend to heaven
Thére to live éver in the joy of the Lord,
Ór be thrust dówn to hell to dwell for ever

In tórment with the enemies of God.”
“I sweár,” said Agatha, and kissed the rood;
Then, taking each a hand, the attendant sisters
Upraised her from her knees and one of them
Dráwing the góld hoop from her finger dropped it
Ínto th’ offértory held by the other;
Néxt from her heáð they undíd the long white veil,
And loósed and lét upon her shoulders fall
Her gólden lócks, then in their arms both raised her
And laíd her stréched at fúll length in the coffin,
Ánd the pall over her and the coffin spread,
Leáving the head bare, and beyond the edge
Of the cóffin the dishévelled gold locks hanging;
Then óne of them the lócks held while the bishop
Clean sheáred them from the head, saying same time: —
“As thése locks never to the head return,
So thou returnest never to the world.”
Óút of the coffin then the two attendants
Raised her together, and the long black veil
Threw óver her, head, neck and shoulders covering
Dówn to her waist behind; the bishop then
Námed her Euphemia, and upon her finger
Púttíng the núptial ring and on her head
The núptial crown, pronounced her Christ’s affianced,
The Lórd’s own spouse now and for ever more,
And, having given into her hand the attested
Áct of Profession and the Rules of the Order,
Róсарy and práyerbook, raised both hands and blessed her
And báde her go in peáce; then the abbess kissed her
And áll the sísters kissed her one by one;
And háving sung a hymn, all left the chapel:
The nóvices before, the prior following,
And thén the bishop, next the lady abbess
Heáding the bláck veils, with the last of whom

And youngest, tottering walked the new-professed,
 The white veils last, the great bell again tolling.
 The cloister court they round and up the stair
 Tó the refectory and collation frugal:
 Sausage and cheese and bread, and each one glass
 Of Rüdeshheimer four years in the cellar.
 The prior and bishop some short quarter hour
 Converse of things indifferent with the abbes;—
 Take leave; the wicket again opens, closes;
 The patter of the mules' hoofs dies away;
 Each to her separate cell the nuns retire,
 And once more still as death's Saint Ursula's cloister.
 Next day a messenger conveys the parents
 All of their daughter that they now might claim:
 The golden ringlets sheared off by the bishop;
 And in one narrow cell from that day forth,
 Strictest and holiest of Saint Ursula's nuns,
 In penitence and prayer lived Agatha,
 Except when morning, noon, or evening bell
 Called her to chapel, or her daily walk
 She took the court round or the high-walled garden,
 Or at long intervals in a sister's presence
 Spoke some short moments through the parlour grating
 With some once dear friend of her former world.
 So forty years she lived and so she died,
 And other Agathas walking where she walked
 Her name read on a flag beneath their feet
 As from the court they turn into the chapel.

Begun while walking from RIED to SANCT ANTON on the ADLERBERG (German TYROL), Sept. 4 — 5, 1854; finished at TEUFEN in CANTON APPENZEL, Sept. 12, 1854.

I LIKE the Belgian cleanliness and comfort,
The Belgian liberty of thought and action,
The ancient Belgian cities, full of churches
With pointed windows and long Gothic aisles
And vocal steeples that pour every hour
Down from the clouds their larklike melody;
I love too the soft Belgian languages,
Walloón and Flemish, and the Belgian song,
And Belgium's pictures — chiefly thine, Van Eyck!
Unéqualled colorist, and first who dipped
In oil the pencil. But I like not all,
Much though I like in Belgium; I like not
Its hill-less, smooth, unvariegated landscape,
Where even the very rivers seem to languish;
Still less I like its parallel, straight-cut roads
Where séldom but to telescope-armed eye
Discernible the further end or turning;
And leást of all I like him whom Cologne,
Proud of a little, fain would call her own,
Though foreign-born, him of the broad, slouched hat,
The painter who shades red and with red streaks
And bloody blotches daubs the sprawling limbs
Of his fat Venuses and Medicis,
Susánnas, Ariadnes and Madonnas,
Always except his sweetheart with the straw hat,

For whose sake I'd forgive his sins though doubled —
 But other lands invite me, farewell Belgium!
 Thrice welcome, Holland! refuge, in old times,
 Of persecuted virtue, wisdom, learning;
 Mighty Rhine-delta, I admire thy ports
 Full of tall másts, wayfarers of both oceans;
 Thy cabinets replenished with the riches
 Of either Ind; thy dikes, canals, and sluices,
 And territory from the deep sea won
 By thy hard toil and skill and perseverance;
 But I like not thy smug, smooth-shaven faces,
 Sleek, methodistic hair, and white cravats,
 And swallowtailed black coats, and trowsers black;
 Still less I like the odour of thy streets
 Ere by kind winter frozen, and the far more
 Than Jewish eagerness with which thou graspest
 At every pound or penny fairly earned,
 Or it may be unfairly — so I turn
 Southward my pilgrim step; and say — “Farewell!”
 Two Germanies there are, antipodistic
 Each of the other, a Northern and a Southern:
 Sturdy the one, and stiffnecked and reserved,
 Cautious, suspicious, economical, prudent,
 Industrious, indefatigable, patient,
 Studious and meditative and with art's
 And literature's most noble spoils enriched,
 That raised, three hundred years ago, revolt's
 Audacious standard against mother church
 And from that day has lived and flourished fair
 Without the help of Pope, Bull, or Indulgence,
 And in its naked, shrineless temples worshipped
 Its unsubstantial notion of a God.

South Germany, less thoughtful, and preferring
Eáse and known wáys to toilsome innovation,
Clings to its fóresires' creed, and only closer
And elóser elings the more it's shown to be
Nónsense downright, hypócrisy and imposture.
Bóth Germanies my diligent, plodding feet
From Nórth to Sóuth from East to West have travelled,
From filthy, rích, eommeercial, sensual Hamburg
Tó the far Draúthal and the Ortelerspitz,
Ánd from where in the Moldau's wave reflected
The mínarets of Prague, to where broad Rhine,
Frésh from Helvétia's Alps and glaciers, washes
Básel's white wálls and weak Erasmus' tomb,
Ánd I have found the German, in the main,
A pláin fair-dealer without second purpose
Ánd to his wórd true; seldom over-courteous,
And álways quite inquisitive enough
About your náme, your country, your religion,
Whenee, whíther, what and why and where and when;
And táke fair wárning, reader! shouldst thou ever,
Smít with the lóve of that coy spinster, Knowledge,
Vénture upon a GÉRman tour pedestrian,
Óutside the limits of still courteous Schwárwald,
The wátehdog all day long his iron chain
Clánks on each boór's inhospitable threshold,
And éven the inn door in the country opens
Slówly and súlly or not at all
Tó the beláted, tired and houseless stranger.

From GÉRmany I turn into Tyról;
A kíndlier, friéndlier land; where tired pedestrian
Though he arríve late has no growl to fear
Of súrly wátehdog or more surly landlord,
But greéted with "Willkommen!" and the smile

Of búsy, gay, key-jingling Kellnerin,
 Throws down his knapsack on Gast-Stube table,
 And áfter short delay is helped to the best
 Sausage, stewed veál, and wine the inn affords;
 Nor is this all; finds when he goes upstairs
 His béd, though nothing wider, has in length
 Gained on the measure of his German crib
 Some goód three inches, cleaner far bésides
 And bétter furnished, but for greater width
 Thán his cramp German crib's spare thirty inches
 He múst have patience till he leaves behind him
 Not Gérmány alone but North Tyról,
 And figs, vines, peáches, pomegránates and olives
 And brighter suns and warmer airs announce
 The Eúropean Eden, South Tyról,
 From Vál Ampezzo and the belfry Glockner
 And whére in crystal vase is still preserved
 The dróp of the hóly blood, I take my way
 With the descending Drave into Carinthia's
 East-trénding valley-land flanked North and South
 By mány a snow-clad Alp and ruined castle,
 And sówn by mány a diligent peasant's hand
 With mélons, maize, hemp, bere, oats, beans and barley.
 I rúbbed mine eyes and wondered was 't a dream
 Whén I behéld once more the female face
 Óval and seémly, such as I 'd been used
 To admire in England, Scotland and dear Ireland,
 And hád in vain sought through all sprawling-mouthed,
 Broad, próminent cheékboned, cat-eyed Germany.
 But hándsome though they be, Carinthia's maids
 Detáin not lóng my faithless, wandering steps,
 And on the banks of Téssin or old Tyber
 Or strétched at ease upon the sunny slopes

O'erhánging Spezzia's palms and placid bay,
 Behóld me wooing soon a lovelier beauty.
 I like thee, Italy, and I like thee not;
 Thóu that a thousand years thine iron seeptré
 Laid'st héavy on the neck of human kind
 From wéstern Tagus to far eastern Ganges,
 And from the 'Picts' wall to the burning Line,
 Thine hour 'of retribution 's come at last
 And crúshed beneath the tyrant's heel thou liest
 Writhing unpitied, not again to rise.
 First waned thy private morals, then thy public;
 Thy singleness and honesty of purpose,
 Thy vátor, heroism, selfdenial;
 And though, of life tenacious, thy religion,
 Clád in a different mantle and with features
 Adjústed in the mirror of the times,
 Síts in her ancient séat and fain would thence
 Rúle as of óld the world and act the God,
 A tíme is cóming when even Róme's religion
 Must tumble down and perish like Róme's State,
 Or dón another mantle, other features,
 And spreáding out with óne hand a new forged
 And lýng patent, tear down with the other
 Fróm the flagstáff the cross, and round a cone,
 Triángle, square, trapezoid or circle,
 Rállly new hósts of wónderworkers, mártys,
 Voíces and signs and omens and believers.
 Such shádowy prospect, far the field outlying
 Óf the myópíc vision of the vulgar,
 Ópens before my strained eye in the dim
 But hóurly clear and clearer growing future,
 And intermediate lying a vast plain
 Cóvered with cámps and bivouacs and battles

And charging horse and foot, and dead and dying,
 Defeat and victory, prisoners and pursuit;
 And burning cities villages and cornfields,
 Rapine and waste and all the whole heart of man;
 And groans assail mine ears and shouts of triumph,
 And cries of wretches broken on the wheel
 Slow inch by inch, or in the fire consuming,
 Or rotting underground in damp, dark dungeons;
 And, mixed with these, bells ringing, organs pealing,
 And hymns in chorus sung to the new God,
 And preachers' voices loud anathematising
 Christ and his cross, rude barbarous superstition
 Of a benighted, God-deserted age.
 Turn, weary ear and shocked, disheartened eye,
 And seek refreshment in the happier past;
 Alas! there 's no refreshment in the past
 For ear or eye; horrors and woeful sounds
 And sights of blood fill the whole backward distance:
 Allah, Christ, Jove, Jehova, Baal and Isis,
 With all their prophets, miracles and priests,
 Sheiks, Popes, Druids, Patriarchs, and Bonzes
 In battle melée charge and counterecharge,
 Conquerors alternate, and alternate conquered —
 History, begone! henceforth let no man write
 The annals of his kind, or dissipate
 The sweet and fair illusion that on earth
 Sometime and somewhere Charity has lived,
 And men not always when they used God's name
 Had fraud or blood or rapine in their hearts.
 Stage upon which so many stirring scenes
 Of the world's history have been enacted,
 Not without awe I tread thee — here where Brutus
 Did his great deed, where Marcus Tullius pleaded,
 Where Brennus threw into the wavering scale

His swórd's weight; here where Clodius brawled, where wronged
 Virginius' knife ended Deceemvirates;
 Hére where into the delieate, fine ears
 Óf the world's máster, the Venusian bard
 And Mántuan poured the honey of their song;
 Hére where, resuscitated by the sculptor's
 Life-giving chisel, round about me stand
 In áll their ancient majesty, reinstalled,
 The lánd's pristine possessors, heroes heroínés'
 Góds Demigóds philosophers and bards,
 Hére is no púppet show no village playhouse.
 So far I wrote or thought, when on mine eyes
 Fell slúmber like a veil, and lo! I 'm seated
 Ón the top bench of a vast circular building,
 Úp next the áwning; on each hand all round
 Rome's ártizans, on the stone benches crowded,
 Look dówn with strained necks into the Arena;
 I toó look dówn past the filled tiers and wedges,
 Pást the dense róws of senators and knights,
 Procónsuls, Prétors, Heáds municipal,
 And fóreign princes in costumes outlandish,
 And délegates from the round world's three thirds,
 And pást the Podium where on gold and crimson
 The Émperor lolled, the Fasces at his back,
 Ínto th' Aréna, where in the midst I saw,
 Náked except the loins and all defenceless,
 An óld man and a youth together standing;
 Ánd to the question who or what they were
 Received for answer from those sitting near me:—
 "A fáther and his son condemned to death
 For spreáding blasphemous, Jewish superstitions
 Amóng the vulgar, teaching them one Christ,
 A Jéwish rebel, was their rightful Cesar,
 Jóve's bástard by a fair Alcmena Jewess."

As thús I heard, two glittering swords unsheathed
 Were thrówn into the midst, and a loud voice
 Proclaímed the Cesar's mercy to that one,
 Óf the twó cúlprits, whether son or father,
 Who should the other slay in single fight,
 Thére in the présence of assembled Rome.
 Cold hórror chilled my blood as I beheld
 Fáther and són, at the same instant armed,
 Brándish the weapons: — "Hold," I cried, "hold, hold" —
 And wóke, and found me in the Coliseum,
 Seáted upon the ruined, crumbling Podium,
 Befóre me and on either side Christ's chapels
 And kneéling worshippers, overhead the cross.
 I knów not, Ítaly, whether thou art fairest
 Ín thy blue ský, translucent lakes, broad rivers,
 Thy pébbly half-moon bays and hoary headlands,
 Thine irrigated vales of pasture green,
 Thy mantling vines, tall cypresses, gray olives,
 Thy stóne-pines, hólmoaks dark, and laurels noble,
 Ór in the intérior of thy marble halls
 Where évery pillar, every flag I tread on,
 Has félt Bramante's or Palladio's chisel,
 And évery wall and every ceiling glows
 Frésh with the tints of Raphael or Guercino;
 But wéll I know that where thou shouldst be fairest
 Thou art most foul; in all the sweet relations
 Of life domestic, Italy! thou art naught:
 Thou knów'st no happy fireside, no tea table;
 About the móther, in the evening, never
 Gáther the children whether sons or daughters;
 No book is read, no family instruction;
 Th' exámple of the father leads the son
 Tó the Casíno and the coffeeshouse,
 The móther, seated on her throne the sofa,

Receives all dáy long the seductive homagé
Óf her obedient, courteous, gay cicisbeo,
And sees not, or cares nót to see, which way,
Or whéther more than óne way, roves the husband.
The daughters, to the convent sent, learn plain
And fáney work, a little music, spelling,
Less writing, and no counting but to know
Upón the rosary how mány beads,
Hów mány Saint's-days in the calendar,
And 'on the satin frock to be presented
Tó the Madónna on her Son's birthday
How mány spangles will have best effect.
Ah, Ítaly! thou that so chaf'st against
A fóreign yoke, so kiek'st against the pricks,
Ere into thy long-unaccustomed hands
Thou ták'st the government of thyself, first teach
Óne of thy sóns to govern well himself
Ánd his own hóuse; the social virtues
Preeéde, not fóllow, the political;
An independant State 's created by,
Ére it creátes, good husbands, parents, children.

Between me and my home lies many an Alp
With mány a toilsome, rugged, steep ascent,
And sheér descending, dizzy precipice,
And mány a chasm, and áwful, black abyss,
Ravine and fissure in the splintered mountain,
Tó be crossed óver on the insecure
And crázy footing of half-rotten plank
Móssgrown and slippery with the drizzling spray
Óf the loud róaring cataract beneath.
Fróm my youth úp I 've loved thee, Switzerland;
At schoól, in college loved thee; of thee dreamed
While ón mine ears the lecturer's dry theme

Unfructifying fell, or in my hand
 Forgót and useless lay 'dissector's knife;
 And w'hén at last the college Term went by,
 And the damp foggy days and long dark nights,
 Gave wáy to joyous July's glowing sun,
 With w'hát a light, elastic heart I threw
 My knápsack on my shoulder, in my hand
 My wánderer's stáff took, and set out to scale
 Thy snówy mountains, thy green valleys tread,
 Drínk thy free air and feel myself a man!
 Lónely my wanderings then, my sole companions
 The ríver and the breeze, the cloudy rack,
 Or sóme stray goat, or sheep that to my hand,
 Expécting salt, came bleating; later years
 Broug't me a cómrade; a coeval youth,
 Woóer like me of Nature, by my side
 Stép for step taking with me, the long way,
 The dáy tempestuous or the evening's gloom
 Cheéred with sweet ínterchange of thoughts congenial.
 Upón this mossy bank we sat together,
 Twénty five yéars ago this very day,
 And wátched September's mitigated sun
 Go dówn, as now it goes, behind yon Stockhorn;
 From Mérligen's white steeple on our left
Rest rést, ye weary! even as now was tolling;
 And high above, high high above, the horn
 Of Mórgenberg, the Jungfrau's frozen cheeks
 And Mönch's and Eigher's glowed, as now, bright vermeil
 Únder the lást kiss of departing Day;
 Befóre us in the mirror of the lake
 The Niésen pyramid, point downward, trembled,
 And dówn below the point the crescent moon
 And, lówer still, gray evening's silver star
 Their únpretentious, míngled light as now

Were wide and wider every moment spreading
 O'er the subaqueous heaven's fast waning blue;
 Hére on this bánk we sat opposite the Niesen,
 My friénd and I, that calm September evening,
 Plánning our jórney for the following year
 Up yónder Simmenthal to well loved Lemán;
 Bút to my friénd, alá! no following year
 Came éver; to his fatherland returned
 An éarly grave received him, and for years
 Long yeárs thou 'st been to me a stranger, Thun!
 And thy sweet, plaicid lake, and Simmenthal,
 And wéll loved Lemán. With the more delight
 Albeit subdued, I myself changed meanwhile,
 Viéw from this well known bánk the unchanged prospect,
 Móuntain and lake, blue sky and star and moon,
 And snów rosetinged by the same setting sunbeams.
 Áh, that insénsitive nature so should live
 While évery thing that féels so dies and changes!
 Yet lét me not complain, for out of death,
 Death ónly, comes new life, and if my youth's
 And mánhood's friends lie in their sepulchres,
 I 've hére beside me sitting on this bánk
 The friénd of my declining yeárs, my daughter,
 Sháring the toils and pleasures of my travel
 And fróm me learning éarly to despise
 The brilliancy of cities, and to seek
 Lés on the horse's back and in the carriage
 Than from the use pedestrian of her limbs
 In daily jórnes over hill and valley
 Bódily vigor; more the mind's adornment
 In óbservation and comparision,
 With her own éyes and ears and head and hands,
 Of wónder-working Nature's ways and means,
 Thán in the formal, cold accomplishments

Of fashionable boarding-school or college
 Skilled to incúlcate fundamental errors
 As fúndamental truths, and in the name
 Of reáson, virtue and religion teach
 Gróss superstítion, immorality,
 And hów to reason ill and falsely judge.
 But fáded from the Jungfrau's highest snows
 And Mönch's and Eigher's, day's last roseatè tint;
 The moón, grown yellower, 's sinking fast behind
 The dárkening Niesen; and no more a lone
 Spángle of silver on gray Evening's brow
 Shines Hésperus, but brightest of the bright
 Díamonds that sparkle in Night's jewelled crown —
 Come cóme, my child, let 's hasten to the hamlet;
 Mind well thy steps; the níght 's dark, the way rocky:
 Good níght, sweet lake, we meet again tomorrow.

Walking from PETERZELL (CANTON ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND) by the Lakes
 of THE FOUR FOREST CANTONS, SARNEN, and THUN to FALKAU in the BLACK
 FOREST, BADEN; Sept. 16 to Octob. 7, 1854.

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI FAMED FOR
 HAVING SPOKEN WITH FLUENCY TWENTY SEVEN LANGUAGES.

WHAT a wónder of wisdom, it has óften been said,
 Mezzofánti with twénty seven tóngues in one head!
 Greater wónder of wisdom — I vów I don't móck —
 Mezzofánti with twénty seven kéys for one lóck.

Walking from ARGENTHAL to SIMMERN (RHENISH PRUSSIA); Octob. 29, 1854.

ONCE on a time it happened as I was lounging in the Vatican
I met an old friend of mine, a very leárned mán —

“Now I could almost swear I know the very man you mean;
A shilling to a penny, it has Cardinal Mai been.”

Done! and you ’ve lost your bet for these weighty reasons two:
He ’s neither learned nor a friend of mine, that pippin-hearted
Jew;

Unless you count it learning, to be perpetually men’s ears
boring

With his scouring of old boók-shelves, and pálimpsest restoring,
And unless you call it friendship that twice my hand he shook
And kissed me on both cheeks, and took a present of my book;
So much as this of his Eminence I learned three years ago,
And more than this of his Eminence I don’t desire to know.

So to go back to where I was when you interrupted me: —

“I ’m heartily glad,” said I, “my good old friend to see;
And are you very well? and when did you come to Rome?
And what is it brings you here? and how are all at home?”

“I ’m very well,” said he, “and at home I left all well,
And since yesterday I ’m here, and now please to me tell
How things are going on here, and what ’s the newest news
With the Pope or the Consulta or your own sweet Irish Muse.”

“As for my Muse,” said I — for I always put her first —

“Of all places in the wide world Rome is for her the worst,
For she ’s always kept so busy here gazing round on every side
With uplifted hands and open mouth and eyelids staring wide
On painting, arch and statue, pillar, obelisk and dome
And all the thousand wonders of ever wondrous Rome,

That I can't get one word out of her let me tease her as I may
Except "Please let me alone, Sir," and "I'll do no work today."
And as for the Consulta, it doesn't consult with me,
And if it did I doubt me much 'twere long ere we 'd agree.
And then as to his Holiness, I hope you don't suppose" —
And here I looked as wise as I could and clapped my finger
on my nose —

"Dear Sir, has anything happened or do you anything know?"
"Not I indeed, my good friend, or I'd have told you long ago;
But this much I can tell you and I doubt not but it's true,
And remember what I say now 's strictly between me and you:
This building here 's the Vatican, this city is called Rome —
And mum about his Holiness until we both get home."

Walking from WORMS to KREUZNACH in RHENISH PRUSSIA, Oct. 27—28, 1854.

I WISH I wére that little mouse
Thát no rént pays for his house,
That néither sows nor reaps nor tills,
Bút his plump, round belly fills
With cheese páring's or a slice,
Léft on my pláte, of bacon nice.
Soón as spréad night's raven shades
And to béd are boys and maids
And silence thé whole hóuse pervades,
Móusey póp's nose, whiskers out,
Sniffs the air and looks about —
The cóast is clear; right joyfully
Óut on the cárpet canters he
To táke his pleasure all the night
And spórt about till morning light.
He has nó on lazy groom to wait,
Coáchman and équipage of state;

He has nót to shave, brush, tie cravat,
 Lóok for glóves, cane, cárds and hat,
 This countermánd and order that,
 But álways ready dressed and trim,
 And sleék and smooth, sound wind and limb,
 Springs óut light-heárt upon the floor,
 Cápers from window to the door,
 From doór to window, many a rae
 Takes round the washboard and surbáse,
 Nibbles the crúst I 've purposely
 Drópped on the crumbeloth while at tea,
 Climbs up the wainscot, and a swing
 Véntures upon the béllpull ring;
 Or scáles the leg of the eseritoire,
 Squeézes intó th' half ópen drawer,
 Amóng the papers plays about
 A mínute or two, then seampers out,
 And pást the inkstand as he goes
 With súch a curl turns up his nose
 As thórough-bred gentility shows
 And that your móusey 's too well born
 Nót to hold líterature in scorn.
 So háppy móusey sports away
 The livelong night till dáwning day,
 And ónly then of slúmber thinks
 When through the window-shutter chinks
 Long streáks of light fall on the floor
 And mílk-pail clink at the hall door
 Annóunces man's return to toil,
 Fresh cáre and sórrow, cark and coil,
 And that anón intó the room
 Will búrst with sweepíng-brush and broom
 Dówdy Lisétta, half awake,
 Her fússy morning round to take,

Dust táble, sófa, sídeboard, chair ;
 Throw up the sash to let in air,
 Pólish the írons, líght the fire —
 Móusey, it 's time you should retire
 And leáve your hápless neíghbour, man,
 To enjói his dáylight as he can
 While you lie napping snug, till night
 Invítes you óut to new delight —
 Ah! móusey, if you 'd change with me
 How háppy in your place I 'd be!

Walking from BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, and at HEIDELBERG; Octob. 17
 and 24, 1854.

To the key of my strong box.

THREE things thou téstifest, careful key:
 First that there is on earth something material —
 Vile therefore and corrupt and perishable —
 Which yét my fine, imperishable soul
 Prizes, esteéms and cáres for; secondly
 That í 'm the happy owner of such treasure;
 And thirdly that I 've found a talisman
 Wherewith to guárd it from the covetous eye
 And óften thiévish, sometimes burglar, hands
 Óf the innúmerable hordes whose fine,
 Ethérial, heáven-sprung, heáven-returning spirits
 Pursué with áppetite kéner even than mine
 And móre unscrúpulous, the chase of Earth's
 Despised, reviled, repúdiated ríches.

Walking from HEIDELBERG to FRANKENTHAL in the PALÁTINATE, Octob. 26, 1854.

AS my dóg and my cát
At the párlour fire sát
One cold níght after teá,
Says my dóg to my cát: —
“By this and by thát
You shall nótt purr at mé.”

Says my cát, looking blué: —
“Sir, I dón't purr at you,
And I meán you no hárm;
’Twere a píty that wé
Should just thén least agréé
— When we ’re móst snug and wárm.”

Says my dóg: — “Místriss Mínn,
I dón't care one pín
For your wárm or your cóld;
But thís much I knów:
If you kéepp purring só
I ’ll to tówse you make bóld.”

Snarly Snáp growls attáck;
Mínnie Mínn humps her báck
And jumps úp on a cháir;
’Twas not shé caused the strífe,
But she ’ll fíght for her lífe
If to tóuch her he dáre.

She has four sets of claws,
And sharp teeth in both jaws,
And two eyes glaring fire;
Snarly Snáp, if you 're wise
You 'll not count on your size
But ground arms and retire.

But the dóg or the mán
Point me out if you cán
That beforehand is wise —
Snarly Snáp makes a bounce,
On his múzz gets a trounce,
That makes bleed nose and eyes.

Snarly Snáp turns his tail
And to mé comes with wail
And complaint against Minn: —
“Nay, Snárly Snap, náy;
Those the píper must páy
Who the dáncing begin.

“But you 've bóth trespassed só
That out both must gó,
For I lóve to be júst;”
So I called for the broóm,
And out of the roóm
Both belligerents thrúst.

BRUCHSAL in BADEN, Octob. 16, 1854.

THE RECRUIT.

OFF I gó a redecoat sóldier, old Éngland's lion cúb,
With my sérgeant and my cólors and my rúb-a-dub-a-dúb;
Here 's my firelock, here 's my báyonet, here 's my leather
cross-belt white,

Here 's my shíning black cartóuché-box — March! hált!
face léft and right!

There 's a húndred thousand óf us, counting évery mother's,
són,

And not óne among us áll knows why the war 's begún;
That 's our commander's búsiness, *our* búsiness is to fight,
Down with our country's énemies, and Gód defend the right.

Good býe, my prettý lássy, I 'm góing from you fár;
Think sómetimes of your rédcoat when you héar talk of the
wár;

Take hálf this bran-new sixpence for a plédge twixt you and
mé,

And évery time you sáy your prayers, pray fór our victorý.

Come cóme, let 's have no fréttíng to s'poil those pretty éyes;
I 'd ráther have one sweet smile than áll your tears and
síghs.

Here 's a húndred kisses fór you — one móre for luek —
don't crý —

And nów I 'm off in cárnest, good býe, my lass, good býe.

KREUZNACH in RHENISH PRUSSIA, Octob. 29, 1854.

HEAVEN.

"So this is Heaven," said I to my conductor,
"And I 'm at lást in full and sure possession
Of life etérnal; lét me look about me.
Methinks, somehow, it 's nót what I expected;
Nor cán I say I feel that full delight,
That éxtasy I had anticipated.
Perháps the reason is, it 's all so new,
And I must hére, as on the Earth below,
Grów by degreés aeústomed and inured."
My guíae replied not, but went on before me,
I fóllowing: — "Are you súde we are in Heaven?"
Said Í, growing uneasy; for I saw
Neither bright ský, nor sun, nor flowers, nor trees;
Heard nó birds eároling, no gurgling waters;
Far léss saw angel forms, heard angel voices
Singing in ehórus praise to the Most High;
But áll was blank and desert, dim and dull,
Misty, obscúre and undistinguishable,
Fórmless and void as if seen through thiek fog
Or nót seen through, but only the fog seen,
The fóg alone, monotonous, uniform,
Ráyless, impenetrable, cheerless, dark;
And áll was silent as beneath the ocean
Ten thousánd thousánd fathom, or at the centre
Of the sólid Éárth; and when I strove to speak

I stárted, stárted when I strove to hear
 My guíde's responses, for neither my guíde
 Nor I spoke húmanly, nor in a húman
 Lánguage, for I had left my tongue on Earth,
 To rôt with my bódý, and had becóme a spírít
 Voiceless and eárlless, eýeless and etheríal,
 Ánd with my guíde, for he too was a spírít,
 Convérsed by cónseíousness without the aid
 Of voíce or tongue or ears or sígns or sounds:
 "If this indeéd is Heáven," said I at last
 Or strove or wished to say, "in píty bríng me
 Óut of the wáste and horríd wildérness
 To whére there is some líght, some sóund, some voíce,
 Some líving thíng, some stír, some cheerfúlness."
 "Spírít, thou talk'st as thou wert stíl in the flesh,
 Ánd stíl hadst eýes to see, and eárs to hear,
 Ánd touéh wherewith to hold cõmmunícation
 With sólíd and máteríal substánces.
 What úse were líght here whére there are no eýes?
 What úse were sóunds here whére there are no eárs?
 What úse were substánce whére there are no bõdíes?
 Here cheerfúl stír or áctíon wõuld but harm
 Whére évery thíng 's álrédy in perféctíon,
 Álrédy in íts ríght, most fítting pláce.
 Náy, sígh not, spírít; thís ís thy wíshed Heáven."
 "Át léást there ís cõmmuníon ámong spírít, s
 Spírít, spírít knów and love éach óther, spírít hope,
 Spírít, spírít rejoyce together, and together
 Síng Hallelújahs to the Lord their God."
 "I síd thát spírít, spírít síng not, when I síd
 Spírít, spírít have néíther voíces, tongúes, nor eárs;
 Ánd whére 's the room for hope, or love, or knõwledge
 Whére there 's no héárt, bráín, ígnõrãnce or pássíon?
 With thy cõndúctõr there 's índeed cõmmuníon,

Súch as between ús now, till thou 'rt installed
 And in complete possession; of itself.
 Then ceáses all communion, useless grown;
 Ánd thou art léft in thy beatitude,
 Untóuched, unstírréd, through all éternity;
 Withóut all care, all passion, hope and fear;
 Nótthing to do or suffer, seek or avoid."
 "Then bring me, ere communion wholly ceases,
 Quick bring me to my mother's sainted spirit.
 Mainly that I might ónce more see my mother,
 Knów and embráce and to my bosom préss her,
 Lónged I for Heáven; quick, kind conductor, quick."
 "Thou hast no mother, spirit; néver hadst.
 Spirits engender not, nor are engendered.
 Shé whom thou call'st thy mother, was the mother
 Nót of thy spirítual, but thy fleshly nature.
 Thou, spirit, com'st from God, and having dwelt
 Some féw, brief seasons in the fleshly body
 Engéndered by the flesh thou call'st thy mother
 Retúrn'st, by me condúcted, back to Heaven,
 Leáving behind thee in the Earth to rot
 The cónsanguineous flesh, mother and son."
 "Then bring me to the spirit that sometime
 Dwélt in that flesh which mixed with other flesh
 The flésh engendered which, below on Earth,
 So lóng as it lived, afforded me kind shelter."
 "Thou knów'st not what thou ask'st, scarce spirítual spirit;
 Éven were communion possible in Heaven
 Twíxt spirits which on Earth had grown acquainted
 Through th' áccident of having inhabited
 Reláted bódies, such communion were
 In this case óut of the quéstion, for the spirit
 Which chanced to have its dwelling in that flesh
 By which the flesh in which thou dwelt'st on Earth

Was génerated, is not here in Heaven,
But dówn, dówn, dówn at the other síde of the Earth,
Dówn in the dépths of Hell, for ever there
Condémned by the unchangeable decree
Óf the Allmérciful, to writhe in torment."
He saíd, or seemed to say; with horror struck
I shriéked, methought, and swooned, and know no more.

TROMPETER-SCHLOESSCHEN, DRESDEN, June 11, 1854.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

By a shállow, púriling streamlet,

Sát a lóvely maiden weéping: —

“Mén are fálse; I álways thought so;

Nów, alás! at lást I knów it.

“Breák, tough héart; why thróþ on lónger

Móckéd, forsáken ánd despairing?

Ín this broók here í would drówn me

Wére there bút enóugh of wáter.”

By a déep and rápid river

Néxt day síts the weéping maiden,

Eyes the floód a while, then shúddering

Ríses ánd awáy walks slówly: —

“Mén are fálse; I álways thought so;

Nów, alás! at lást, I knów it.

Néxt time thát a mán deceíves me

Í 'll knów whére to find deep wáter.”

TROMPETER-SCHLOESSCHEN, DRESDEN, June 8, 1854.

“WHAT dóg is thát, Sir, tell me, pray,
That bý my síde the lívelong day,
Where’ér I go — up, down, left, right —
Trots steády while the sun shines bright,
But wén the sky begins to lower
And gáthering clouds portend a shower,
Sneaks prudént off, and far away
Liés in safe shéltér till Sol’s ray
Breaks out once móre on hill and plain,
When ló! he ’s at my síde again?”

“Your cómrade of the sunny ray,
That léaves you on a cloudy day,
Pácks up his tráps and runs away —
I ’d nótt my time hair-splitting spend —
Must bé your shádw or — your friend.”

Walking from BERTRICH to MEHREN, in the EIFEL (RHENISH PRUSSIA);
Octob. 31, 1854.

“IF wéll thou wouldst get through this troublesóme world,”
Said ónce a dying father to his son
Who at his bédside weeping asked his counsel,
“Thou múst to these two principal points attend:
First, thou must never dare to wear thy shoes
With broádt, square toes while narrow-pointed shoes
Are áll the fashion. Second, thou must never

Assért, God's unity when all around
 Maintain he 's triune. Thése are the two points
 On which especially thy fortune hinges."
 "But if my neighbours are among themselves
 Divided on these points, and some their shoes
 Wear squáre-toed and maintain God's unity,
 While sóme their shoes wear with long narrow toes
 And swear that God was never but triune,
 What thén, dear father? how am I to judge?"
 "Hóld with the strongest party, for the strongest
 Has álways right. If balanced are the parties,
 Espécially if they wage civil war
 Against each óther, thou art free to use
 The liberty which honest men acquire
 When knáves fall out, and if thou pleasest wear
 Thy shoés even round-toed and declare thy faith
 Eíther in nóne or in a dual God."
 This said, the wise old man hiccup'd and died;
 And the son, éver from that day forth moulding
 Both shoés and creed according to the counsel,
 Lived hónored and respected, rose to wealth
 And pówer and dignity and on his deathbed
 Léft to his son again the talisman.

Walking from ST. GALL to SCHWELBRUNN IN CANTON APPENZELL, Sept.
 15, 1854.

ANÓTHER and another and another
And still another sunset and sunrise,
The same yet different, different yet the same,
Seen by me now in my declining years
As in my early childhood, youth and manhood;
And by my parents and my parents' parents,
And by the parents of my parents' parents,
And by their parents counted back for ever,
Seen, all their lives long, even as now by me;
And by my children and my childrens' children
And by the children of my childrens' children
And by their children counted on for ever
Still to be seen as even now seen by me;
Clear and bright sometimes, sometimes dark and clouded
But still the same sunseting and sunrise;
The same for ever to the never ending
Line of observers, to the same observer
Through all the changes of his life the same:
Sunsetting and sunrising and sunseting,
And then again sunrising and sunseting,
Sunrising and sunsetting evermore.

HEIDELBERG, Octob. 25, 1854.

"GET úp, fool, fróm your bended knee;
 Gód has no eýes and cannot see."
 "But mén have eýes and see me kneel;
 To kneél to Gód is quite genteel."
 "Then kneél away, but don't grimace;
 An úgly thing 's a lóng-drawn face."
 "I bég excúse; it 's so they paint
 Madónna, Magdalen and saint."
 "At léast your óratory spare,
 The wheédling rhétoric you call prayer;
 Or for the Gód blush, who, to do
 What 's right, needs to be coaxed by you."
 "My rhétoric were indeed misplaced,
 Of goód breath a mere wanton waste,
 Hád my by-stánding friends no ear
 The húmble, suppliant voice to hear,
 In which I let th' Omniscient know
 What we think of him here below,
 And hów, if he 'd few blunders make,
 Mé for his couंसellor he should take,
 And, in all things requiring nice
 Discrimination, my advice
 Exáctly fóllowing, hínself spare
 Responsibility and care,"

And mé scarce léss anxiety
 Lest áll should nótt well managed be."
 "Incómparably honest friend,
 Pray ón; my lécture 's at an end;
 There 's nótt a word you 've said but 's true;
 I 'll kneel beside you and pray too."

FLEURUS, HAINAULT (BELGIUM), NOV. 10, 1854.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

JÁCK and Jóck once mét each óther
 Ón a roádt that éást and wést lay,
 Pósting bóth as fást as áble,
 Wéstward Jáck, and Jóck due éástward: —

"Whither, Jáck, in súch a húrri?"

Sáid Jock, stópping shórt and greéting.

"Straight to héaven," repliéd Jack hásty,

"Túrn abóut, Jock, ánd come with mé."

"Whát! to héaven?" said Jóck astónished;

"Jáck, you cán't to héaven get thát way;

Héaven lies éástward évery chíld knows —

Cóme with mé, I 'm bóúnd straight fórt it."

"Báh!" said Jáck, "you 're súrely jóking;

Whý, it 's straight to héll you 're géing.

If you 're wíse you 'll túrn with mé, Jock;

Reádt the sígnpost: HEÁVEN *** MÍLES EAST."

“What care í, Jack, f6r your signpost?
All my fri6nds have still gone this way;
Fáther, móther, bóth grandfáthers,
All mý úncles, aúnts and cúnsins.”

“F6r your fri6nds I cáre as little,
J6ck, as you care f6r my signpost,
Bút to énd our dífference lét us
Leáve it t6 the t6ll-bar kéeper.”

T6 the t6ll-bar Jáck and J6ck go,
D6ff their bónnets, pút the quéstion: —
“Géntlemén,” replíes the t6ll-man,
“Pléase bóth 6f you páy the t6ll first.”

Paíd the t6ll, says thé toll-kéeper
With a shréwd shrug 6f his sh6úlders: —
“Géntlemén, you ’re fréé to táke now
Eíther roád to héáven or néither.”

S6 the tw6 fri6nds f6ll6wed 6n stráight
Eách the wáy he hád been géing,
Ánd I dóubt much eíther ’s néarer
Héáven todáy than wén he stárted.

Walking from BASECLES to TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 14, 1854.

THE BEGGAR AND THE BISHOP.

"My lord bishop," said the beggar,
"Thou and I in Christ are brethren,
Let us therefore live as brothers;
I 'll begin, do thou as I do.

"Here 's one half my crust and bacon,
Here 's one of my two sixpences;
Now give me one half the income
Of thy sé and présentations."

"Yes, beyond doubt we are brethren,"
Said the bishop with a grave smile,
"And have both received our portions
From the same impartial Parent.

"To divide again were impious
Discontentedness on our parts;
Keep thou thine as I will mine keep,
And let both praise the great giver.

"But as I am bound in fairness
To acknowledge I 've the lion's share,
Take this charitable shilling
And my blessing, and no more say."

Walking from CANTERBURY to SITTINGBOURNE (KENT), Nov. 23, 1854.

TONGUELESS thou 'st yet a triple voice, gray lock;
 For, first, thou speakest of a time when soft,
 Brown, glossy, curly hair my temples shaded;
 When supple and elastic were my joints,
 My strong heart full of joy and hope and courage,
 My infant reason breathless in pursuit
 Of fugitive, light-foot, ignis-fatius Knowledge;
 A time when in my curling locks my mother
 Her fingers used to wreath and smiling say:—
 "Heaven bless my boy and make him a good man."
 And next thou speakest of a time, gray lock,
 When prematurely with my yet brown hair
 White hairs began to mingle, and my mother
 With tender hand would pluck them and say sighing:—
 "These might have well a little longer waited,
 And spared the sorrow to a mother's eyes."
 And I would smile, and press her hand and say:—
 "Be of good heart; we've many a year before us,
 Mother and son, to live, and love each other,
 My vigorous manhood sheltering and protecting
 Her in whose shelter safe I grew to manhood."
 And last, thou speakest of a time, gray lock—
 A time, alas! no longer in perspective,
 Distant and dim and dreaded, but here present—
 When the kind fingers, that in my brown curls

Once wreathed themselves or plucked the odd white hair,
 Lie mouldering in the sepulchre, and I,
 Three fourths my journey made to the same goal,
 Play with my fingers in my daughter's curls
 And sigh and say: — "Already a white hair!"
 Such triple voice hast thou, truthful gray lock.

FONTAINE L'EVEQUE, HAINAULT (BELGIUM); NOV. 12, 1854.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMBSTONE OF MARAT.

SLAÍN by an ángel in the guise of wóman
 Here lies that fiénd incarnate, Jean Marat;
 The ényemy of mankind, THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.*
 Alás, magnanimous Corday, that the world
 Must bý its riddance from the incubus
 Át the too high price of thy virgin blood!

LILLE, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE); NOV. 17, 1854.

LÉT men boást their Brútus,
 Scévolá and Cócles,
 Wómen háve their greáter,
 Nóbler, púrer Córday.

LILLE, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE); NOV. 17, 1854.

* L'ami du peuple.

Í DONT knów thee, Sórrow,
Háve no wish to knów thee,
Dón't admire thy pále face
Droóping lids and moíst cheeks.

Yét methinks I 've seén thee —
Áh! I nów remémber —
Twice befóre I 've seén thee,
Dismal, bláck-robed Sórrow.

First when ón her deáthbed
Láy my nóble móther
Ánd with fáiling breáth breathed
Bléssings ón her children,

Thére beside the deáthbed
Í behéld thee, Sórrow,
Wring thy hánds in ánguish,
Ánd the scálding teár shéd.

Néxt I sáw thee, Sórrow,
Sitting bý my Ánn Jane's
Néw-made móund sepúlchral
Ín the vále of Sárcra.

Nó tear thén thy cheék wet,
Nór didst thou thy hánds wring,
Bút beside the gráve sat'st
Gázing ón the frésh earth;

Ón the frésh earth gázing
Mótionléss as scúlptured
Móurner in a chúrch aisle,
Ínside á tomb's railing.

Toó, too wéll, I knów thee,
Súnk cheeked, réd eyed Sórrów;
Hié thee tó the gráveyard,
Hére there 's nó place fór thee.

TOURNAI (BELGIUM), Nov. 15, 1854.

ÁH! it 's háted dáybreak,
Ánd the deár dreams vánish,
Vísions óf the pást time,
Fáces óf the wéll loved.

Ónce again she has léft me
Hére alóne to móurn her,
Shé that báde me fárewell
Ín the vále of Sárca,

Wáved her hánd and said: — "James,
Héncforth wé meet néver
Bút in dreáms and vísions
Óf the deép and deád night;

"Thén we 'll sòmetimes meét, James,
As of óld we mét oft,
Ánd while wé 're togéther
Think we 've néver párted."

Fly fly, háted dáylight!
Sweét night, cóme agáin quick!
Till agáin I meét her
Whó by dáylight néver

Meets me since we párted
Ín the vále of Sárcá —
Wóuld there wére no dáylight,
Bút deep midnight éver!

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 16, 1854.

Í WOULD nót belíeve it,
Thóugh a thóusand swóre it,
Thát the greát and goód God
Púnishés his créatures;

Whý did hé so máke them —
Thát same greát and goód God —
With those pówerful pássions
Ánd that púny fóresight?

Like the bóiling láva,
Like the hówling tèmpest,
Like the rólling thúnder,
Like the fláshing líghtning,

Rushing unexpected
Comes the passion on them;
When the passion's on them,
Where's the power to stay it?

Ah, the hapless creatures!
How they're torn and tattered
By the raging passions
Given them by the good God!

Let it come more slowly,
Stealthily creep on them,
Still it comes as surely,
The insidious passion;

Coils itself about them,
Squeezes bones and marrow,
With its fangs their flesh nips,
Spirts its venom on them.

Ah the hapless creatures
Bitten, squeezed and poisoned
By the venomous passions
Given them by the good God!

Hé it is I'd punish
Who the passions gave them,
Not the hapless creatures
Victims of the passions.

Walking from FLEURUS to FONTAINE L'EVEQUE, HAINAULT (BELGIUM);
Nov. 11, 1854.

Betrothed maiden sings!

WÉLCOME! wélcome! wélcome!
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,
Twittering át my window
Júst befóre the súnrise.

Whére hast beén all winter,
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,
Ín what pleásant wárm lands
Fár beyónd the deép sea?

Téll mé hást thou séén him,
Mý hardhéarted truélóve,
Whó last áutumnn léft mé
Ánd took shipping sóuthward;

Fór the sóuth took shipping
Ánd alóne here léft mé
Tó watch fór him álways
Ánd look álways sóuthward.

Yés yes, thou hast séén him,
Bríng'st good tidings óf him:
Thát he 's wéll and háppy;
Thát he 's hómeward cóming;

Élse, my prétty swállow,
Thou'ldst nó so gaily
Twitter át my wíndow
Júst befóre the súnrise,

Bút wouldst gó and hide thee
Sádly in some córner
With the móping ówlet
And ill-bóding ráven.

Yés he's cóming hómeward,
Prétty cléft-táiled swállow,
Téll me thé whole stóry,
Twitter, twitter, twitter.

Walking from BAILLEUL to EBBLINGHEM, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE);
Nov. 19, 1854.

EÁT your óats, my póny;
'Tis your máster brings them,
Feéds you with his ówn hand,
Lóves to héar your whinny.

Oútside it's a róugh night,
Rainy, cóld, and blówing;
Hére you're snúg and cózy,
Tó your kneés in frésh straw.

With old háy your ráck's filled,
Eát and sleép till mórning,
Thén I'll bring you móre óats —
Pleásant dreáms, my póny.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM); Nov. 15, 1854.

Emigrant sings.

NÓT a dáy from héaven comes
BÚT I think a dózen times
Óf those Í 've behind me
Léft in mý old cówntry,

Óf my fáther, móther,
Óf my sisters, bróthers,
Óf my aúnts and cównsins,
Wóndering hów they áll are;

BÚT of theé, my Nánný,
Eách day Í but ónce think,
Fór thou 'rt ábsent néver
Fróm my mind one móment.

ST. OMER, PAS DE CALAIS (FRANCE); Nov. 20, 1854.

MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER CHILD.

BLÉSSINGS ón my báby,
Gód presérve and lóve it,
Fróm all dánger keép it,
Wáking, sleéping, álways.

Dón't make it a gréat man,
Grácious Gód, I práy thee;
Gréatness is uncértain,
Óf itsélf down túmbles.

Dón't make it a wise man;
Wisdom is mere fóly —
Pérsecúted álways,
Hátéd bý the whóle world.

Bút make it a kind man;
Kindness still is háppy,
Éven while it 's cheáted,
Íll used bý the whóle world.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM); Nov. 15, 1854.

THE SOLDIER AND THE BRIGAND.

“LÁWLESS róbber, bloódy cút-throat,”
Sáid the sóldier tó the brigand,
“Í shall seé thee hánged I hópe yet,
Wére it bút as án exámple
Thát slow-foóted jústice sómetimes
Óvertákes the málefáctor.”

“Lícensed róbber, whólesale cút-throat,”
Sáid the brigand tó the sóldier,
“Í shall seé thee shót I hópe yet,
Wére it bút as án exámple
Thát one-sided jústice sómetimes
Ís by áccidént impártial.”

STAR INN, GILLINGHAM (KENT); Nov. 23, 1854.

To my gray beard.

Ít 's a bárgain, - gray beard,
Signed and seáled and published,
Thou and Í the ópposite
High contracting párties.

Thou on thy part, gray beard,
Ünderták'st to cöver
Ánd, as fár as máy be,
Híde from víew the fúrrows

Time has ón my súnk cheeks
Ánd abóut my líps ploughed,
Ánd befóre my toóthless
Shrúnk gums háng a thícK veil.

Thou shalt fúrther, gray beard,
Áll the lívelong winter
With thy friéndly múffle
Shiéld my throát and lánk jaws,

Máking mé feel wármer
Thán if róund my néck tied
Cómfortér of lámbs's wool
Ór chinchilla típpet.

Lástly, thou engágest
Thát no óne shall héncéfórh
Táke me fór a wóman
Ór dwarfed, withered schoólbóy.

Í, on mý part, bínd me
Évery dáy to trím thee,
Wásh, comb, óil and brúsh thee
Ánd in órder kéep thee;

Álso tó my lást gasp
Stoútly tó defénd thee
Fróm the extérmináting
Bárber's sóap and rázor.

Só in stríct allíance
Wé shall líve togéther,
Shéltéring ánd prótécting
Úntil deáth each óther.

Óf our sólemn treáty
Thís the prótocól ís.
Kéep thou thý wórd, gráy beard,
Ánd I 'll trúly míne kéep.

QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON; Dec. 3, 1854.

EVENING ODE,

ADAPTED TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND POETICAL TASTE OF THE AGE.

HÁRK! 'tis the meditative hour
Whén the soul feels in all their power
Its aspirations heavenward rise
Drawing it gently toward the skies
And high angelic colloquies.
Wélcome! sweet hour of rest and calm,
That bring'st the wounded spirit balm,
That, mild as thine own pensive star,
Stillest the breast's intestine war,
And bidd'st the passions cease to jar.
Let nó unhallowed thought intrude
Upón my evening solitude,
When faith and hope with taper bright
Scattering the darkness of the night
Shed all around extatic light,
Pointing to realms of bliss above,
Régions of innocence and love,
Where néver breast shall heave a sigh,
Where néver tear shall dim the eye,
Where none are born and none shall die;

Where spirits, that here lived in pain
Drággíng their sordid earthly chain,
Ín-enteríng at the narrow door
Shall báthe in bliss for evermore
Upón a safe and stormless shore.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Febr. 9, 1855.

SÁTURDÁY clothed in plain drúgget
Ánd with cáre and hárd work wórned out,
Háppened ónce to meét her idle
Síster Sún-day in her sátins: —

“Í ’m so glád to meét you, síster,”
Sáturdáy in hímble tóne said,
“Fór I knów you ’re ténderhéarted
Ánd will lénd a hánd to hélp me.

“Fróm befóre daylight this mórníng
Í ’ve been wáshíng úp and scrúbbíng,
Brúshíng, dústíng, réguláting,
Till I ’ve nóta bóne but ’s áchíng.

“Cóme, do pút your hánd to, síster;
Éxercíse you knów is whólesome
Ánd a sóveréígn cúre for énnuí
Ánd you ’re loóking dúll and lánguíd.”

"Nóthing wóuld so múch delight me,"
Ánswered Sún-day with a simper,
"Ás in ány wáy t' oblige you,
Ór your héavy búrden lighten;

"Bút I need not téll you, sister,
Hów I máke 't a point of cónscience
Tó live álwáys like a lády
Ánd with nó work soil my fingers."

"Ánd even wére I, which I ám not,
Óf mysélf inclined to lábor,
Gód's commándment is explicit:
'Mý seventh child shall dó no lábor!'"

"Gód's seventh child! why, thát 's mysélf," said
Sáturdáy laying dówn her rúbber;
"Whát a fóol I 've beén to wórk so!
Bút in fítúre I 'll be wiser."

"Hów came you so lóng to insist on 't
'Twás the first child wás exémp-ted,
Ánd make your six yóunger sisters
Wórk, to keep you like a lády?"

"Nów you 've lét by chátce the trúth out,
Ít 's the séventh child is exémp-ted —
Táke the scrúbber; ón your kneés down;
Í 'll dress fine and práy and idle."

"You had ónce your túrn," said Sún-day,
"Thé seventh child ónce wás exémp-ted,
Ánd I wórked just ás you nów do,
Í and your five élder sisters;

"Bút you gréw so próud and saúcy,
Heáven or eárrh could nótt endúre it,
Ánd your bírrhríght wás taken fróm you,
Ánd bestówed upón your bétters."

"Í remémber wéll the róbbery
Ánd the líes to jústify í;
Ánd how, nótt t' expóse the fámmly,
Í put úp with 't ánd said nóthing."

"Í remémber toó, my sísters,
Whén they advísed me tó keep quiet,
Próphesíed you 'd sóón grow próuder,
Saúcier fár than éver Í was."

"'Lét hêr háve í,' óne and áll cried;
'Prívílegé was éver ódíous;
Lét her háve í, máke the móst of í;
Cóme, dear Sáttúrdáy, with ús work."

"Í obeyéd; you toók my títle;
Cálléd yoursélf God's Hóly Sáttbáth,
Dréssed in sáttín, práyed and ídled,
Ánd grew évery dáy more saúcy,"

"Móre hardhéárted, váin and sélfísh,
Móre íntóleránt, súpercíllíous,
Hýpocríttícal, óverbéárríng,
Céremóníous ánd relígíous,"

"Tíll at lást the whóle wórrld hátes you,
Féárs you nótt less thán despíses,
Cálls you ín pláín térrms ímpóstór,
Fóul usúrrper óf my bírrhríght."

“Véry fine talk fór my lády
Dówagér Profáni Prócul;
Whý! it 's nót my likeness, síster,
Bút your ówn you háve been dráwing;

“Faithful fróm your mémory dráwing,
Ás you wére while you réigned místress
Ánd your flátterers lów befóre you

Bówed and kíssed the hém of your gármént: *WELL*

“Whó was 't thén was óverbéaring?
Whó was 't thén was súpercílious?

Whó was 't thén was váin and sélfish,
Cérimónious ánd religiós?

“Ánd if nów you 're sómething wíser,
Sómething móre discreét and módest,

Léss encróáching, sánctimónious,
Phárisáical ánd exclúive,

“Í 'm to thánk for 't, whó háve táught you
Thát 'twas'n't you your flátterers cáred for,
Bút to háve sómething to flátter,
Ány ídol to bow dówn to.”

Súch the Billingsgáte the sísters

Flúng ánd réflung át each óther;

Whích aimed bést and hit the hárdest,

Júdge, for Í can't, pátient réader.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Dec. 25, 1854.

WELL now I'm sure I don't know why in the world it was
pút there,
Standing up in the middle of the face like the gnomon of a
súndial,
Very much, as one would say, in the way of the pássers by,
And exposed to heát and cold, wet and dry, all the winds
that blow.

Don't tell me that it was for the sake of beauty it was ever
set up there,
Still less that it was for utility, i. e. by way of a handle,
And as to the hints I sómetimes hear that it was out of mere
whim or vagary,
I assure you I'm not the man to lend an ear to insinuations
of that sort.

But I'll tell you the idea that has just now flashed acróss
my mind
And which of course I hold myself at liberty to correct as I
improve in knówledge,
For these are improving times, as you know, and the whole
world's in prógress,
And the only wonder is, that with all our advancement we're
so very far behind yet.

Now my idea 's neither more nor less than that it was set up
Hadn't, or couldn't at the moment find, a more convenient
And I 'm further of opinion that if you or I had had the
placing of it,

It 's no better but a thousand times worse it would have been
placed than now it is.

For while I admit that it does indeed at first sight seem
little too far forward set,

Like a camp picket or vedette upon the very fore front and
edge of danger,

Still there 's no denying the solidity and security of its basis,
And that it rarely if ever happens it 's obliged to evacuate
its position.

Why, I 've seen an enemy come up to it in a towering fit of passion,
And with his right hand clenched till it looked like a sledge-
hammer or mason's mallet

Strike it such a blow right in the face as you 'd swear must
annihilate it,

Or at least send its ghost down dolefully whimpering to Orcus.

Nay, I 've seen its best friend and nearest earthly relative
With a giant's grasp lay hold of it, and squeeze it between
finger and thumb,

Till it roared with downright agony as loud as a braying ass
or elephant,

And yet, the moment after, it seemed not a hair the worse
but rather refreshed by it.

But all this is scarce worth mentioning in comparison of what
I've seen it bear

At the hands of that same natural friend, ally, and protector,
Who twenty times a day or, if the humor happened so to take him,
A hundred times a day would in one of the dark cellars under it

Explode all on a sudden so strong a detonating powder
That you'd say there never yet was iron tower or vaulted
granite casemate

That wouldn't have tumbled down incontinent at the very first
concussion,

And yet that wondrous piece of flesh and bone seemed but
to take delight in it.

But, setting aside these wholly minor and secondary con-
siderations,

What would you say of an architect who had constructed a face
With a pair of eyes staring, one on the right side and the
other on the left side of it,

And yet had made no manner of provision at all for the
support of a pair of spectacles?

So avaunt with your idle criticisms, your good-for-nothing
stuff and twaddle,

Such as one dozes over a-nights in the Quarterly just before
one goes to bed,

And let me have a pinch out of your canister, for I know
it's the genuine Lundy

More care-easing even than Nepenthe, than Ambrosia more
odoriferous.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND). Dec. 16, 1854.

1. ON the day before the first day
2. Gód was tired with dóing nóthing,
3. And detérmined tó rise éarly
4. On the néxt day and do sómething.

5. Só upón the néxt day Gód rose
6. Véry éarly, and the light made —
7. You must knów that úntil thát day
8. Gód had álways lived in dárkness: —

9. “Brávo! brávo! thát ’s a good job,”
10. Sáid God whén his éye the light caught;
11. “Nów I think I ’ll trý and máke me
12. A convénient pláce to live in.”

13. Só upón the néxt day Gód rose
14. Át the dáwn of light, and héaven made,
15. And fróm thát dáy fóward néver
16. Wánted á ’snug bók to live in.

17. “Wéll! a little wórk is pleásant,”
18. Sáid God, “and besídes it ’s úseful;
19. Whát a pity í ’ve só lóng sat
20. Dúmping, múmping, dóing nóthing!”

Só upón the third day Gód made
This round báll of lánd and wáter
Ánd with ríght thumb ánd forefinger
Sét it like teetótum spinning;

Spinning twirling like teetótum,
Róund and róund abóut, the báll went,
While God clápped his hánds, delighted,
Ánd called th' ángels tó look át it.

Whó made th' ángels? if you ásk me,
Í replý: — that 's móre than Í know;
Fór if Gód had, Í don't dóubt but
Hé 'd háve pút them in his cátagogue.

Bút no máttér — sóme one máde them,
Ánd they cáme abóut him flócking,
Wóndering át the súdden fit of
Mánufácturing thát had táken him: —

“Ít 's a prétty báll,” they áll said;
“Dó pray téll us whát 's the úse of it;
Wón't you máke a gréat many óf them?
Wé would like to seé them trúndling.”

“Wait until tomórrow,” said God,
“Ánd I think I 'll shów you sómething;
This is quite enóugh for óne day,
Ánd you knów I 'm bít beginning.”

Só abóut noon ón the fóurth day,
Gód called th' ángels áll abóut him,
Ánd showed thém the gréat big báll he 'd
Máde to gíve light tó the little óne.

"What!" said th' ángels, "súch a big ball
Júst to gíve light tó a líttle one!
Thát 's bad máagement ánd you knów too
Yóu had plénty of light without it."

"Nót quite plénty," said God snáppish,
"Fór the light I máde the 'first day,
Álthough goód, was ráther scánty,
Scárce enough for mé to wórk by."

"Ánd besides how wás it póssible
Íf I hád not máde the big ball
Tó have gíven the líttle one seásons,
Dáys and yeárs and níghts and mórnings?"

"Só you seé there wás nóthing fór it
Bút to fíx the líttle ball steády,
Ánd abóut it sét the big one
Tópsy-túrvyng ás you hère sec."

"Ít 's the big ball wé see steády,
Ánd the líttle one róund it whírlng,"
Sáid the ángels, bý the gréat light
Dázzled, ánd their eýebrows sháding: —

"Nóne of yóur impértinence," said God
Grówing móre vexed évery móment;
"Í knów thát as wéll as yóu do,
Bút I dón't choose yóu should sáy it."

"Í have sét the big ball steády
Ánd the líttle one spínnng róund it,
Bút I 've tóld you júst the ópposite:
Ánd the ópposite yóu must sweár to."

"Anything you say we 'll swear to,"
Said the ángels húmbly bówing;
"Háve you ánything móre to shów us?
Wé 're so fónđ of éxhibitions."

"Yés," said Gód, "what wás deficient
Ín the lighting óf the little ball,
With this prétty móón, I 've máde up
Ánd these little twinkling stárs here."

"Wásn't the big ball big enough?" said
With simplicitý the ángels: —
"Cúldn't, withóut a míracle," said Gód,
"Shíne at ónce on báck and frónt síde."

"Thére you 're quíte ríght," said the ángels,
"Ánd we thínk you shów your wísdóm
Ín not squándering míacles ón those
Whó belíeve your wórd withóut them."

"Bút do téll us whý you 've só far
Fróm your little ball pút your little stárs;
Óne wúld thínk they dídn't belóng to it,
Scáree óne ín a thóúsand shínés on it."

"Tó be síre I cúld have pláced them
Só múch neárer," said Gód smílíng,
"Thát the little ball wúld have béen as
Wéll lít wíth some míllíons féwer;

"Bút I 'd líke to knów of whát use
Tó th' ómnípótent súch ecónómý —
Cán't I máke a míllíon míllíon stárs
Quíte as eásílý as óne star?"

“Right again,” said th’ ángels, “thère can
Bé no mánnér of dóubt abóút it.”

“Thát ’s all nów,” said Gód; “tomórrów
Cóme agáin and yé shall móre see.”

Whén the ángels cáme the néxt dáy
Gód indeéd had nót béen ídle,
And they sáw the líttle ball swármíng
With all kínds of lívíng créátúres.

Thère they wént in páirs, the créátúres,
Óf all sízes, shápes and cólors,
Stálkíng, hóppíng, leáping, clímíng,
Cráwíng, búrrówing, swímíng, flýíng,

Squeáling, síngíng, róaríng, grúntíng,
Bárkíng, bráying, méwíng, hówlíng,
Chúcklíng, gábbíng, crówing, quáckíng,
Cáwíng, croáking, búzzíng, híssíng.

Súch assémbly thère has néver
Fróm thát dáy dówn béen on eárrth séen;
Fróm thát dáy dówn súch a cóncert
Thère has néver béen on eárrth heard.

Fór thère, rámpíng ánd thér máker
Práising ín thér várioús fáshions,
Wére all Gód’s créated spécíes,
Áll excépt the fóssílized ónes;

Fór whóse ábsence ón thát gréat dáy
Thé móst líkely cáuse assígnéd yet,
Ís thát théy wére quíte fórgóttén
Ánd wóuld nót go únínvítéd.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,
Áll th' unfóssilized ones wére there
Striving which of thém would noísiest
Praise bestów upón their máker.

"Wéll," said th' ángels, whén they 'd looked on
Silently some tíme and listened;
"Wéll, you súrely háve a stránge taste;
Whát did you máke all thése queer thíngs for?"

"Cóme tomórrow ánd I 'll shów you,"
Sáid God, gleéful his hands rúbbing;
"Áll you 've yét seen 's á mere nóthing
Tó what you shall seé tomórrow."

Só, when th' ángels cáme the néxt day
Áll tiptoé with éxpectátion,
Ánd stretched nécks and eýes and eárs out
Tówards the néw world, Gód said tó them: —

"Thére he is, my lást and bést work;
Thére he is, the nóble créature;
Í told you you shóuld see sómething;
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?"

"Whére, where is he?" said the ángels;
"Wé see nóthing bút the líttle ball
With its big ball, moón and líttle stars
Ánd queer, yélping, cápering kickshaws."

"Í don't wéll know whát you meán by
Kickshaws," said God scárcely quíte pleased,
"Bút amóng my créatures yónder
Dón't you seé one nóbler figure?"

“Bý his stróng, round, tail-less búttocks,
And his flát claws you may knów him
Éven wére he nót so like me,
Thát we míght pass fór twin bróthers.”

“Nów we see him,” said the ángels;
“Hów is ’t pósitoible wé o’erlooked him?
Hé ’s indeéd your véry image
Only léss strong ánd wise looking.”

“Só I hópe the mýstery ’s cleáred up,”
Said God with much sélfcompláence,
“Ánd you áre no longer púzzled
Whát I ’ve beén about these six days.”

“Éven th’ Almighty,” said the ángels,
“Máy bè prouéd of súch chef-d’oeuvre,
Súch magnificént and crówning
Íssue óf a six days’ lábor.”

Hére a deép sigh rént God’s bósom,
And a sháde came ó’er God’s feátures:—
“Áh,” he criéd, “wére yé but hónest
Ánd no traítor stoód amóngst ye!

“Thén indeéd this wére a gréat work,
Thén indeéd I wére too háppy;
Áh! it ’s toó bad, dównright toó bad,
Bút I ’ll — sháll I? yés, I ’ll lét you;

“Lét you disappoint and frét me,
Lét you disconcért my whóle plan —
Whý of áll my virtúes shóuld I
Leáve unpráctised ónly pátiénce?

“Thére he is, my nóblest, bést work;
Táke him, dó your pleásure with him.
Áfter áll perháps I ’ll find some
Meáns to pách my bróken saúcer.

“Nów begóne! don’t lét me scé you
Hére agáin till Í send fór you;
Í ’m tired wórking, ánd inténd to
Rést my weáry bónes tomórrow.”

Só God láy late ón the néxt day
Ánd the whóle day lóng did nóthing
Bút refléct upón his ill luck
Ánd the gréat spite óf the ángels.

Ánd he saíd: — “Becaúse I ’ve résted
Áll this séventh day, ánd done nóthing,
Eách seventh dáy shall bé kept hólý
Ánd a dáy of rést for éver.”

Ánd as Gód saíd ánd commáded
Só it is nów, ánd still sháll be:
Áll hard wórk done ón the séventh day,
Tó the first day áll respéct shown.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), JAN. 21, 1855.

DÍRE Ambition úp hill toiling,
Straining évery nérve and sínew,
Sweáting, pánting, táking nó rest,
Dire Ambition, listen tó me.

Highest climbers gét the wórst falls,
Ón the hill-top stórms blow fiércest,
Lightning óftenest strikes the súmmits,
Dire Ambition, túrn and cóme down.

In the válley hère it 's shéltéred,
Éasy, sáfe and síre and pleásant;
Ón those steép heights thère 's scarce fóoting,
Í grow dizzy tó look át thee.

Higher still thou climb'st and higher,
Léndest nó ear, look'st not ónce down;
Álmost in the clóuds I see thee,
Fár abóve the réach of mý words.

Fáre thee wéll then — ónly fáll not —
Ánd as háppy bé abóve there,
Íf thou cánst, as Í belów hère
In the cálm, sequéstered válley.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), April 4, 1855.

IVY LEAF.

Ívy leáf, come, í will praise thee,
Júst becaúse thou 'rt únpretéending
Ánd hast séldom hád the fórtune
Tó be praised as thou desérvest.

Súmmer's váriegáted, gáy leáves,
Fríghtened át th' approách of wínter,
Lóng agó have fléd and léft me
Tó thy néver-fáiling shélder.

Ón this bleák Novémber mórning
Ín thou peépest át my wíndow
Wíth as kíndly, fríéndly greéting,
Ás though wé were stíll in Júly.

Yésterdáy I ásked the rédbreast
Thát from yónder báre spray cárols: —
“Whére, my préttý sérenáder,
Ón these cóld níghts fíndest shélder?”

“Ín the ívy,” ánswered Róbin,
“Únderneáth your bédroom wíndow,
Néstling cózy, Í care líttle
Fór the bleák níghts óf Novémber.”

Cónquering BÁCCHUS, fróm the ÍNDIES
Driving in triúmphal cháriot,
Twined his THÝRSUS, crówned his témples,
With thy gréén branch ánd black bÉRRIES.

Fróm that dáY down tó the PRÉSENT,
RóUND the WÍNE CUP ánd the TÁNKARD
WÍND harmóniÓusly tÓgether
ClÚSTERING GRÁPE, ánd ÍVY BRÁNCHES.

CLÉARER, sweÉTER fÁR the HÓNEY
Í 've each MÓRNING áT my BRÉAKFAST
THÁN the HÓNEY THÉ ATHÉNIANS
BRÓUGHT FROM HÝBLA áND HÝMÉTTUS;

WHÝ? becÁUSE all thé long SÚMMER
MÝ BEES RIOT in thy blÓSSOMS,
ÁND WHO ÉVER HEÁRD OF ÍVY
ÓN MOUNT HÝBLA ÓR HÝMÉTTUS?

WHÉN I 'm DEÁD áND Ó'ÉR my ÁSHES
RÍSES thé cold MÁRBLE CÓLUMN,
SHROÚD it, ÍVY, with thy gréén LEAVES;
ÁLL tÓO LÁTE the PÁLTRY TRÍBUTE.

Walking from FONTAINE L'EVEQUE to BASÉCLES, HAINAULT (BELGIUM);
Nov. 12—13, 1854.

WHY paint Death the king of terrors?
 Who so quiet, calm and peaceful?
 Who so humble? who so lovely?
 Who a kinder friend to man is?
 Why hung round with black the chamber?
 Why those sad looks, sighs and sobbings?
 Tosses on this couch a fever?
 Heaves this breast with anxious throbbings?
 On these cheeks there glows no anger,
 On these pale lips writhes no anguish;
 Care this brow no longer wrinkles,
 From these lids no tears are starting;
 Foolish mourners, for yourselves weep,
 Who have still with Life to struggle,
 Life the treacherous, unrelenting,
 Cruel king of pains and terrors.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 2, 1855.

"TYRANT, I'll have my right," I once heard say

A village can't be sold by force

"One bell that does exist I claim as mine"

THERE was a time when to our view;

This dull old world looked fresh and new,

And you loved me and I loved you,

There was a time.

No doubt has risen there, I know not how

There was a time when young and gay

We frolicked through the livelong day,

And all our whole year was one May,

There was a time.

My lady's eye was with me then

Which she no longer could discern

There was a time we did not dream

That things are other than they seem

And with delusive lustre gleam,

There was a time.

Had God intended that we should be true

There was a time we had not yet

Learned to fume and cark and fret

And thankless riches hardly get,

There was a time.

There was a time — but it is past;

The child's become a man at last,

And age and death are coming fast,

There was a time.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 7, 1855.

"TÝRANT, I 'll have my rights;" I once heard say
 A village cur to a neighbouring farmer's mástiff:
 "One hálf that bone exact I claim as mine,
 Fór in God's sight all kinds of dogs are equal;
 Hé made us áll, we 're áll alike his children."
 "Take it," replied the mástiff, "with that strength
 Équal to mine, which thát impartial God
 No dóubt has given thee; I impugn thy right not."
 Grówling he said, and Cur away sneaked prudent,
 And hád that night gone supperless to bed,
 Hád not kind Próvidence brougth by chance that way
 My lády's pug with bone stolen from the larder;
 Which Cúr, an adept now in equity,
 With sudden snatch to appropriate not demurring,
 Bore off and at the cabin door contented gnawed,
 The lívelong evening, praising God and saying: —
 "Eách has his ówn; the mastiff his, I mine;
 Had Gód intended Pug to have kept his bone
 There 's nót a doubt he would have made him stronger."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 1, 1855.

DO goód to your friénd and hé 'll do goód to you,
 Pérháps, and if not inconvénient tó him;
 But if you 'd háve him réally like and lóve you
 You múst in áll things swécár to his opínion.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 18, 1855.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

"LET the law take its course," the Roman said,
Sitting in judgment; and the lictors seized
Forthwith the two young men, the judge's sons,
And stripped them to the waist and bound and flogged.
In vain turned towards the judgment-seat the youths'
Wild eyes, imploring; the uplifted ax
Severed first one and then the other's head.
Proud to have executed Roman justice
Even on his own rebellious sons, the judge
Unblenched descended from the judgment-seat;
Home to his desolate house returned, the sire
In secret wept his disobedient children.
Such were the wondrous men that made Rome Rome.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 12, 1855.

DRAW back from the mirror; your image recedes,
And at last disappears in the infinite distance;
Approach; and, behold! from the depths of the mirror
A still brightening image comes forward to meet you:
So, sad Mém'ry's eye follows the flight of the past;
So, brightening, to Hópe's eye, approaches the future.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 2, 1855.

MY SISTER MARY'S DOG RAP,

WRITTEN THE HOUR HE DIED.

SÉLDOM lived dog or man more peaceful life,
More free from envy, bitterness, and strife;
Séldom died dog or man more placid death,
Or struggled less in yielding up the breath;
Séldom left dog or man a friend behind
More true, Rap, than thy mistress or more kind.
So peaceful I would live, so placid die,
And, dying, hear the same survivor sigh,
And dead, not far off in the earth be laid,
Under th' ancestral elm and yew-tree shade.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; Dec. 17, 1854.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

ÚNDERNEÁTH this moulderíng heáp
Lies sóme poor cláy
That ónce like thee could laúgh and weép,
And hád its dáy.

If by the wórld thou árt despised,
A while here stáy;
If pámpéred bý the wórld and prized,
Awáy! awáy!

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 6, 1855.

ONLY FULL AND TRUE REPORT

OF THE CONTENTION BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES FOR THE SPECTACLES,
AND THE ISSUE THEREOF. *

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;

The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause

With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,

So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

* In Mr. Cowper's report of this celebrated case we look in vain for his accustomed impartiality, his characteristic love of truth and justice. Not only has he garbled the pleadings by a total omission of the plea of the eyes, but even falsified the record itself by the substitution of an absurd and unjust decision of the court for the rational and equitable compromise by which the case was actually closed, and the proceedings brought to a termination satisfactory to both parties. To this, the sole dereliction of the straightforward path with which he has ever been charged, Mr. Cowper was no doubt seduced by his partiality for the nose, Mr. Cowper, as it is well known, having always been accustomed to wear his spectacles

„In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear

And your Lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear;
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court: —

“Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is: in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again would your Lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Having thus made a case on behalf of the Nose
No less valid in law than in equity strong,
Tongue changed sides and with arguments weighty as blows
Showed the spectacles only to Eyes could belong: —

upon his nose. In order to guard my report against all tinge of a similar predilection for the eyes (a predilection of which I acknowledge I cannot wholly divest myself, the eyes in my case having always had the use of the spectacles), I have taken the precaution not to draw my account of the arguments of Counsel on behalf of the nose from the same source from which I have drawn my account of the plea of the eyes and of the final compromise, viz. the books of the Court of Uncommon Pleas, the court in which the case was tried and in which I have been so fortunate as to find a complete record of it, but to adopt Nose's arguments verbatim and literatim from the report of Nose's best friend, Mr. Cowper himself.

"My Lord, spectacles being, as we all know, a pair,
And Eyes a pair also, while Nose is but one,
That it's Eyes and not Nose that should spectacles wear
Is as plain and as clear as at noonday the sun.

"And as for the ownership Nose claimed just now
On the ground of his fitting exactly the straddle,
Why, my Lord, allow that, and you can't but allow
That the horse owns by right both the rider and saddle."

Here the court, interrupting, proposed compromise —
Between next-door neighbours such strife's a disgrace —
And Nose waived his claim, on condition that Eyes
Should from thenceforth let spectacles lie in their case.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); Febr. 11, 1855.

"Epicuri de grege porcum."

THERE 's nothing I so much admire
As a full glass and roaring fire,
Unléss it be cow-heel or tripe,
Or wéll replenished meerschaum pipe —
Stáy, darling Meg, I did but jest;
Of ál God's gifts thou art the best.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; Jan. 25, 1855.

FRÓM his shrou'd the deá'd man peéping
Sáw the móurners róund him weéping,
Heá'd such sóbs and sighs and groáns
Might have mélted héarts of stónes.

Nót a wórd the deá'd man sáid,
Bút the thought came into his héad:
Tó thát whíning blúbbéring páck
Gód keep mé from góing báck.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; April 3, 1855.

WHAT benéficient Jóve was 't, or Búddh or Osiris
Or Sáturn or Sátan, who, nó't for their ówn good
But mán's use, created poor bírds, beasts and fishes;
And his protégé, móre to enrich and exált him,
Into twó halves divided and to the óne half
Gave the óther for sérvant and bóndslave for éver?

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 13, 1855.

Down the street toward my bed-room
When I turn my face once more,
With so joyful a cry,
"TRAY, how can you be so gay?"

From my bed-room, in my gown,
Every morn' when I come down,
Tray says to me with his tail: —
"Hope I see you fresh and hale."

At my breakfast when I sit
Munching slowly bit by bit;
Tray reminds me with his paw,
He too has a tooth and jaw.

When I take my hat and stick,
Tray perceives the motion quick
And across the parlour floor
Scampers jocular to the door.

When I walk along the street
Stopping every friend I meet
With: — "Good morn'g! how do you dó?"
Tray's nose asks each: — "Who are you?"

To Belinda's when I come,
Tray snuffs round and round the room,
Then lies down beside my chair,
Knows I'll stay a long while there.

When I rise to go away
From Belinda's, and call Tray,
Tray comes slowly, knowing well
I've to say a long farewell.

Dówn the streét toward my hall-doór
Whén I túrn my fáce once móre,
Whó so jóyful thén as Tráy?
Tráy if you can máke him stáy.

Tó my doór got, if bell-ríng
Doés not quickly sóme one bríng,
You wóuld píty Tráy's hard cáse,
Droóping tail and ruéful fáce.

Ópened whén the doór at lást,
Tráy bolts maíd and máster pást,
Ánd, ere wéll hung úp my hát,
Ón the hearthrug óutstretched flát

Liés with múzzle ón the gróund,
Ánd half clósed eye, wátching róund,
While preparatíves dúly máde —
Crúmbcloth spréad and táble laíd —

Hérald neár approáching Threé,
Hóur of weíght to Tráy and mé;
Weíghty hóur to mé and Tráy,
Túrning-point of thé whole dáy.

Súch our fóreñoons; wóuld you knów
Íf our áfternoóns pass só,
Wórse or bétter; Í can't sáy
Thére 's múch dífference — is there, Tráy?

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 8, 1855.

NO more quéstions, good friénd, no more quéstions, I práy;
 I 'd be choóser mysélf what to sáy or not sáy;
 With your 'Whó?' 'Which?' and 'Whát?' 'How?' 'When?'
 'Whérefore?' and 'Whý?'
 You but shút my heart clóser, my tóngue tighter tié;
 Nay, you 've nó one to bláme but yoursélf, if with lýng
 And quibbling and shúffling I páy back your prýng.
 So deál with me fairly and give *quid pro quo*
 And your ówn thoughts first téll me, if my thoughts you 'd knów.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; March 30, 1855.

'TIS the little boy láshing his tóp in the cóurt;
 With áll his whole héart he 's intént on his spórt,
 And ás his top mérrily spins round and róund,
 In the wórld where 's a háppier sóul to be fóund?

I 'll go dówn to the cóurt and the whole livelong dáy
 At whíp-my-top thére with that háppy boy pláy;
 Give me tóp and lash hére, and let him take who will
 My grówn man's wealth, hónors, strength, wisdom, and skill.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 6, 1855.

AS in Tibur's pleasant villa
Strolled Mecénas ónce with Hórace,
"What can be the reason, poet,"
Said Mecénas cávaliérly,
"That the ádjective must álways
Tó the nóun be só obséquiou;,
Fóllow áll its whíms and hómors,
Trót beside it like a spániel?"

"Í don't knów, heard néver réason,"
Ánswéred Hórace, his héad sháking.
"Whát! not knów?" repliéed Mecénas,
"Í thought póets knéw áll súch things."

"Nów I récolléct," said Hórace
With an árch smíle, "mý schoolmáster
Úsed to sáy that nóun was pátron,
Ádjective, poor dévil! póct."

Walking from ZELL to SIMMERN, RHEINISH PRUSSIA; July 9, 1855.

'Twas on the First of Jánuary eárlý in the mórning
I páid my Love a vísit, and a háppy new year wished her;
She gave me her right hánd and said she was glád to sée me —
Ah! little thought I thén, she was entering on her lást year.

'Twas on the First of Fébruary, a cold and snowy mórning,
I páid my Love a vísit and asked her was she quíte well: —
“I 've gót a little cough,” said she, “but I dón't think any-
thing óf it;
Coughs and colds are goíng, and I hope I 'll soon be bétter.”

'Twas on the First of Márch and a bitter wind was blówing;
I páid my Love a vísit, and asked her was she bétter: —
“I 'm not much better yét,” said she, “and the cough is
sticking tó me,
But when the weather sóftens I don't doubt I 'll be bétter.”

'Twas on the First of Ápril when a blink of sun was gleáming
Betwéen two chilly shówers, I páid my Love a vísit;
When she saw me her eye brightened and she said she 'd
soon be finély,
But I thought she didn't loók well and I had a sad forebóding.

THE sún 's a poor, wrétted, unfórtunate créature,
With a náme no less wrétted: I-WOULD-IF-I-COULD;
But the fáther 's rich, glórious and háppy and míghty
And his térrible náme is I-COULD-IF-I-WOULD.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 12, 1855.

YOU dón't like my wríttings, won't réád them nor búy them;
Then dó me the fávor at léást, to decry them;
Where the praise of good júdges is hárd to be hád,
The néxt best thing tó it 's the bláme of the bád.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 8, 1855.

"I BELIÉVE it," said Faíth, "though I knów it 's a flát
Contrádiction, and breách of suprémé Nature's láws,
For I sáw it and héárd it and félt it and smélt it,
And nó óne was wícked énough to deccíve me,
And seéing and héaring and féeling and smélling
Arc súrer than éven suprémé Nature's láws.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

"**EVEN** the Lóvely must die" * — To be sure, Mr. poet,
Éven the Lóvely must die; do you think we don't know it?
Yet bád as the cáse is — and who doubts it 's bad? —
That the Úgly should nót die were something more sad.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, May 27, 1855.

MAIN Fórcé with saw, háchet and stróng rope achiéved,
Much sweáting, the fáll of the stoút-timbered cédar;
But Cúnning abóut the róot dúg unperceíved,
And flát with the first breath of wínd fell the cédar.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 2, 1855.

IN the héight of his glóry said César to Cássius: —
"Mankínd will talk óf me for éver with wónder."
"To be súde, mighty César," said Cássius, "mankínd will
Of theé and thy greát deeds talk éver with wónder;
But the wónder of wónders will still be that César,
Magnánimous César, so cáred to be tálked of."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

* Auch das Schöne muss sterben. SCHILLER.

SLEÉP and Wáking ónce a strife had:
Which was móst by Próvidence fávored;
Ánd with láwyerlike acúmen
Thús their séparate cáses árgued: —

“Í ’m the fávorite,” first said Wáking,
“Fór the whóle wide wórld ’s for mé made,
Eárth, sun, moón, and áll the little stars,
Nót to speák of lámp and gás light.”

“Wrétched Wáking,” said Sleep listless,
“Táke thy gímcracks ánd my píty,
Thóu that múst keep álways hámmering
Át some fiddle fáddle nónsense.

“Táke thy gímcracks — pleásure, prófit,
Sciénce, léárning — máke much óf them;
Ádd if it pleáse thee lábor, énnui,
Sórrów, páin and thírst and húngér.

“Hére at cáse upón this bénch stretched
Fór thy whóle wórld Í no stráw care,
Ór, if só be thé whim táke mé,
Háve it in my dréams for nóthing;

“In my dreams have pleasures, riches,
Wisdom, fame, and power and knowledge,
Double, triple, hundredfold more
Than e'er fell to thy lot, Waking.

“I take wing and through the air fly,
Or with fins glide through the water,
Or turn patriot and my fingers
Riddle with the blood of César,

“Yet no risk run; mine not thine are
Heaven and earth, time past and present —
Good bye, Waking; what need more words?
Thee thy work calls, mé siesta.”

Scarcely had Sleep the last word uttered,
Up came Nightmare, hideous grinning,
And about Sleep's neck a noose threw
And began with main force pulling.

“Save me, save me,” cried Sleep half choked —
“Who's God's favorite now?” said Waking
As he cut the noose and saved Sleep
And drove off the grinning monster.

STROMBERG, RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 11, 1855.

WHILE there 's óne drop in the bóttle
This life 's still a life of pleásure,
Fúll of prómise still the fúture;
Lét the lást drop leáve the bóttle
Ánd the dáy grows dárk and héavy,
Thére will bé a stórm tomórrów.

PFEDDERSHEIM in the PÁLATINATE, July 15, 1855.

“IF rightly on my theme I think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine; a friend; because I 'm dry;
Or lest I should be, by and by;
Or any other reason why.”

ANSWER.

If rightly on my theme I think,
There 's but one reason why men drink;
And that one reason is, I think —
Why, just because men like to drink.

HEIDELBERG, July 21, 1855.

HE 's deáð these long áges, and áll his bones móuldered,
And scáattered his dúst to the póints of the cómpass,
But we still have and will have for éver amóng us
The héart of the Póet embáled in his vèrse.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 10, 1855.

THAT I 'm much práised by men of little sense
Offénds me nó; I know it 's mere pretencé,
The hóllow echo of what, évery day,
They héar men of a better júdgment say.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 16, 1854.

"PÁGAN, forsáke your Góds," the Christian cries,
"And wórship mine; your Gods are dirt and lies."
"Christian," replíes the Pagan, "honor 's due
Éven to *your* Gods; to each his God is true."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, March 31, 1855.

LETTER

RECEIVED FROM A REVIEWER TO WHOM THE AUTHOR, INTENDING TO SEND THE MS. OF HIS SIX PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HEROIC TIMES FOR REVIEW, HAD BY MISTAKE SENT, INSTEAD OF IT, A MS. OF MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

With all the care and attention permitted by my multitudinous
And harassing, yet never upon any account to be neglected,
avocations,
I have read over, verse by verse, from near about the begin-
ning to the véry end,
The poem which, some thirteen or fourteen months ago, you
did me the honor to enclóse me;
And as I feel for literature in general and especially for literary
men
A regard which I make bold to flatter myself is something
more than merely professíonal,
In returning you your work I venture to make these few
hurried observátions:
And first, I 'm so far from being of opinion that the work 's
wholly devoid of mérit
That I think I can discern here and there an odd half line
or line in it,
Which even Lord Byron himself — for since Lord Byron
became pópular,

Reviewers' opinions concerning that truly great man have undergone, as you know, a most remarkable change — I think I can discern, I say, here and there in your work an odd half line or odd line — Which even the greatest poet of modern times need not have been ashamed of.

And the whole scope and tenor of your work, on whichever side or in whatever light I examine it,

Whether religiously, esthetically, philosophically, morally or simply poetically,

Give me great ground to hope — and I assure you I feel unfeigned satisfaction in expressing the hope —

That, in process of time, and supposing your disposition amenable to advice and correction,

You may by dint of study and perseverance acquire sufficient poetical skill

To entitle you to a place somewhere or other among respectable English poets.

And now I know I may count upon your good sense and candor to excuse me

If I add to this, you'll do me the justice to allow, no illiberal praise of your performance,

Some few honest words of dispraise, wrung from me by the necessity of the case:

Your style, for I will not mince the matter, seems to me very often to be

A little too Bombastes Furioso, or, small things to compare with great, a little too Miltonic;

Its grandiloquence not sufficiently softened down by that copious admixture of commonplace

Which renders Bab Macaulay, James Montgomery and Mrs. Hemans so delightful;

Whilst on the other hand it exhibits, but too often alas! the
 — directly opposite and worse fault
 Of nude and barren simplicity; absence not of adornment
 alone but even of decent dress.
 I'll not worry you with a host of examples; to a man of
 your sense one 's as good as a thousand;
 "Ex uno disce omnes," as Eneas said, wishing to save Dido
 time and trouble;
 The very last line of your poem, the summing up of your
 whole work,
 Where, if anywhere, there should be dignity and emphasis;
 — something to make an impression
 And ring in the ear of the reader after he has laid down
 the book
 And be quoted by him to his children and children's children
 on his deathbed,
 As an honored ancestor of mine, one of my predecessors in
 this very reviewer's chair,
 Is said to have died with — no, not with the concluding
 verse of Homer's Iliad on his lips,
 For Homer has by some fatality concluded his great poem
 much after your meagre fashion —
 But with the magnificent couplet on his lips, which the judicious
 translator substitutes for the lame Homeric ending:
 "Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."
 The very last line of your work, I say, the peroration of
 your poem,
 So far from presenting us, like this fine verse, with something
 full and round and swelling
 For ear and memory to take hold of and keep twirling about,
 barrel-organ-wise,
 That is to say when ear and memory have, as they often
 have, nothing better to do,

Hasn't even sufficient pith in it for an indifferent prose period,
Exhibits such a deficiency of thew and sinew, not to say of
soul and ethereal spirit,
Such a woful dearth of rough stuff and raw material, not to
say of finish and top dressing,
That the reader cares but little either to catch a hold or keep
a hold of it,

And it drops from between the antennae of his disappointed
expectation

Pretty much in the same way as a knotless thread from be-
tween a housewife's fingers.

And yet when I consider how well adapted your "Home to
his mother's house, private, returned" is

To take off the edge of the reading appetite, and with what
right good will

After reading this verse one lays down the book without
wishing it were longer,

I can't help correcting my first judgment and saying, with a
smile, to myself:

"Well, after all, that finale's less injudicious than appears
at first sight."

And now I have only to beg your kind excuse for the freedom
of the observations

Which in my double capacity of friend of literature and
literary men,

And clerk of the literary market, bound to protect the public
Against unsound, unwholesome or fraudulently made-up intel-
lectual food,

I have felt it my duty to make on your, to me at least, very
new and original work,

A work which, crude and imperfect as it is and full of marks
of a beginner's hand,

Affords to the practised critic's eye indubitable evidences of
a latent power

Sure to break forth as soon as the favorable opportunity
 presents itself
 And astonish the world perhaps with a second — I was
 at first going to say Don Juan,
 But, as I hate hyperbole and love to be within the mark,
 I'll say — with a second Thalaba or Antient Mariner or Ex-
 cursion;
 Glorious consummation! which the kind Fates have, no doubt,
 in resérve for you
 If in the meantime you 're content to live upon hope; and
 don't too much economize midnight oil.

[HEIDELBERG, July 26, 1855.]

"OBÉY;" said Majority ónce to Minority;
 "To be sùre," said Minority, "fór thou 'rt the strongest."
 "Not because I the strongest am," answered Majority,
 "But because I 'm the wisest, it 's thine to obéy."
 "Right again," said Minority hiding a sly smile,
 "Wise men álways were númerous, fòols always fèw."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

BEWÁRE how you attempt the world to cheat,
 Lést yourself súffer by your own deceit:
 You cheat the wórld; back from the world to you
 Retúrns your lie and you believe it true.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 9, 1855.

ISLIMAH

"SEE before thee," said Hópe, "where the pleásant light
More bríght every móment, dispérses the dárkness."
But Fear cried: — "Bewáre! for the light but looks bríghter
Bezáuse, on all sídes round, the dárkness so deépens."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

WITH pállid lip quívering and fiery eye fláshing,
Wrath rúshed on his víctim and brándished the knífe;
But Píty with nóiseless step stóle up behind him
And wrenched the blade fróm him and smíled in his fáce.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

PÁST TIME 's deád and gone, and búried, and the réquiem
sung óver her;
FÚTURE TIME 's not bórn yet, and whó knows how úgly she
may be?
So gíve me a kiss, sweet PRÉSENT, and let 's háppy be togéther —
Óne, two, three, and begín again — thou 'rt the girl for mý
money.

HEIDELBERG, July 25, 1855.

HAMLET.

THE king of Denmark 's murdered by his brother;
The brother dons his crown, marries his widow;
Nó one suspects the deed, till at deep midnight
The ghóst, in suit complete of burnished steel,
From purgatory comes and fires sulphureous
To tell his son, young Hamlet, the whole story,
And rouse his youthful blood to similar deed.
The prince falls into a mighty, towering passion,
And hates mankind, and wishes he was dead,
And damns his uncle, and will surely kill him,
Nót at his prayers, for not to heaven he 'd send him,
Bút in the midst of some unfinished lust
Fall on him and direct to hell despátech him.
Slów on the hot resolve follows the deed
Limping, for wisely thus the youth bethinks him: —
“Hów, if my wicked uncle kill me first,
Mé ere I him? where then were my revenge,
The credit and the glory of this deed,
The duty to my parent and my parent's
Unhappy: ghóst; my piety toward heaven,
The example to the world, and to my mother
The lash of scorpions, wielded by her son?
For í 've no son to whom if í were murdered
Mý ghost might come to hie him on to murder
Mý murderer; and if I had such son,
Hów can I know he would believe my ghost?
Which gives me róom to think: what if this ghost
I saw last night were not my father's ghost,
But some malignant spirit sent from hell

With lies to tempt me to my uncle's murder.
So charily, good Hamlet; softly tread;
Tést the ghost's tále; and táke care of thy head.

And so most careful cautious of his head
Hámlet goes mad, for kings suspect not madmen,
And many a wise and many a mad thing says,
Wise at this móment, raving mad the next;
And, lighting by good fortune on a pack
Of strolling players, sets about to téach them
With such consummate skill their proper art
Thát you are tempted to accuse dame Nature
Of having by some blunder made a king's son,
Whén she had taken in hand to make a player.

Pláywriter, next, and manager becomeé,
The versatile youth into his players' play
Intécalatés the scene of his father's murder.
The uncle blenchés; the ghost's credit 's stamped;
But, lác k a day! the unlucky birdcatcher,
Júst as he thinks he has but to bag his bird,
Falls into his ówn springe and is bagged himself,
And off to England à la Bellerophon packed;
But not before in one of his feigned fits
He has killed his truelove's, sweet Ophelia's, father,
Táking him for the king, and her chaste ear,
His ówn Ophelia's innocent, chaste ear,
With ribaldry polluted and audacious,
Counterfeit madness, till he drives her mad,
And in a pond, poor soul! she drowns herself,
Singing lorn ditties, and one true heart adds
Tó the long cóunt of trueé hearts cracked by love.

Meantime not idly in his cabin chewing
The tedium of his voyage sits young Hamlet,

But, seizing occupation pat at hand,
 The seal breaks of his uncle's missives — reads,
 And to the deep consigns, his own death-warrant,
 And with a ready, fair, and clerklike hand,
 Fór he 's a clérk too, writes out the death-warrant
 Of his escort, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern;
 Fórges the king's sign manual, and affixes
 The royal seal; and, having scarce taken time
 To palm upon his escort the forged packet,
 Jumps into a boarding pirate and is carried
 Sólus to Dénmark back; bidding God speed
 And safe return home, to the two brave youths,
 The interesting Danish Siamése twins,
 Good Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern,
 Who, holding on their voyage, and delivering
 To England's majesty the fraternal missives,
 By England's majesty have their heads instanter
 And without further ceremony chopped off —
 Hurráh for Éngland! móre power tó thee, Hamlet!

The first act of our story with a ghost,
 A grisly ghost, began; come with me now,
 Kind reader, that is if thou 'rt not afraid,
 Ínto a chùrchyard where good Christians lie
 Waíting the final trump to rise to glory.
 Hére in his splenetic mood arrives young Hamlet,
 And standing on the edge of the deep grave
 That 's waiting for his injured, sweet Ophelia,
 Begins to crack jokes with the base grave-diggers,
 Make puns, say witty things, and moralize
 Át the expénde of frail humanity's relics,
 Till the corpse cómes; then down into the grave
 Leáps in the desperation of his sorrow,
 And, cóllared on the coffin by the brother,

Blusters and tugs and spouts and wrestles hard
Till the crowd come between and part the mourners:

Adjourn we now to royal palace-hall,
And gay assembly met to adjudge the prize,
To him who best knows how to wield the small sword,
Ophelia's brother, practised well in France,
Or our dear nephew, all-accomplished Hamlet.
Look sharp now to thyself, thou that wouldst kill
With thine own hand thine uncle; for there 's poison
Upon thine adversary's rapier point;

And if, victorious, thou escape the point,
A poisoned chalice stands by to refresh thee.
But stay — what 's this already? in the name
Of heaven, and of the ghost and thy revenge,
Thy wisdom and thy mumming and thy madness,
The bloody arras, sweet Ophelia's pond,
And the two heads of thy once College friends,
Lopped off instead of thine by courteous England,
What 's this I see already? not thine uncle's
But thine own blood upon a poisoned rapier
And streaming down thy doublet; make haste, Hamlet; —
And there thy mother drinks death from the cup
For thee no longer necessary, who
Hast but five minutes' life — make haste, and wrest
Out of thy murderer's hand the poisoned point,
And turn it on him; bravo! now thine uncle;
Bravo again! 'twere pity thou 'dst forgot him.

And now die happy; thou 'st at last achieved
This most magnanimous, meritorious deed;
And though, plain truth to tell, a little slowly,
And somewhat in the manner of a thing
A while forgotten then remembered sudden,

Yet with so little risk to thine own bones,
 Béing thyself already in those clutches
 Which from all further earthly harm protect,
 I own thou 'st put me into a sort of puzzle
 Which crówn first tó award thee; of hot valor,
 Ór of hot vátor's base antipodes,
 Sneáking discretion; I 'll e'en home and sleep on 't.
 Meanwhile, inexplicable, unintelligible
 Compound of incongruities, Good night.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 28, 1855.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

BRAVE, courteous, handsome, clever, gallant Romeo
 With all his heart and soul loves Rosaline;
 Shé is the pólestar of his longing eyes,
 The haven of his hopes and aspirations,
 His dream by day, his vision all the night,
 The book in which he reads perpetually
 The loveliness and excellence of woman.

Being fond of pleasure this same Romeo goes
 A-masking to the house of Capulet,
 Where for a Montague to be seen is death,
 So hot the feud between the two old races,
 And falls slapdash o'er head and ears in love
 With fourteen-year-old Juliet, the host's daughter,
 Whó with like pássionate suddenness on him
 Doáts on the instant, seeing behind his visor
 The properest, fairest, and discretetest man,

Nót in Veróna only, but the world,
And kicks against the chosen of her parents,
The County Paris, will have none but Romeo,
And Romeo must and will have; dutiful child!
And for fourteén of most miraculous wisdom!
And nothing headstrong! only will be married
Off hand to the acquaintance of five minutes,
The enemy of her house, the pledged to another;
Módest withal and chaste! though a proficient
In filthy language, and right roundly rating,
Éven on her wedding day, the slow approach
Of closely curtained, "love-performing" night!

But sour is still near sweet, and rain near sunshine,
Sórrów near pleásure, near the rose a thorn,
And out of this same merry masking comes
Not love alone but fierce and deadly quarrel:
Týbalt, the fair one's cousin, spies behind
The réveller's mask not Cupid's laughing eyes
Bút the curled mouústache of a Montague,
And, taking fire, comes to a brawling match
And rapier thrusts with devil-may-care Mercutio,
And makes short work of him, and in requital
Ís himself máde short wórk of by hot Romeo,
Who forthwith must to banishment in Mantua,
Fár from Veróna, far from love and Juliet.

Meantime the parents, ignorant that their child
Is theirs no longer, and that among Christ's
Osténsible ministers there has óne been found
To affix Christ's signet to the stolen compact,
Préss upon Romeo's wedded wife Count Paris,
And fix tomorrow for the wedding day;
Miss pouts, and hangs her head: is quite too young,

Too innocent, too tender yet for marriage,
And will not till she 's forced; would rather die,
Take poison, stab herself, do anything
A high souled girl of fourteen dare to do
The truth to hide and the first crime to double.

Is there no help, no help in the wide world
For maid so hardly used — for wedded wife?
Aye to be sure there is, while there 's a priest;
That same friar Laurence knows an herb of power
To impart for two days death's cold, pallid semblance
Trackless upon the third day disappearing
Before returning health and bloom and vigor.

This herb drinks Juliet, and the wretched parents
And County Paris on his wedding day
Greet not a bride and daughter but a corpse,
Which the next night with tears and sad array
They lay in the tomb of all the Capulets.
The next night after, with sweet smelling flowers
To deck his bride's untimely grave, comes Paris
And there falls foul of — whom? the ghost of Tybalt?
No, but the banished Montague that made
Tybalt a ghost — the banished Romeo prowling
At midnight round the tomb of Capulet —
And draws upon his enemy and falls
And dying begs a grave beside his bride.

Now if thou 'dst know what business in Verona,
What business at the tomb of Capulet,
Had Romeo, when he should have been a-bed
And snug asleep in banishment at Mantua,
Please ask friar Laurence didn't he send for him
To come and from her temporary tomb,
Her parents and Verona and Count Paris,
Bear in his arms away his wedded wife.

“Aye, that I did,” the holy friar will answer,
“And had agreed with wrenching iron there
Myself to meet him, and a second time
Consign the Capulet’s child to the Montague.”
And true the answer of the holy friar,
But not comes Romeo therefore, not to snatch
A living Capulet out of Capulet’s tomb,
But to entomb there a dead Montague,
Namely himself; for which be these two reasons:
First the miscarriage of the friar’s true message,
To come post haste to unbury living Juliet;
And next the carriage by eye-witnesses
Of the friar’s lie, that on her wedding night
Juliet was laid a stiffened corpse beside
Her cousin Tybalt in the Capulets’ tomb.
Therefore comes Romeo, for in the name of love
And sober sense, and piety toward heaven,
And fortitude and magnanimity
And common prudence, how could Romeo live,
Juliet being dead, his five minutes’ acquaintance,
And, counting-in the two days she is dead,
Now nearly three whole days his wedded wife?
How could he live? and if he killed himself
In Mantua there, how was the world to know
’Twas all for Juliet’s love he killed himself?
So Romeo, being in earnest, buys real poison,
And being in haste moreover, hires post horses,
And that same night, first having as we have seen
Despatched poor Paris, dies Felo de se
And kisses with his dying lips dead Juliet,
Who, the next instant opening such bright eyes
As make the whole tomb look like a lighthouse lantern,
And seeing, upon one side, her dead husband,
And on the other, her dead bridegroom lying,

And not far off her cousin dead and rotting,
Thinks 'twere not far amiss she too should die
Were 't but for the sake of such good company,
And being besides in so convenient place,
And draws out of the sheath her husband's dagger
And sheathes it in her bosom, there to rust,
And dies outright. The watch seize friar Laurence
And let him go again; and there 's an end;
And more 's the pity, seeing there was never
Of perfect truelove a more perfect model,
Never a story of more pleasant woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 4, 1855.

THE TEMPEST.

FAR in a désert island in the midst
Of the Méditerranean lived, long years ago,
A wrinkled, withered hag, called Sycorax,
With Caliban her son, an uncouth savage
And worshipper, like her, of Setebos,
Whoever Setebos was. The old witch died
And Caliban reigned alone in the desert island,
When one day in a leaky boat arrived,
With his books of magic and his infant daughter,
Milan's Duke, Próspero, expelled his duchy
By his usurping brother, Antonio,
And turned adrift; black day for Caliban,
Whó, as a matter of course, is robbed of all,
And civilized, and taught a new religion,
And made to fetch and carry for a master

And for his master's daughter, sweet Miranda,
 Now growing to a woman, and at last
 A woman grown, who of no other men
 Knows in the world but Caliban and her father,
 Though I'll not swear she has never heard of spirits,
 Her father being a sorcerer, and dealing
 Largely with creatures of that Natural Order,
 Darkening the sun by their means, raising storms,
 And doing with equal ease all possible things
 And all impossible. Especially
 One Ariel was his favorite, a blythe spirit
 Whom, when he came to the island first, he found
 Pegged in a cloven pine — "A spirit pegged!"
 Aye, to be sure, for Sycorax was a witch,
 And witches can as easily peg spirits
 Into cloven pines, as tapsters can peg spiles
 Into beer barrels — and there the spirit was howling,
 And writhing to get out, now twelve whole winters,
 When Prospero came, and, the dead witch defying,
 Widened the pine-tree rift and let him out.
 Another twelve years and we find the spirit
 On board the king of Naples' ship in the offing,
 Frightening the king of Naples and his friend
 And protégé, the usurping Duke Antonio,
 Now playing Jack o' lantern on the mast,
 Now running up and down the shrouds like wildfire,
 Now firing squibs and crackers in the cabin,
 But in the long run quite goodnaturedly
 Saving them all from foundering in the tempest.
 He had brought upon them by his master's orders,
 And sound and dry into his master's hand
 Delivering both the usurper and the king,
 And the king's drunken jester, drunken butler,
 And handsome son; of whom Miranda chooses,

After a game at chess, the last for husband,
 The wedding ceremonial being however
 Deferred, for want of a priest, till safe return
 Of the high contracting Powers to Christendom
 With the drunken jester and the drunken butler,
 And wicked brother Antonio freely pardoned
 Without his even so much as asking pardon
 Or promising amendment or saying thank ye;
 And so breaks off, a little abrupt, the story,
 Leaving us to surmise how they got home,
 And wondering often whether they took with them,
 Or there behind them left, poor Caliban;
 And as for Ariel who can't well refuse,
 Having supplied the storm that brought it thither,
 To find fair weather for the ship returning,
 Hé's to have leave, this last turn served, to go
 And shift for himself and keep clear for the future
 Of witches, cloven pines, and Dukes of Milan.
 Lórd, what delight the enactment of this story
 By full grown men and women gives to children!
 And how I laughed, when I was seven years old,
 At all the queer things staggering Trínculo said,
 And hid my head when Caliban crawled out,
 And peeped again when it was Ariel flying,
 And wondered why 'twas not at blindman's buff
 But chess the king's son and Duke's daughter played,
 And hated the bad duke, and loved the good one
 With his enchanter's wand and long, striped coat!
 Alás, those happy days of seven years old
 For mé are fled, and with them fled, for me,
 Tom Thumb and Cinderella and The Tempest!

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 15, 1855.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE king of England meets the king of France
And shâkes hands with him in a field near Ardres;
The Duke of Buckingham's accused of treason,
Triéd and condénned, and sêts off in a barge
For Tôwer Hill, there to have his head chopped off;
Kátharine of Arrágon, poor virtuous queen!
Has hér trial too, and, being repudiated,
Diés brokenheartéd in Kimbolton castle;
Proud Wólsey blooms and ripens in the sun
Of royal favor till a cloud between
Him and the sun comes, and he droops and fades
And shrivels up, and begs a little earth
And leáve to lay his bones in Leicester Abbey,
And diés at eight p. m. and goes to heaven;
The king sees Anna Bóleyn at a ball
And takes her out to dance, and kisses her,
And gives her Kátharine's wárm place in his bed;
The young queen's coronation is a sight
Ángels look dówn upon from heaven with envy:
The prayers, the benedictions, holy chrism,
The ball and sceptre and the bird of peace,
The happy crowds of gaping, wondering faces,
The anthem and the full choir and the organ,
The battle-ax-men and the halberdiers,
The golden circlet placed by England's primate,

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Upon the fairest of the six fair brows
 Whose happy fortune 'tis, one after th' other,
 To please for a while the taste of scrupulous Henry;
 And, not least gazed at of the brave assembly,
 The heretic doctor, placed for his heresy
 At the head of all the bishops and archbishops,
 The same good man who, give him time enough,
 Shall, in the sight of some of those there gazing,
 Abominate and abjure his heresy;
 Nay, far more curious and delectable sight!
 Abominate and abjure his abjuration; —
 A lying-in comes next, with cake and caudle; —
 And thereupon a christening, where the same
 Half-heretic doctor gossips, and foretelling
 The blessings kind heaven has in store for the baby,
 Ignores, with true prophetic skill, the blessings
 The same kind heaven has in store for the baby's mother
 And the wise prophet's self. So ends the story,
 And what do you think it's called? the unfortunate duke?
 Or good archbishop? or bad cardinal?
 Or meeting of their highnesses at Ardres?
 Or Kátharine's divorce? or Anna Boleyn's
 Wooing, or lying-in, or coronation?
 Or happy Christening of Elizabeth?
 Nó; but it's called, after the peg on which
 The nine odd scraps are hung, King Henry the Eighth.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 18, 1855.

“HERE I go up and down, hop, hop, hóp,
And from mórning till níght néver stóp .
Pícking seéds up and fílling my cróp;
And though í ’m but a spárrów, and thóu
A míghty great mán, I allów,
I wóuld not change with thee, somehow.”

“For a thíng of thy size,” answered í,
“Great ’s thy wísdóm, I ’ll néver deny,
So to live on the sáme way I ’ll trý,
As I lived years befóre thou wast háched,
Or the bárn, thou wast háched in, was thatched;
Pert spárrów, I hópe thou art máched.”

“Very wéll,” said the spárrów; “let bé;
Hadst thou nótt looked uncívil at mé,
I ’d no wórd said uncívil to thee,
For we ’re bróthers alike, after áll,
Though you mén, have the fáshion to cáll
Yourselves greát and us, póór sparrow! smáll.”

HEIDELBERG, July 31, 1855.

AUF WIEDERSEH'N!

Auf Wiederseh'n! politer word
I doubt not there might be,
Could one but of politeness think
When taking leave of thee.

Auf Wiederseh'n! then, dearest girl,
Since from thee I must part —
Auf Wiederseh'n! not from the lips
But from the sad, sad heart,

HEIDELBERG, July 28, 1855.

TO

HOFRATH SÜPFLE AND HIS DAUGHTER EMILIA;

ON OUR LEAVING CARLSRUHE, AUG. 16, 1855.

ADIEU! kind friends; and, by these idle rhymes
Or by the hour reminded, think sometimes
Of the two strangers, widely wandering pair,
With whom ye pleased your evening walks to share,
Gladdening their one short week in still Carlsruhe,
But saddening — ah, how saddening! their adieu.

TO DOCTOR SWANEY

TO PROFESSOR GRATZ

LIBRARIAN OF THE GRAND DUCAL LIBRARY, CARLSRUHE.

ON MY LEAVING CARLSRUHE, AUG. 16, 1855.

FAREWELL! and happy live till thou and I
Meet once again beneath a summer sky;
Should that day never come, then happy die!—
Even while I say Farewell! the minutes fly.

AUGUST the Twénty Third, in Tübingen,
I paid a visit to the poet Uhland,
Whó with some fórmal courtesy received me,
And néxt day at my lodgings left a card.
Móre wouldst thou knów of Úhland? páy him a visit
And, if thou 'rt áble, make more out of him
Than that he is a little, ugly, wiry,
Wrinkled, hard-visaged man of eight and sixty,
Who, jilted of his Muse, sits all day long
In his stúdy, moping over Lord knows what,
And little recks of friends, and less of strangers,
And báthes of summer mornings in the Neckar.

Walking from BEILSTEIN to WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG); Sept. 3, 1855.

TO DOCTOR EMANUEL TAFEL,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND LIBRARIAN IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF TÜBINGEN.

ON MY LEAVING TÜBINGEN, AUG. 31, 1855.

LEARNING and leisure, and a gentle mind
To works of charity of itself inclined,
Visions* of Good and Beautiful and True
Hiding the real, sad, suffering world from view,
Are bounteous heaven's munificent gifts to thee —
Enjoy them, and of all men happiest be.

"SO there 's an énd!" said I, and from the grave I
Turned homeward, sorrowful, my lingering step,
And down beside the cradle sat and wept,
Then, having wept my fill, went out and labored
And with eased heart returned, and eat and slept,
And rose next day and labored, wept and slept,
And rose again next day and did the same,
And every day the same did, till the last;
And now, the last day come at long and last,
I weep because it's come and ends my weeping.

STUTTGART, Sept. 1, 1855.

* Doctor Tafel is a zealous disciple of Swedenborg's, and has written much and amiably and eloquently, but as it appears to me, without any vis consequentiæ, in support of that religionist's doctrines.

LUCEM PEROSUS.

NÁKED, and for the plunge prepared, I stood
Upón the deép pool's steep and silent brink,
And, having thought a brief farewell to home,
Kindred and friénds, hopes, joys, and pains, and fears,
Leáped like a fróg into the yielding water,
Which with a wélcome gurgling filled mine ears,
And mouth and nose and eyes, and stopped my breath,
And I becáme as though I had nót been born;
And mén set úp a stone to mark the spot,
And cárved a deáth's-head and cross bones upón it,
And the reproáchful wórds FELO DE SE;
And wóuld have killed me tén times, if they cóuld,
Ráther than ónce have lét me kill myself.
Pity their creéd 's not trué, else I 'd come back
Anights, and scare them as they lie abed
Thinking of ghósts and héll-fires and the damned,
And súicides in deep, black, dismal pools,
And héaven's revenge, and their own naughtiness
Which from their Gód even in their práyers they hide,
In vain. Let be; their creéd 's their punishment.

Walking from THEMAR to SUHL, in the THURINGIAN FOREST; Oct. 3, 1855.

WHY so shý of deáth, sweet infant?
Deáth 's but óne long, lásting húsh-ó,
Ánd the gráve a deép, deep crádle
Húng with bláck eloth ánd white linen.

"Í 'm not tíred yet óf my córals,
Cándy, cákes, and milk and hóney;
Ín the gráve Mammá won't pét me,
Nór Papá bring mé new pláy-things."

Jóyous stripling, whý so shún death?
Deáth 's no crábbed, soúr precéptor,
Wákes thee nó of eárly mórnings;
Ín the gráve 's one lóng vacátion.

"Ín the gráve 's one lóng vacátion,
Bút no díce, no bówls, no ténnis;
Deáth toasts néver in Champágne wine
Lizzy's lóve or Bélla's beauty."

Mán of rípe years, whý so dreád death?
Ín the gráve there 's nó more tróuble,
Deáth keeps wátech and léts not énter
Páin or lóss or féar or sórrow.

“In the gráve there is no tróuble,
Bút there 's álso nó enjoýment,
Deáth keeps wátch and léts not énter
Pleásure, prófit, hópe or hónor.”

Feéble, tóttering, weáry óld man,
Whý from Deáth's kind hélp recoil so?
Seé! he spreáds a sóft couch fór thee;
Cást thy stáff áwáy and lié down.

“Gládlý wóuld I Deáth's kind hánd take,
Ánd upón his sóft couch strétch me,
Díd no démons róund it hóver,
Díd no níghtmares íts sleep tróuble.”

Démons, níghtmares háúnt not thát bed,
Sóund its sleép, sound, sóund and dreámless;
Láy thine heáð down ón the píllow,
Clóse thine eýes now, ánd — all 's óver.

Walking from SUHL, in the THURINGIAN FOREST, to OHRDRUFF; Oct. 4, 1855.

ACÚTE, obsérvant, witty and prófund,
Goéthe, the wórlðly wise, dwells in my brain;
Bút to my heárt of hearts, with all thy faults,
I táke thee, géntle, noble-minded Schiller,
And with thee móurn, not mock, humanity.

Walking from LUDWIGSBURG to BEILSTEIN (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 2, 1855.

"TELL me, Quintus," ónce said Virgil,
Ás hé wálked in Róme with Hórace,
"Whát think'st thou of my Enéis?
Whó can júdge so wéll as Quintus?"

"Fór the cómplimént I thánk thee,
Thóugh I ówn I scárce desérve it,
Cléver Públius," ánswered Hórace;
"Thóu shalt héar my plain ópinion:

"Thine Enéis is a gréat work,
Wórthy mách of Grécia's gréatest,
Róund the Róman Hómer's témples
Bínds a wreáth of báy perénnial.

"Wider thán of Róman Eágle
Sháll the flíght be óf Rome's Épos,
Viéwed with wónder bý unbórn tribes
Óf all climates tóngues and cólors."

"With the fúture," ánswered Virgil,
"Lét it bé as Jóve and Fáte will;
Ít's énóugh for mé, my Quintus,
Tó have pleásed the Róman Píndar."

OHDRUFF, near GOTHÁ; Oct. 4, 1855.

THEY sáy I 'm óf a Propaganda school
And wóuld have áll men measure by my rule,
Ánd they say trué, perhaps; but then the rule,
I 'd háve them measure by, is: THERE 's NO RULE.

WÜRZBURG (BAVARIA), Sept. 29, 1855.

ÍNTO two clásses áll men í divide,
The opprésed on this, the opprésors on that, síde;
Lét them change námes and places as they will,
Opprésors and opprésed I find them still.

Walking from SUHL to OBERNHOF in the THURINGIAN FOREST; Oct. 4, 1855.

IN FRÄULEIN JULIE FINCKH'S ALBUM.

HEILBRONN, SEPT. 19, 1855.

PLEÁSANT it is to journey on and on,
Obsérving still new lands and peoples strange,
But fár more pleasant on a spot to light
Which with so friéndly courtesy receives us,
Thát we stop shórt and sáy: — "Why one step further?"

PROVIDENCE *versus* CHANCE AND FATE.

THE ship struck on a rock by accident,
And sánk, and all on board were lost but two,
Whóm in the lóngboat of th' illfated vessel,
Álmost by míracle, a kind Providence saved.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 3, 1855.

NO wónder, reáder, that from all I say
Thou túrn'st with clósed eyes and closed ears away,
Fór in this point at least all men agree,
That éach will teacher, none will learner, be.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 13, 1855.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A LUCIFER-MATCH BOX.

(I)

PROMÉTHEUS' feát to thine was but a patch,
Glórious invéntor of the lucifer-match!
Thou steál'st not fire, but mák'st it fresh and new;
Ánd, what even Heáven forgót, hid'st it from view.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 20, 1855.

PROVIDENCE AND FATE

The old world is a world of sorrow,
And the new world is a world of pain,
Which we have brought to this world,
Almost of our own, we have brought to this world.

William Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, Act 1, Scene 1

ÓN my bed
Dówn my head
Láid like lead,
Clóthes tucked in
Under chin,
I begin
Not to sleep,
But to weep
Ánd watch keep,
Wondering why
Í don't die
Instantly,
Ánd down low,
Sad and slow,
Tó Styx go,
There to moan
Faithless Joan
Áway flown,
Flown away,
Would not stay,
Lack a day!
Well, let bé!
Plain I see
'Twould kill me

Só to lie
 'lone, and sigh
 Heigh ho! heigh!
 Rosalind
 's fair and kind;
 Wasn't I blind
 To prefer
 Joan to her?
 I aver,
 I would not
 Give one groat,
 Stir one jot,
 Joan to saye
 From the grave;
 Beauty's slave
 Though Fate me
 Doomed to be,
 Still — d' ye see? —
 Shé left mé
 Full and free
 Liberty
 This one's noose
 Tó refuse,
 Thát one's choose.
 Só revolved
 And resolved,
 Thé case solved,
 Driéd mine eyes,
 Stilled my sighs,
 Úp I rise
 Át gray day,
 And my way,
 Fresh and gay,

Take toward kind
Rosalind.
With stout mind,
Shown by nip
Of my lip,
And firm grip
Of my stick,
I pass quick
The hayrick,
Where, close by
Joán's house, I
Used to lie
On the ground,
Watching round
Sight or sound
Of Joan nigh.
"Bye! good bye!
Joan," said I;
"As thou me,
I leave thee,
To live free,"
And a look,
Turning, took
Of the brook
And grass plat
And flower knot
And thatched cot.
The fresh sun,
His day's run
Just begun,
Clad with bright
Ruddy light
Tower and height,

And the green
Leaves between
Glancing sheen,
Every ray
Seemed to say: —
“Please, Sir, stay!”
“Stáy! not I;
Bye! good bye!
Joan,” cried I,
Ánd, “Heigh hó!”
Sighed, and slow
Turned to go.
Wás't echó
Answered: — “hó!”
Í don't know,
Bút, turned round
At the sound,
There I found,
By my side,
Ín her pride,
Joan, my bride.
Wás't I blind
Rosalind,
Though she 's kind,
So to her
To prefer,
And aver
Í would not
Give one groat,
Stir one jot,
Joan to save
From the grave?
Beauty's slave

Whén Fate mé
Doomed to be,
Mistress she
'ssigned me none
But mine own
Peerless Joan.

TÜBINGEN, Aug. 28, 1855.

POET.

THESE vérses réad, and, having read, tell me
If nó as good as Horace's they be.

CRITIC.

As goód as Hórace's! my dear Sir, no;
Hórace wrote his two thousand years ago.

POET.

Had míne been writ two thousand years ago,
And Hórace's today, hadst still said No?

CRITIC.

Nó, by no meáns; then thou hadst been the rule,
And í had learned thee off by heart at school.

POET.

Alas, alas, the tyranny of Fate!
Bétter not bórn at áll, than born so late.

CRITIC.

Pátience; thou 'rt time enough; each has his date,
Some cárlíer, later some, but all must wait.
Two thóusand years hence thou perhaps shalt be
Greáter than Hórace — Why so stare at me?

POET.

I 'm thinking if two thousand years work so,
Whát will four thousand do; I 'd like to know.

CRITIC.

Undo all that two thousand years had done,
And leáve thee as thou 'rt now, by all unknown;
Ór, if thou 'rt Fórtune's special favorite, raise
And moót the question in some score of ways:
How many poets were there of thy name,
Ánd to thy vèrses which has the best claim,
Or hárk in with some future Wolfius' cry
That thouú and thy existence were a lie,
Fór to créate such noble works required
Some twénty bards at least, and all inspired.

POET.

Thén there 's no wáy to be for ever known,
And cónsecrate the world to come mine own.

CRITIC.

And if there were, what were 't but vanity
When ónce the coffin lid has closed on thee?

POET.

So bé it. Come, Múse, let 's not throw pearls away,
Or pipe for those who won't the piper pay.
We 'll pleáse our noble selves; I thee, thou me;
Ánd for itsélf let shift posterity.

Walking from WEINSBERG in WÜRTTEMBERG to WÜRZBURG in BAVARIA;
Sept. 25 — 29, 1855.

"Immer am widrigsten bleibt der Schein des Monds und der Sterne,
Nicht ein Körnlein, bei Gott! weckt ihr unpraktischer Strahl."

JUSTINUS KERKER.

THIS world 's so fast progressing I do not despair to see yet
Three things, that now run all to waste, turned to important
uses:

There 's first of all the singing birds, it goes to my heart to
hear them

Straining their little throats and lungs to no conceivable
purpose;

Teach them to sing a regular tune, and soldiers could march
to it,

And cost of life and drum be spared as well 's of fife and
drummer.

Then there 's the moon- and star-light bright, that, all the
livelong night through,

On hill and vale and sea and plain Heaven so profusely
squanders,

I 'd like to know why it might not be in reservoirs collected,
And used in manufactories at half the cost of gas-light.

But wind 's the thing that 's wasted most, though wind 's
more worth than jewels,

And at the State's expense should be, by forcing pump and
bellows,

In copious streams, to every house, supplied all day and
night long,

To keep it clear from dust and smoke and cholera and fever;

And évery man should pay a fine that 's óf the crime convicted,
Of wásting wind in foólsh talk or blówing the church órgan,
But wómen's mouths should still be free, and weáthercocks
and windmills,

And shíps of évery size and rig, and mémbers of both Hóuses.
If Gód 's so good my life to spare until I see these chánges,
I 'll dié content, not dóubting but things will go ón impróving
Until at last the whóle wide world 's exáctly as it should be.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 9, 1855.

THE coachman drives, the hórses draw, the cárriage carries
Dives,

Who sits inside and lólls at ease, secúre from wind and weáther;
But Dives' nights are réstless, he has no áppetite for dínnér: —
"Dischárge your coachman, Dives, sell your hórses and your
cárriage,

And ón your two legs trúdge it, under évery wind and weáther,
And, *créde mi expérto*, as a tóp you 'll sleep all night sound,
And hárdly wait for énded Grace, to fáll upon your dínnér."

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 7, 1855.

WOULDST thou convínce the dóubting world thou 'rt truly
And from thine heart repéntant thou 'st not married,
Márry; repéntance is best proved by penance.

HEIDELBERG, August 1, 1855.

THERE are two sisters; óne with bright,
 Gay, laughing eyes, full of delight,
 And outstretched hánd and warm embrace,
 And jój-irradiated face,
 And stép alert, and such sweet voice
 As mákes the hearer's heart rejoice.
 Nó company is to my mind
 In which I dón't this sister find.

Néver in this wórld was seen
 Maiden óf more ópposite mien
 Than th' óther síster: sóbs and sighs,
 Droóping lids and tearful eyes,
 And héavy footstep, lingering slow,
 Unwilling, yet prepared, to go,
 And hándkerchief white-waving still,
 And práyers to Heaven to avert all ill.
 Néver lóng, be it whére it may,
 Whén I meét this maid I stay,
 But right-about face, and away.

*** COME they call the cheerful maid,
 FARE *** the melancholy jade;
 Bóth in one hóuse live and attend
 The cóming and the parting friend,
 Óne ópens, and one shuts, the door;
 Thou knów'st them bóth — Need I say more?

GOTHÁ, Oct. 11, 1855.

IN Róme's old dáys of glóry, when a cítizén thought fit
A wéll desérving sláve, of free gráce, to mánumit;
Hé called the várlet tó him; and, bídding him steády stánd,
A smárt slap ón the cheék dealt him with ópen hánd,
And said: — "Thy fréedom táke and with it mý lást blów;
Much goód may théy both dó thee; there — thiou art free to go."

That sight I néver sáw; but I 've seén as cúrious sight
When it pleásed a sóvereign prínce to máke a bélted kníght;
For he called the féllow tó him, and báde him dówn to kneél,
And sláppéd him ón the shóulder with the flát side óf his steél,
And said: — "Get úp, Sir kníght, and abóut thy búsinéss go,
And take with thee fór remémbrance my lást and pártíng blów."
And úp the gállant kníght got fróm his bédned knee
With the blów upón his shóulders, the pínk of chiválry;
For a prínce is hónor's fóuntain, only sóurce of dignítý,
And his blów chiválrous mákes, as the old Róman's blów
made free.

And I 'm sórry í wasn't bý, when, defýing áll belíef,
A Britísh prínce a kníght made óut of a loín of beéf: —
"Get úp, Sir loín," he said, with a flát slap óf his knífe,
And wórtíher kníght made néver the goód prínce in his life.

ГОТНА, Octob. 14, 1855.

MUSINANDO.

POET.

O thou who all things here belów understandest,
From whom Heaven hides nóthing; who seést into Cháos,
Far Límbo, dim Púrgat'ry, Tártarus deép,
Who delightest thy friénds to instrúct and enlighten,
Who néver forgéttest and mák'st no mistákès,
Have I leáve, in the Státe's name, O Múse, to put tó thee
Some few quéstions statistic concérning thysélf?

MUSE.

I'm no friénd of statistics — révived Inquisitions —
Th' old sérpent crept báck in the guíse of a lámbs;
But no mátter, the Státe has a ríght to commánd me;
Proceéd with thy bússiness and lét me be géing.

POET.

First of áll, with a víew to idéntificátion,
The Státe asks thy náme.

MUSE.

Asks my náme! let me think —
Eutéрге, Melpómene, Érato, Clío,
Terpsíchore, Polýmnia, Uránia, Thalia,
Aéde, Calliope, Mélite, Mnéme —
Choose which thou lik'st bést — one 's as géod as anóther —
Perhaps nóne quite corréct, but I ánsver to áll.

POET.

That 's the first point dispósed of. Now, what 's thy religion?

MUSE.

Like the Státe's, it depends upon time, place and fáshion;
Long Págan, then Christian; Mahómmedan néver,
Never Mórmon or Jéwish, though with time 't may be éither.

POET.

That's the second point settled. Now, where wert thou born?

MUSE.

In Beótia my foes say, my friends say in Heaven;
My own memory though long doesn't go quite so far.

POET.

Then thou'rt old?

MUSE.

Why perhaps — I don't know — I'm not sure —
Can't one have a good memory without being old?
Must the State know a lady's age just to an hour?

No; I'll not be cross-questioned — I've never been used
to it —

And thou too, Mr. Poet, to make thyself party!

Whither's gallantry, chivalry, courtesy fled?

It's the Iron Age come back — Et tú, Brute, tú!

Fare thee well; happy live; serve the State; keep progressing
Like the blind grinding horse that thinks going round's
progress —

POET.

For God's sake, Muse, listen —

MUSE.

Farewell! we are two.

POET.

She's gone — I'll go after — but where shall I find her?
Whither turn to look for her? her domicile where?

Fool! that might'st to that question have had her own answer
Hadst thou dealt but a little more gingerly with her

And not touched her age till thou'dst learned her abode —
As it stands in the schedule: ABODE — CALLING — AGE —

Wise schedule! well, help there was never for spilled milk;
So patience, as Máro says, "Ét vosmet rébus

Serváte secúndis;" i. e. in plain prose:
The dear girl when she comes next perhaps may be softer —

I 'll depend on thee, Máro, for who ever better
 Than Máro the maid knew, or questioned her closer,
 Or got her to tell more, or — worse kept her secrets?
 Not quite fair — not quite fair — thou 'st been scurvily treated,
 Poor Múse, I must own; and if thou but com'st back
 And talk'st kindly with me, and this once forgiv'st me,
 I swear by Parnássus I 'll never to mortal
 One syllable utter of all that has happened,
 Or ask thee from henceforth one personal question;
 Let the Státe, if it will, do its own shabby business,
 Or some one, more fitted than I, find, to do it;
 I 'll be none of its pín — See! I tear up the schédule —
 There she comes! welcome back! that 's my own darling girl!
 So byegones are byegones, and once more we 're friends.

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 26, 1855.

THE ASTRONOMERS.

It chanced as I passed by my bárn one fine evening —
 Few barns have so spléndid a viéw to the Wést —
 I saw, side by side on the hálf-door perched cózzy,
 My cók and my hén and a six-weeks-old chicken.
 As I stood looking at them, and théy at the sunset
 That was painting with gold me and thém and the bárn,
 Says the hén in reply to a quéstion the chicken
 Had just put: — “I 'll tell you, my dear, all about it:
 “The sun sêts in the Wést; then beneath the round éarth
 Goes acróss to the Éást and there rises again;
 His rising makes day and his sêtting makes night,
 And só he goes circling for éver and éver.”

"No, Mammá," said the chicken, "just hear me explain it:
 The sun when he sets stops a short while to rest him,
 Then turns, and goes straight back the same way he came,
 But you can't see him going the night is so dark,
 And so he goes posting, like mail coach or steam train,
 To and fro on the same line for ever and ever."

"You're both fools," said the cock, "not one inch the sun
 budge,
 But the earth on itself keeps round turning incessant,
 Like a little boy's top or an old housewife's spindle;
 The side that turns towards the sun thinks the sun rises,
 The side that turns from the sun thinks the sun sets,
 And so it goes twirling in sunshine and shadow,
 And twirls us all with it for ever and ever."

As he spoke the sun set and they broke up the council,
 And up to their roosts flew, one after another,
 And I in to tea went, and told the whole story,
 But no one believed me — all said I was joking,
 And only the more laughed the more I protested,
 Till at last I took huff and went up to roost too;
 And my cock from that day forth they called Galileo,
 My chickens the Conclave, my old hen the Pope.

Walking from HERRENBERG to CALW (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 3, 1855.

WÉLL to get through this world there's one receipt:
 Kindly the Bitter take, cautious the Sweet.

GOtha, Oct. 11, 1855.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A LUCIFER MATCH BOX.

(II)

Who can say what the consequence had been,
Subtle inventor of the Lucifer match,
Had Heaven but taken care in box like thine
To hide from every prying eye its fire!
Perhaps Prometheus had not yet been sent
To Caucasus; Cranmer's right hand and left
Not expiated contradictory crimes,
Nor with Joan's ashes Rouen's stones been smutted;
Ephesian Dian's temple still had stood;
Swine, kine, and pretty lambs died natural deaths,
And thou' and I our stomachs' cravings stilled
With innocent, bloodless cucumber and salad.
But Heaven cares more to punish than prevent:
Prometheus rued in Caucasus' ice his theft;
Dian was shorn of her Ephesian glory;
Witches and saints and heretics were sublimed;
And butchers, bakers, cooks, tobacco smokers,
Artillery, gas, and steam o'erran the world.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 22, 1855.

CLEVER people are disagreeable, always taking the advantage of you;

Stupid people are disagreeable, you never can knock anything into their heads;

Idle people are disagreeable, you must be continually amusing them;

Busy people are disagreeable, never at leisure to attend to you;

Extravagant people are disagreeable, always wanting to borrow of you;

Saving people are disagreeable, won't lay out a penny on you;

Obliging people are disagreeable, always putting you under a compliment;

Rude people are disagreeable, never stop rubbing you against the grain;

Religious people are disagreeable, always boring you with points of faith;

Irreligious people are disagreeable, no better than Turks and heathens;

Learned people are disagreeable, don't go by the rules of common sense;

Unlearned people are disagreeable, never can tell you what you don't already know;

Fashionable people are disagreeable, mere frivolity and emptiness;

Vulgar people are disagreeable, don't know how to behave themselves;

Wicked people are disagreeable, you 're never safe in their
cómpany;
But no people are so disagreeable as your truly good and
wóthy people —
Slop-committee water-gruel, without a spice of wine or nútmeq,
Mawzy mutton overboiled, without pepper, salt, or mústard.

Walking from TÜBINGEN to HERRENBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Nov. 2, 1855.

RIGHT for you 's wrong for mé,

If by different rules wé

Right and Wróng chance to meásure;

Good for mé 's bad for you,

If we don't the same viéw,

Both, of pain take and pleásure.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 11, 1855.

“STOP! stáy! let 's consider!” cried Irresolution;

And hung bäck till the boát drifted out of his reach;

But Dáring leaped in and laid hólđ of the rúdder,

And steéred himself sáfe to the ópposite bánk.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 3, 1855.

MARRIAGE

SUMMER 's góne — fled away with his lilies and róses,
 Long mórnings and évenings, and deép glowing noón;
 But lamént him not thou, for see yónder where Aútumn,
 Crowned with córñ ear and víñe branch, approáches to greét
 thee.

Aútumn 's góne — fled away with his víñe branch and córñ
 ear,
 And has léft not one póppy in áll the bare fiéld;
 But lamént him not thou, for see yónder where Wíñter
 To the snúg house and jóys of the fireside invites thee.

Wíñter 's góne — to the bleák; frozen Nórth has retreated;
 The fireside 's desérted, the snúg corner émpy;
 But lamént thou not thérefore, but óut to the green bank
 Where Spríng 's strewing víolets, and list to the thrórtle.

Spríng 's góne — and his víolets are chókéd on the green bank,
 The thrórtle's song 's silent, the thórn 's no more white;
 But lamént thou not thérefore, for see where with lóng days
 And wreáths of fresh róses young Súmmer comes báck.

Walking from POPPENHAUSEN to UNTERPLEICHFELD (BAVARIA), Oct. 20, 1855.

MARBACH.

I LÓVE thee, Márbach, in the sun there lying,
Vine elád, upon the Neckar's peaceful bank,
And lóved thee ére I sáw thee or thy náme heard,
Theé that gav'st birth beneath yon humble roof
To the lóftiest minded of Germánia's póets.
I lóve thy ehúreh too with its perpendieular
Roóf of red tiles and gay, enamelled steeple,
That, from across the way, looks down upon
The crádle of thy nursling; and, as here
I líe at eáse stretched in thy walnut shade,
On this bright, sunny day of late October,
And listen to the murmur of thy Neckar,
Bléending inelódious with thy vintage song,
Think how a húndred years ago those sounds
Féll on th' awákening ear of infant Schiller,
And sigh and to mysélf say: Roll on, Neckar,
Anóther hundred years, and from thy banks
To Ánna Liffey's banks perhaps shall come
Sóme one acquainted with my song, and ásk
"Was hére his cradle?" and being answered "Yes,"
Shall also ask to see where lie my bones.

MARBACH (WÜRTEMBERG), Oct. 26, 1855.

ÓVER hill and plain and v'álley
Ónward ás I trável aimless,
Óften, tóward the clóse of événing,
Tó my sécret sélf I thús say: —

“Yónder see the sáme sun sétting
Néarly whére he sét last événing,
Yónder, grówn a líttle lárger,
See the sáme moon sílent rísing.

“Thóu too 'rt grówn one whóle day ólder
Thán thóu wást at this hóur lást níght,
Bút thou 'rt nótt grówn óne day wíser,
Ánd still léss grówn óne day bétter.

“Whát thóugh Títus, whát thóugh Cátó
Hád in thý case móurned a dáy lost,
Heárt, rejoyce, and cóunt each hóur won
Thát no wóund ínflíct in pássing.”

Walking from GIEBELSTADT in BAVARIA to MERGENTHEIM in WÜRTEMBERG,
Oct. 22, 1855.

I.

She.

TÉLL me nóh how múch thou lóv'st me,
Lóve by wórd's was néver meásured,
Bút look kindly ánd I 'll sóon know
Without wórd's how múch thou lóv'st me.

Lét me seé thine eýe grow brighter
Át my cóming ánd thy líd droop
Íf I bút talk óf depárting
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Whén thou síngest, whén thou pláyest
Síng ánd pláy thóse áirs alóne which
Thóu hást héárd me sáy I líke best,
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Wálk nó róáds bút thóse which Í wálk,
Chóóse no flówers bút thóse which Í chóose,
Háve no fríends bút thóse whom Í háve,
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Lóve me ánd thou neéd'st not téll it,
Lóve thát 's tóld 's alréády léss love;
Lóve me ánd thou cánst not híde it,
Lóve me ánd I cánt but knów it.

He.

Í 'LL not tell thee hów I love thee,
Love by wórds was néver méasured,
Bút look át me thóu, and téll me,
Dóst thou nótt see hów I love thee —

Dóst thou nótt mine eye see brighten
Át thy cóming, and my lid droóp
Íf thou bútt talk'st óf depárting —
Í 'll not tell thee hów I love thee.

Í no sóngs sing, Í no airs play,
Bút those sóngs and airs thou lík'st best,
Whén thou 'rt ábsent Í am túneless —
Í 'll not tell thee hów I love thee.

Í no roáds walk which thou wálk'st not,
Chóose no flówers but thóse thou chóosest,
Háve no friénds but thóse whóm thou hást —
Í 'll not tell thee hów I love thee.

Hów I love thee Í 'll not téll thee,
Love that 's tóld 's alréady léss love;
Hów I love thee Í cannot híde,
Ére I knéw it mysélf thou knéw'st it.

TÜBINGEN, Oct. 28, 1855.

ANNIVERSARY OF SCHILLER'S BIRTHDAY.

STUTT GART, NOV. 10, 1855.

THIS dáy is Schíller's birthday; there 's rejoicing
In Stúttgart from the highest to the lowest;
All Wúrttemberg rejoices, king and court,
Láic and priést; the squáre before Old Pálae
Is ódorous of flowers strown round his statue;
Children his náme lisp, and the very bells
That cáll on Sún-days to the house of prayer,
Are thís day éloquent with the náme of Schíller.
Silence, vile sóunds! false flowers, grow pale and wither!
Húsh, children! let no tongue pronounce his náme,
Th' expátiated fugitive's, whose bones
Sáctify Weímar's earth, whom ye disowned,
And from among ye sent to seek a poor,
Hard earned subsistenee in a foreign land,
Becaúse he would not have his free thoughts scissored,
And from another cog what he should say.
Hé has his túrn now and disowns thee, Stuttgart,
Disówns thee, Suábia; bids ye keep your honors,
Úseless to him, reproachful to yourselves;
He wás yours; yé despised him, would not háve him;
In vain ye elaim him now — hé is the world's.
And yét ye did no more than other Stuttgarts
And Wúrttembergs have done to other Schíllers,
No móre than, from all time, the seized of power
Háve done, and tó all time will do, to those
Who dáre to touéh or even so much as point at
The incohérent rúbish, silt and offal,
Which únderlie the lowest foundation stone

Of all power, and may any day give way
And slip from underneath, and down falls power
Amid the loud hurrahs of those who take
The ruins to erect with them alike
Proud, towering structure on like dunghill basis
Permanent perhaps a while, but sure at last
To rot and stink and ooze and slip away
From underneath, and down, as old tower fell,
Falls new tower headlong, amid like hurrahs,
Curses, and thanks to God, and hymns of triumph.

Thirty nine birthdays Márbach's son had counted,
Ere fár Iérne from my mother's womb
Received me first, and to his fate had bowed,
And yielded up, resigned, his painful breath,
And his eyes closed upon the sweet daylight
And his own radiant fame, as my seventh year
By the hand took me, and, beside the lap
Of Wátts and Bárbauld placing, bade me listen
For the first time to sweeter sound than lark's
Or thrútle's song, the numbers of the poet.
Then óther yeárs came and to other laps
Léd me succéssive, and mine ear drew in
Eáger the várious lore, and I grew on
To be a man, and in the busy world
Mixed with the búsiest, and toiled hard for bread,
And for vile góld, alas! and rank and honor,
But néver at my busiest did I quite
Forgét my séventh year, or not now and then
At éarly mórn, late eve, or deep midnight,
Retíred and áll alóne, entreat to hear
Númers melódious — Goldsmith's, Scott's or Pope's,
Spénser's or Shákespeare's, or divínest Milton's.
Late láte, and almost last, fell on mine ear

His earnest tones whose agitated heart
 In Weimar's grave from my seventh year lay mouldering;
 Late, but not too late, came those earnest tones,
 Nor with a livelier Weimar voice unblended,
 Nor dissonant with Maro's long loved strain,
 T' adjure me from the world and consecrate me
 For ever after solely to the Muse;
 Whose I have been since then, and whose to be
 I would cease never while my lips have power
 To utter Maro's, Milton's, Schiller's name.

[CARLSRUHE, NOV. 20, 1855.]

* **OUT** of the grave I took for love thy body,
 My best beloved! and burned it to a cinder;
 Forgive me, that for love I treated thee,
 As a bigot pope for hatred treated Wicliffe.

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 17, 1855.

GO to, that think'st of Time as of a thing
 Outside, and independant of, thyself;
 Thyself art Time, runn'st through thy various phases —
AM, WAS, HAVE BEEN, SHALL BE — and com'st to an end.

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 6, 1855.

* See DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII. in MY BOOK.

ADVICE.

UNLÉSS thy friénd is wise advise him nót,
For nó man tákes advice unléss he 's wise;
Unléss thy friénd 's unwise advise him nót,
For ónly the unwise requíre advice;
And if thy friénd 's unwise enough to need,
And wise enough to take, advice, advise him
Ónly in cáse thou 'st wise advice to give,
Ánd for thy wise advice no thánks expéctest.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

TO JUSTINUS KERNER,

THE SUABIAN POÉT.

CORPÓREAL dárkness failed to quench the ray
Of vision intellectual in the soul
Of Milton, Homer, or Tiresias old,
Or chill the warm pulsations of *thy* heart,
Ténder, imáginate, pénsive Kerner.*
Áh, what a sóng had thine been, hádst thou pitched it
Móre to the súbject's, léss to the mónarch's ear!

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 9, 1855.

* Kerner is 69 years of age, and, owing to a cataract on either eye, can scarcely see either to read or write.

AS in the printed volume every piece,
Só in the mighty universe itself
Évery existence, lies between two blanks.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 20, 1855.

DIE WEIBERTREUE.*

VERZEHNE, Weinsberg! schön sind deine Trümmer,
Und lieblich grün im Sommer ist dein Berg,
Doch schöner noch ist mir der Weiber Treue,
Die mitten auch in Winterkälte grün.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 4, 1855.

* The ruins of the castle of Weinsberg, on a beautiful vine-planted hill immediately outside the town, owe the name by which they are at present known, viz. Die Weibertreue, to the following legend, or, it may be, true history. In the wars between the Welfs and Hohenstauffens in the year 1140, the Hohenstauffens besieged the Welfs in the castle of Weinsberg. The Welfs, reduced to extremities, surrendered at discretion, requiring only that their women should have permission to leave the castle, taking with them as much of their most valuable possessions as they could carry on their backs. The condition having been agreed to, the women walked out, carrying the men on their backs, and thus — for they were chivalrously allowed to pass through the lines unmolested — saved the lives of the garrison and earned for the scene of the exploit the title of Die Weibertreue. Bürger has a poem, not a very good one, on the subject.

RECHTS steht der Aberglaube, Alles glaubend;
Der Skepticism, der gar Nichts glaubt, steht links;
Inmitten schlagen sich der Gläub'gen Schaaren —
Ich schaue zu und freu' mich des Spektakels.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 14, 1855.

DER Abergläub'ge glaubt zu viel,
Der Skeptiker zu wenig,
Drum schliess' ich mich den Gläub'gen an,
Wann diese alle einig.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 14, 1855.

MUTTER.
WARUM, mein Kind, sehn'st du dich so nach Oben?

KIND.
Auf Weiteres wird Alles hier verschoben;
Es giebt, Gottlob! kein Weiteres dort oben.

GIEBELSTADT, near WÜRZBURG, Sept. 29, 1855.

TÜBINGEN.

BETWEEN the Neckar- and the Ammer-Thal,
On the dividing hill, lies Tübingen,
Dirtiest of cities; on each side, a marsh.
Here I beheld the Suabian Alma Mater
Sitting in filth; and of the poet Uhland
More than the outside strove in vain to know;
And in Duke Ulrich's castle oft at tea
With philanthropic, Swedenborgian Tafel
Friendly discussed the spirit-seer's lore;
And on the Spitzberg botanized with Sigwart;
And in th' Old College Natural-History Hall
Pored with numbed fingers over petrified
Pre-Adamite Conchylia, Ichthyosauri,
And foot-tracks, in the sand, of birds and beasts,
Lords of this world ere it was made for man;
And on the Oesterberg with Vischer strolling
Talked of the Beautiful as if our walk
Had been along th' Ilissus, not the Neckar,
And all too late bethought me that if his,
How much more my, esthetic soup required
To have been well thinned ere served up to the public.

Ye who in distant lands have heard the fame
Of Tübingen, the protestant, the learned —
Of Tübingen, the nursery of Melancthon —

Of Tübingen that saw its scrupulous despot
Protést against a pópé's sale of a pardon,
Ánd, at the sáme time, bring into the market,
Ánd to his péople weigh against hard cash,
Thát which is lówful mérchandize as little
As is God's gráce — a license to be free —
Yé that in dístant lands have heard this fame,
Províde yourselves with smelling salts, I advise ye,
Ére ye come híther; put on respirators,
Green góggles and strong boóts; and when ye come,
Don't lodge where I lodged, in the Golden Lamb,
Beside the Rathhaus in the Market Place,
Whose bréakneck stairs and in-swagged floors still show,
Beneáth the lást two cénturies' dirt, the footmarks
Of Crúsius' scholars crowding, after lecture,
To eát, drink, ránt, and break more heads than Priscian's;
Here lodge not, wárned, but to the Traube go,
Ópen your púrse-strings wide and live genteel;
And on your way to Neckar bridge ye may,
I think, withóut offence at Uhland's door
Loók, if so cúrious, but not knock or ring;
And shóuld some chánce throw Fichte's son across ye,
Hé is the mán to answer ye the question
Why sóns of wíse men are so often — wíse;
And Táfel's at your service, shóuld ye neéd aught,
And rích the líbrary and well conducted;
Ánd the few páintings in New College Hall
May pleáse the nót fastídious; and be sure
Ye seé the lóng rows of Professors' portraits
And óver hápless Frischlin's drop a tear,
And blúsh that ye are men; and take a turn
Amóng the cánes in the Botanic Garden;
Ánd in the Reáding Room inquire the news;
And stáy not lóng, remembering health is precious;

I staid ten dáys — too long — then northwest turned
Up th' Ámmer-Thál toward Calw my wandéring step,
And snúffed a purer air, and wáved adieu
To Úlrich's Cástle, Ráthhaus, Colleges,
Oésterberg, Spítzberg, hóspitable Tafel,
Th' outside of Úhland's door, and Túbingen.

Walking from CALW to LIEBENZELL (WÜRTEMBERG), NOV. 3, 1855.

“IN the náme of Gód we bind thee to this stake,
In the náme of God heap fagots up abóut thee,
In the náme of God set fire to them and búrn thee
Alive and crýing loud to héáven for súccor,
And thús prove to the world the truthfulness
Of our own creéd and how it mollifies
And fills with chárity the human heart,
And that thy creéd 's as blasphemous as false,
Th' invéntion of the Devil, and by God
Permitted to his enemies and those
Who have no mílk of kindness in their breasts.”

Such words heard Húss and Latimer and Ridley,
Jérome of Prágue and Cranmer and Socinus,
And súch words, reader, thou shouldst hear tomorrow,
Hadst thou but cóurage to stand up against
The dómínant creéd, and were that creéd less safe,
A trifle léss safe, less securely seized
Of its hónors, pówers, immúnities, and weálth.

Walking from LIEBENZELL (WÜRTEMBERG) to LANGENSTEINBACH NEAR
CARLSRUHE, NOV. 4, 1855.

CASSANDRA.

"UNGRATEFUL," said Phoëbus,
"That scornest, repellest,
Th' embrace of Apóllo,
The kiss of a Gód!
Be it só — I 'm contént —
But thou gó'st not unpúnished,
And Heáven 's not less míghty
To cúrse than to bléss.
"Disdainful, begóne!
And that nó one for éver
From hénceforth may crédit
Oné wórd thy mouth útters,
I condémn thee, Cassándra,
To speák always trúth.
Begóne! and as lóng as
Thou livest, reméber
Thy críme and mine íre!
Proud mórtal, thou 'rt dóomed."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

"WHAT 's the reáson, Prométheus," once said Epimétheus
 As he pút his hand tó to assist the man-máker,
 "That whén into wáter I thrów these two sòuls here
 The little onè sinks while the big one goes floáting?"
 "I 've júst given the big one a dóuble propórction
 Of váníty's light, airy gás," said Prométheus;
 "Specífical lightness, you knów, makes things floát."
 "Yes, I knów to be sùre, Prom," repliéed Epimétheus,
 "But máy I ask whý you have given to the twó souls
 This sáme airy gás in so dífferent propórctions?"
 "The big one 's a greát man's soul," ánswered Prométheus,
 "The little one belóns to an évery day chùrl."
 "Is the gás good or bád, mínus, plús, or indífferent?"
 "Bad; and júst because bád, given in dóuble propórction
 To the greát soul to bring it down tó the juste milieú."
 "Why máke the soul greát, first, and thén fine it dówn?
 Were 't not símpler to máke it juste milieú at ónce?"
 "Can't álways be dóne, Ep; the wheél turns out sómetimes,
 In spíte of my bést care, one greáter one meáner;
 And I 'm fórced, that I máyn't have stepchildren and children,
 To táke off or ádd, patch with mínus or plús.
 Now for mínus I fínd nothing hándier and pátter,
 And that eásier amálgamates with the perféctions,
 Than this weightless, elástic, intángible gás,
 Which possésses morcéver the síngular virtúe
 That, no mátter how múch I pump ín, no one éver

Cries "stóp!" or complains that I 've given him too múch;
 And, more wónderfúl still, it 's no mátter how bádly-,
 How hálf-made, a chúbl may drop óút of the wheél,
 The first whíff of this gás at once mákes him contént,
 Makes him cértain I 've néver put óút of my hánds
 A more finished, more fáultless, more élegant créature;
 Well pleásed with himsélf, he 's well pleásed with his máker,
 I 'm praised, and he 's háppy, and áll goes on ríght.
 Cut óff, or but stínt, the supplý of this gás,
 And my wheél 's at a stánd, or we 're in insurréction."
 "Thou tell'st wónders; canst with a small sámple oblíge me
 Of the mágical stúff to try ón my dumb créatures?"
 "Thou shalt nótt have one óunce — what a wórlđ we 'd have óf it
 Were both mén and beasts váin! No, upón the great lándmarks
 Thou must nótt lay a fínger; beasts must stíll remain beásts,
 Gods be Góds and mén mén; and withóút the stúff thou
 Hast with thy children léss care and tróuble, belíeve me,
 Than í, even with áll its best hélp, have with míne."
 No móre said Prométheus but ón with his wórk went,
 And tó his beasts, thoughtfúl, retúrned Epimétheus.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 18, 1855.

O INSCRÚTABLE jústice and mércy and wísdóm!
 Unabáshed in thy fáce looks the ápple, the sínner;
 The innocent pear droops its heáđ, bears the sháme.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 28, 1855.

WHÍTHER in such húrry,
Móuntain streamlet, téll me,
Dówn the hill-side rúshést?
“Tó the mill thou seést there
Yónder in the válaga;
Hást thou ány méssage?”
Ónly téll Lisétta
Thát thou sáw'st me cóming —
Gó! make háste! God bléss thee!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

TO JUSTINUS KERNER,
THE SUABIAN POET,

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

As hé, who, travelling westward, sees with joy
The spléndors of the evening sun reflected
Éven from the cóld clouds of the distant east,
So happy hé, who, from his seventieth year
Back-lóoking, sees the morning of his days
Refúlgent with the brightness of his evening.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 18, 1855.

MIRIAM TERESA

WHAT 's this? a cónfined còrpse? no, ráther say

An óld, worn óut clock in its lacquered clóckcase,

The main spring bróken, motionless the hands,

The díal inexpressive, clapper silent

And néver móre to signalize the sad

Or joyful hóur's arrival or departure.

Walking from GIEBELSTADT in BAVARIA to MERGENTHEIM in WÜRTTEMBERG,

Oct. 22, 1855.

HE.

THE cause I 'd fain knów

Why thou 'rt álways so slów

When thou 'rt cóming to mé;

My feét leave behind

The speed of the wind,

When I 'm góing to thee.

SHE.

Nay nay, it 's not só;

It 's thou that art slów

When thou 'rt cóming to mé,

I 'm arrived even befóre

I have léft my own doór,

When I 'm góing to thee.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

BAWSINT MALKIN.

It happened once upon a time as Jénny Dobbs was milking
Bawsint Málkin in the cówhouse, and no mánnér of harm
was thinking,

Bawsint Málkin gave a súdden rout as íf 'some Spirit posséssed
her,

And kieking with her hínđ foot spilt the milk about the
cówhouse.

Now the kiek came most unlúekily just át the very móment
The pail was nearly fúll and Malkin's údder nearly émpty,
So it 's nó great wonder Jénny Dobbs was nó exactly quíte
pleased,

And let Báwsint Malkin knów it with a thúmp on her hínđ
quárter

And sóme such words as "Wicked beast" and "bád drop
always in ye."

Now Jénny's cow had sénse enough and thús she answered
róúting,

And wóuld have said in Jénny's speech had Jénny Dobbs
been Bálaam: —

"Keep óff your hands; the milk was mine, I hád the right
to spill it;

It 's you are wicked, you that have the dróp of bad blood
in you,

Who kill my calf and drínk my milk, and tie me by the
heád here,

And wait but till my údder 's dry to séll me to the bútcher."
So Báwsint Malkin's róúting meant and Jénny for her pailful
Of spilt milk had a lésson got, had shé but understóod it.

Walking from GOMMERSDORF to BRETTACH (WÜRTEMBERG), Oct. 23—24, 1855.

HIS máster deád, poor Snap with troubled eye
Looks éarnest in my face and asks me: Why?
“Ásk me not, Snáp; thou know’st as much as I.”

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 7, 1855.

GOÉTHER, thou sáy’st a póem was néver goód
Unléss ’twas written ón some pát occásion —
Agreéd: thy poems are legion; for how many,
Sáy, on a póet’s faith, hadst pát occásion?

Walking from BRETTACH to WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Oct. 24, 1855.

TO A POET

ABOUT TO WRITE IN A LADY’S NEW ALBUM.

WHAT! spoil the lády’s album with thine ink,
The beautiful, new álbun! Sir, just think:
Those véllum pages so superbly bound
Unsúllied as they stand are worth a Pound,
Filled with the riffraff of the poet’s thought
They ’re wéll sold at an auction for a groat.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 3, 1855.

CESAR AND CASSIUS.

"TELL me, Július" — ónce said Cássius
As he wálked in Róme with César,
Chátting úpon várious tópics,
And they bóth as yét were yóung men —
"Thou 'rt a wise lad, and I 'm léss shy
Tó enquire of thee than Cáo —
Whither, wén it leáves the bódy,
Think'st thou, Július, does the sóul go?"

"Sóul go, Caius?" ánswered César,
"Sóul go without límbs or bódy?
Sóul have vóluntáry mótion
Without móving ápparátus?"

"Wéll, perháps I 've úsed too stróng word,
And what goes must bé corpóreal,
Bút it feels, the sóul feels, Július,
After it has léft the bódy?"

"Tó be síre; feels without sènses,
Seés without eyes, héars without ears,
Smélls without nose, tástes without tongue —
Whát 's come óver thee, good Caius?"

“Í had bétter háve asked Cáto,
Thou ’rt so hárd upón me, Július,
Bút thou ’lt nótt deny the sóul knóws
Áfter it has léft the bódý.”

“Knóws without brain, meán’st thou Caius?
Knóws without nerves ór sensórium?
Knóws, though knówing ’s bútt impréssion,
Ór dedúction fróm impréssion?”

“Wéll, I cáre not, só thou gránt’st me
Whát I think thou ’lt gránt me, Július,
Thát the sóul survives the bódý,
Líves on in a wórld beyond this.”

“Líves, thou meán’st, although it hásn’t one
Próperty to life belónging,
Though it doesn’t move, though it doesn’t know,
Though it doesn’t feel, though it — doesn’t live!

“Í ’m contént, and wish thee áll joy,
Caius, óf the rich revérsion;
Í’ll take this world, thou the néxt take;
Whát think’st óf the bárgain, Caius?”

Óf the bárgain whát thought Cássius,
Íf his gráve smile shówed not thát day,
Ín the Cúria, lóng years áfter
Ón the Ídes of Márch, his steél showed.

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 11, 1853.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A LUCIFER MATCH BOX.

(III)

PROMÉTHEUS' théft in these dry chips lies hid:
Wouldst thou convinced be, rub one on the lid.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTEMBERG), Sept. 22, 1855.

OTHÉLLO sáys: Thy púrse is trásh;
Trúst in thy goód name, nó't thy cásh.
But Í say: Thy good name 's but trash
Íf in thy púrse there is no cásh.

GIEBELSTADT near WÜRZBURG, Oct. 21, 1855.

SO many máps, guides, signposts point the way
Tó the next wórld, I scarce can go astray
This side the fróntier; but, the barrier past,
And firm foot sét on the strange soil at last,
I 'm in a fix, whither to turn, what do,
So inexpérienced I, all round so new —
Óh for some trústý Murray in my hand,
Some Réd Book *in*, not *tó*, the unknown land!

GOtha, Oct. 12, 1855.

AS I walked by the hédge
Of my ówn Truelove's gárdén,
An hóur before súnset
One fine summer évening,
And thóught of my Lóve,

I sáw through the hédge,
Where the házel was thinnest,
Something white in the árbour,
And stoód still and listened,
And wished 'twere my Lóve.

Nothing stirred but my héart;
I drew neárer, still listening,
And neárer and neárer,
And hálf through the hédge pressed,
And sáw 'twas my Lóve.

The lóng, streaming gólden rays
Lít up the árbour,
And painted more rósy
More dámask than éver
The cheék of my Lóve,

As thére without bóinnet,
Her heáð on her árm laid,
Her árm on the táble,
In the rústic chair sítting
Slept Líddy, my Lóve.

I could seé her breast héaving,
Almóst hear her breáthing;
In her láp lay the nósegay
Which eárlý that mórning
I had sént to my Lóve.

How it háppened I scárce know
Or whát 'twas that háppened,
But, in óne minute áfter,
I fóund myself steáling
Áwáy from my Lóve;

Back steáling on típtoe,
As nóiseless as sháðow,
Or flý that had júst sipped
And fléw áwáy light from
The líps of my Lóve.

I míght have staid lónger,
I míght have pressed hárdér,
I míght have more nóise made,
She had stíll not awákened,
Sly Líddy, my Lóve!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 9, 1855.

QUIVIS AND QUILIBET.

QUIVIS.
QUILIBÉT! Quilibét!
That so hónorest Schiller,
So Vírgil adórest,
Quilibét! tell me why
Thou 'rt so mighty unlike both.
QUILIBET.
Ask Hórace why wásn't he
The dítto of Vírgil;
Ask Goéthe why wás he
The ópposite of Schiller;
Ask the Néedle why isn't it
The Póle which it points to;
Ask Dámon why hásn't he
The feátures of Phillis;
And thén come and ásk me
Why Í on the pípes play
And leáve horn and trúmpet
To Vírgil and Schiller.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

PLEASURE lives not one instant — expires in the birth;
The róse which thou 'st júst plucked, see! is it not bróken?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 18, 1855.

"GIVE us beauty — we care not for strength —
Messieurs poets and painters and sculptors."
Fair and softly, good friends, know ye not
That without strength there never was beauty?

There may without beauty be strength,
And I need not of Polypheme tell ye;
But strength 's the substratum of beauty,
And Apollo 's as strong as he 's handsome.

"But to Venus, weak Venus, what say'st thou?"
Again, my good friends, fair and softly;
See where blooming, strong, healthy and wellmade,
Up the garden walk, bounding, comes Nanny.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

EVERY thing tells on crime; the prince that kissed
The miller's maid was through the village hissed,
For his black cloth the gentleman betrayed;
And in the palace lackeys at his back
Tittered to see the white upon the black,
And whispered: — "Pretty is the miller's maid."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

A QUEER FELLOW.

THERE was ónce a queer féllow
Who, áll his life lóng,
Walked, stood, dánced, sat or láy
On the tóp of his gráve;
He plóughed it and hoéd it
And dúg it and sówed it
And reáped it and mówed it,
And gáthered his hárvest
And thréshed it and eát it
And bréwed it and dránk it,
And mérrily lived,
And mérrily lived
On the tóp of his gráve.

And his són did the sáme,
And his són's són the sáme,
And his sóns' sóns for éver,
They áll did the sáme,
And, as lóng as they lived,
Walked, stood, dánced, sat or láy
On the tóp of their gráve,
And plóughed it and hoéd it
And dúg it and sówed it
And reáped it and mówed it,

And gathered their harvest
And thrashed it and eat it
And brewed it and drank it,
And merrily lived,
And merrily lived
On the top of their grave.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

THE sun shines on me all the day,
The moon and stars the livelong night;
How long, hardhearted! must I pray
For one blink of those eyes so bright?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

TO William, half in jest and half in earnest
Said Rose, one day: — "On which side lies the heart?"
"For others I can't say, Rose," answered William,
"But my heart 's always on the side next thee."
"But when I 'm far away — far from thee, William —
On which side then beats thy deserted heart?" —
Said Rose arch smiling — "that I 'd fain know, William."
"That question," replied William, "none can answer
So well as Rose herself, who never leaves me
But she takes with her too this foolish heart."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

MAN 's a hámmar, thou sáy'st, made to hámmar hard náture
Into áll sorts of témpers, shapes, sizes and fáshions —
May be só; but, for mý part, I think he 's an ánvil,
And náture a hámmar that kéeps battering ón him;
If you ásk, for what púrpose? I ówn I don't knów.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 11, 1855.

SHÁDOW 's néver fár from súnshine,
Night is néver fár from dáy,
Páin treads in the stéps of pleásure,
Néver ís the whóle year Máj.

Súnshing 's néver fár from shádow,
Dáy is néver fár from night,
Páin is fóllowed stíll by pleásure,
Snów makes nó't the whóle year white.

Móg's perpétual síghing tíres me,
Még's etérnal smíle 's as bád;
Gíve me Móll who 's álways chánging,
Nót long mérry, nó't long sád.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 16, 1855.

JARVIE TIME.

JARVIE Time! Jarvie Time!

Thou who áll this long mórning
So cráwl'dst at a snáil's pace —
Whom I couldn't get for práyers
Or for lóve or for móney
To sháke thy reins brísker
Or cráck thy lash louder
Or whíp thy nags smárter —
What 's come óver thee nów?
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

What 's come óver thee nów,
In the still of the évening,
When I 'd fáin look about me
And táke my convénience
And dráw my breath eásy,
That thou sétt'st to to gállop
As if thou wert stríving
To óvertake Gílpin
Or cách the last traín?
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

Hast thou nó taste for beauty?
Just lóok round about thee:
How smíling the lándscape!
How pleásant the évening!
The fólks all how háppy!

What is it that ails thee?
What means this hot háste?
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

That 's the Blué Bell we 're pássing,
The doór stands wide ópen,
The hórses' trough 's réady,
The lán dlady 's fá mous
For cóld pies and wíne;
And the lán dlady's dáught er —
O Jár vie, the dáught er!
Let thy póór, smóking cáttle
Draw breáth for a móment;
We 'll arríve soon enóugh,
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

Art thou deáf? art thou bóthered?

Or hást thou a súp in?

Or árt thou gone quáte mad?

Or is 't a mere frólic? —

But I séé it 's in váin all,

Plain wáste of breath tálking;

So this ónce take thine ówn way,

This ónce — but, by Jéhu!

Thou 'lt have léárned to go eásy

And mínd what 's said tó thee,

Ere ínside thy háckney

Thou cáttch me ágain,

Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 9, 1855.

THAT mán 's worth millions, but that man 's unworthy;
 That wórthy man, there, 's scarcely worth a groat;
 That man worth millions is a man worth knowing,
 Bút he 's a mán unworthy of thy friéndship;
 That wórthy man is worthy of thý friendship,
 Bút that same wórthy man is not worth knowing;
 Só, till he 's sómething wórth, it makes small difference
 Whéther a mán is wórthy or unworthy;
 And whén he 's sómething worth it makes small difference
 Whéther a mán is worthy or unworthy,
 So rárely do the wórthy get their due,
 Ánd the unwórthy get their due so rárely.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

HE.

AS lóng as thou faithfully lóv'st me,
 I prómise I 'll trúly love theé.

SHE.

And í to love theé will cease néver
 Even though thou shouldst ceáse to love mé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

IN this apple 's a core, in that core there 's a pippin,
 In that pippin a scárcely percéptible gérm,
 Which, gíve it but tíme enough, sháll be a greát tree
 With sweét-smelling blóssoms and rich, golden frúit,
 And wide-spreading bránches, beneáth which shall sit
 On fine summer évenings our children's grandchildren
 And tálk of their grándfathers' fáthers and sáy: —
 "Ah! whére are those nów who this tree's pippin 'sowed?"
 And sóme one amóng them shall ánsWER and sáy: —
 "They 're whére we oursélves were on thát very dáy
 When they sowed this tree's pippin, and whére we shall bé
 When this tree's apple's pippin shall bé a great treeé
 With sweét-smelling blóssoms and rich, golden frúit,
 And our children's grandchildren shall sít in its sháde
 And say: — "Whére are those nów who once sowed this tree's
 pippin?"

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

EXPERIENCE.

(II)

"EXPERIENCE is a bétter téacher, friend,
 Than lécturer or boók; learn from Experience."
 Yés; but Expérience writes in hieroglyphics,
 Which to expláin needs lécturer and boók.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

AD CONSCIA SIDERA.

NIGHT sentinels that see me creep
To my Love while others sleep,
Tell not on me: what I do
's no unaccustomed sight to you.
Other reason Sol had none,
Mars and Venus to tell on,
But that to his eyes was new
What 's mere matter of course to you.
On your silence I rely,
Faithful watchmen of the sky,
And that you 'll let no one pry,
Let no one pry —
"Hist, Love! hist!" — All 's right; good bye.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

IF thou wouldst please the Gods thou must contrive
To let them know thou 'st not the best side out;
If thou wouldst please mankind thou must not let them
Suspect thou 'rt one jot better than thou seem'st.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

"Einstweilen bis den Bau der Welt
Philosophie zusammenhält,
Erhält sie das Getriebe
Durch Hunger und durch Liebe."

SCHILLER, Die Weltweisen.

SO it 's húngrer and lóve keep all góing —
Very wéll, that 's a sécret worth knówing;
But methinks this great wórld were a ráré show
Without mónéy to máke the old máre gó.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

HE 's not a wíse man thinks much of the past;
A mán that 's wíse thinks little of the future;
There is no présent, only past or future,
Thérefore a mán that 's wíse, though álways thinking,
Thinks little about présent, past, or future.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 16, 1855.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF A CLUB ROOM.

IF thou 'rt as bád as wé, walk in, we pray;
If bétter — Sí, we wish thee a good day.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

JEHU.

SEE where ón the coáchbox seated,
Reíns in léft hand, whip in right,
Jéhu úp hill cáreless chirrup,
Dówn hill cáutious hólds all tíght.

Évery whére there is a Jéhu,
Ón the lánd and ón the seá,
Ín the cóttage, ín the pálace,
Sóme one still to cry: wo! geé!

Í 'm a Jéhu; géntle réaders,
Yóu 're my spánking four-in-hánd;
Tsít! tsít! óff we gó at gálope —
Wó! draw úp! so! steády! stánd!

Sónnie toó, he is a Jéhu,
With his láshe and his tóp;
Ánd belów there is a Jéhu,
Ánd abóve — “Good póet, stóp!”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

HE.

FAREWÉLL for éver, ánd sometimes a sígh
Heáve when thou think'st of hím beyond the sea.

SHE.

Farewéll for éver, ánd if thou must sígh
Whén thou of mé think'st, think no móre of mé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

MODEST, mild, unpretéding, obsérvant, invéntive,
The pén goes befóre, finds and points out the wáy,
Measures, cálculates, pláns, pioneérs, counts expénses,
And is léft, for rewárd, to its ówn conscíous mérit.
Fierce, ínsolent, rúde, devastáting and crúel,
The swórd swaggers áfter, hacks, héws, stabs and sláshes,
And géts all the láurels and boóty and praise.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 19, 1855.

CICERO.

ALL the good which we see in this world proves God's goodness.

CESAR.

To be síre! and his bádness is próved by the bád.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

ARABÉLLA my s6ng read,
And said 'twas mere w6ter —
Ah, why hadn't I cou6rage
To t6ll Arabella,
She h6d but to sing it
To t6rn it to wine!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 11, 1855.

TO FR6ULEIN EMILIA S6PFLE,

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 19, 1855.

I 'm so 6nxious to kn6w whether y6ur bad tooth 's b6tter,
I can't put off writing till mý bad tooth 's b6tter,
But s6nd me word 6nly that y6ur bad tooth 's b6tter,
And you s6nd me a ch6rm will make mý bad tooth b6tter.

SEE y6nder st6tely, spre6ding tree,
Lo6ded with fr6grant flower and fruit,
And neither for its own behoof —
Wh6t is it lik6? al6s! a p6et.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

TWO ángels, séparate or together, páy me
 Occasional visits; of the fallen crew óne,
 The óther, of the race that still stands úpright.
 Hideous the fáce, and térrible to hear
 The voice and footstep of the fallen one coming,
 And while he stáys; but beautiful his hínđparts,
 And sweetest músic his depárting step,
 And sweéter still and sweeter, as more distant.
 The óther's fáce is lovely, and the sound
 Of his approaching step more than the hum
 Of hóney-gathering beé delights the ear,
 Or sóng of lárk or note of early cuckoo,
 But óđious to the eye his hínđér parts,
 And on the ear jars his departing step.
 Néither stáys lóng, nor long remains away;
 Néither the óther lóves, and though they come
 Sometimes together, oftener they come separate.
 Alíke in winter's cold and summer's heat,
 By dáy and night alike, they pay their visits,
 No léss when I 'm awake and up, than when
 In béd I lie wrapped in the arms of sleep.

After I 'm deáð and búried I shall have
The company, *they say*, of one for ever,
Of which they knów not, and from that hour nevérr
Of the óther hear the voice or see the face —
They sáy! — Poor soúls! they know not what they say;
Once dead, farewéll for ever to both angels!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 24, 1855.

THOU hátest monótony — Ríght;
Unifórmity still more thou hátest —
Ríght agáin; but reméber, Louisa,
Thou 'rt engaged to be márried tomórrow.

“Just becaúse I monótony háte,
Just becaúse unifórmity still more
I háte and have áll my life háted,
I 'm engaged to be márried tomórrow.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

UNDER A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

IN THE FIFTYSIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THE óutside rínd, grown brown and chapped by time,
Télls you the kérnel has just reached its prime.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

FORGET never to hold thyself evenly balanced,
Thou that skatest Prosperity's smooth ice along;
Where the ice is the thickest the fall is the hardest,
And where thinnest the ice, Ah! the water is near.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

WELL! great poets don't always the best sense indite!
I have just read in Goethe this world won't go right
As long as there 's wine or women in it — *
Just as if without wine
I could possibly dine,
Or without Mary Anne live one minute.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

WHAT a pity thou 'rt childless! thou 'dst been a kind parent
To the worst of thy children. "Why? or how know'st thou
that?"

Don't I see thine indulgence even to thy worst faults,
For no reason under heaven but because they 're thine own?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 27, 1855.

* "Gäb's nur keinen Wein
Und keine Weiberthränen!"

GOTHE, Stossseufzer.

PROMETHEOMASTIX.

CHORUS OF PROMETHEUS'S CHILDREN.

STROPHE.

WE forgét what 's behind us,
Can't see what 's before us,
And about what 's around us
Know little.

ANTISTROPHE.

The éléments o'erpówer us,
Fierce pássions devóur us,
We must dié, yet to dié fear
And trémble.

EPODE.

So join áll to praise him who
Could wiser and bétter
And háppier have máde us,
And — didn't.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

Ἰσοθι σκαυτορ.

"THERE it is, Ma!" said Cúpid, showing Vénus a thórn's
He 'd got out of his thúmb with much póking and squeézing;
"Who 'd have thóught such a smáll thing could give so much
tróuble?"

"Art thou só very big then," said Vénus, "thysélf?"

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 10, 1855.

NÓ! no! nó! I 'll nót believé it,
Thou 'rt not Liddy, thé same Liddy
Whóm long yeárs agó I só loved,
Woóed and wón and máde mine ówn of.

Seé! thy cheék is brówn and wrinkled;
Liddy's cheék was smóoth as vélvét
Ánd as frésh a white-and-réd as
Máy's unfólding ápple-blóssóm.

Liddy's háir was lóng and aúburn,
Thý hair 's thín and shórt and grizzled;
Liddy's teéth, what róws of fine pearls!
Thine, these féw odd pégs of bóxwóod.

Liddy's voíce was like the línnet's,
Óf the córn-crake's thine reminds me;
Liddy stépped like fórest wíld doe,
Thou thy ánkles hást in sháckles.

Nó! no! nó! thou 'rt nót that Liddy,
Nót the yoúng man's gáy, yoúng Liddy;
Nó! no! nó! thou árt the óld man's
Bétter, wiser, deárer Liddy.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 14, 1855.

OPTIO JULIANI,

WHILE JULIAN WAS A YOUNG MAN CONFINED IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM BY ORDER OF CONSTANTIUS, AND THERE, RIGOROUSLY SECLUDED FROM THE WORLD AND ESPECIALLY FROM ALL ACCESS OF HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY, RECEIVED AN EXCLUSIVELY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

SEE JULIAN. EPIST. AD ATHENIENSES, AND AMMIAN. XXII. 5.

I wish to God I had been born some hundred years or thousand
Ere Christ came down to fright us with his stories of the Dévil,
And pén us up, like silly sheep, under the care of shépherds
To guárd us well from ghóst and fiend and sheár us for their
trouble:

Then í 'd gone down to Cháron's wharf led bý the hand by
Hérmes,

And with the obolus in my mouth fared jóllily Styx óver,
And, strétched at ease upón the grass in háppy, old Elýsium,
Enjoyéd myself in ráational talk with Sócrates and Pláto,
And hád small loss of héaven and hell, the saínts and the
Millénnium.

Walking from LIEBENZELL to LANGENBRAND (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 4, 1855.

“WHEN think'st thou will all men be of one opinion?”
As soon as in all the world there 's but one man.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

LOVE

UNPHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

I TENDERLY love thee, and plédge thee my tróth,
And swear before Heáven to change néver.

PHILOSOPHICAL MAID.

Sheer nónsense thine oáth, if thou méanest thou 'lt néver.
Do the impóssible thing, change thysélf;
And sheer nónsense no léss, if thou méanest that never
Shall the ádequate óutside force chángé thee.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 29, 1855.

PHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

I SWEAR what I know, that I tenderly love thee;
What I don't know I don't swear, to love thee for éver.

UNPHILOSOPHICAL MAID.

Swear nó that thou lóv'st me, I know it already,
But swear what I don't know, thou 'lt love me for éver.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 23, 1856.

LOVE.

Two things there áre called love: th' intérrnal fééling,
Ínstinét or pássionate ímpulse, dirus ámor,
Ánd the extérrnal objéct, alma venus,
Which róuses in the mínd its slúmbering ámor.
In áll the outwárd wórld there 's not one objéct
But may awáke in some one mínd its ámor,
Ánd for the nónee be of that mínd the vénus,
The Láúra of that Petrarch; till the mínd,
Chánged from wíthín, or 'tmáy be, from wíthout,
(For éíther or both wáys all mínds áre álwáys,
Mórning and noón and níght, sléeping and wáking,
Súmmer and wínter, álwáys álwáys chánging)
Ópens the doór no lónger to the call,
Or, if it ópens, ánswers: Nót at hóme;
Upón a jóúrney, síek or deád is ámor.
But nótt upon a jóúrney, síek or deád
Is ámor, but at hóme, snug, and stíll réady
To ánswer jóýful to its vénus' eáll,
Próvided ónly 'tís its vénus calls,
Ánd nótt that wích has ceásed to be its vénus.

Áwáy then wíth the wów of love pérrpetual,
Or bé the ónly thíng wích chánges nótt,
Thóugh áll the tíme thou 'rt thát wích chánges móst,
In áll thís lívÍng, ánd, or 'twére not lívÍng,
Pérrpetuály réstless, chángÍng wórld.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 26, 1855.

BEAUTY.

THERE áre two beautics: óne the extérnal kalon;
The óther the sweet séntiment of beauty
Raised in the mind by that extérnal kalon.
In áll the multitudinous variety
Of minds and óbjects in this infinite world
There 's nót a mind but finds some beauteous object,
There 's nót an óbject but finds some one mind
In which to excíte the sentiment of beauty.
Go tó! go tó! ye small philosophers,
Teáchers of pósitive beauty, who know nót
That whátsoever raises in one mind,
One single mind, the most uncultivated,
The séntiment of beauty, thát is beauty
As trúly as was ever Plato's kalon.
Vain, vain, your legislation; ye cannót
Set up a Rene court to say what 's beauty,
And dictate to the mind how it shall feel.
Máke, if ye pleáse, societies to adore
This or thát beauty, and be ye the priests;
Mínd is abóve your sects, and forms of faith,
And what it beautiful or ugly *feéls*,
That beautiful or-ugly *is*, despite ye.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 26, 1855.

OTHÉLLO first loved Desdemóna, then hated;
In bóth he was ácted on, ácted in neíther:
He went dówn on his kneés and vowed álwáys to love her;
Fool, that knéw not to love was to súffer, not dó!
He swóre with uplifted hand, álwáys to háte her;
Fool, that knéw not to háte was to súffer, not dó!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 29, 1855.

“PUT thy faith in the miracle, friend;

Unimpeachable witnesses mány

Testify to its truth.”

Shall I thén from the mouth of anóther

Accépt that as fáct, which I wóuldn't

From mine ówn eyes accépt?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

THE émbryo in the wómb or néwly bórñ
 Has nó mind — scárce even stúff enough to máke one;
 The frágrance is not shut up in the bud
 But by the búd formed gráduál, as it opens.
 The mínd 's the éffluence of the perfect body,
 The esséntial frágrance of the fúll blown flower.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

“Und er wirft ihr den Handschuh ins Gesicht.”

SCHILLER, Der Handschuh.

AND só into Kúnigund's lóvely fáce,
 Sir Delórges, thou thréwest the glóve!
 Must thóú be ungállant becaúse she was báse?
 Kúnigúnd had small lóss of thy lóve.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 14, 1855.

MÁN with sagacious fórethought pénétrates
Ínto the sécrets of the days to come,
Hólds with reténtive memory the pást,
And áll things round him to his use adapts
With wónderworking wisdom, skill and power,
And reigns on eárh, a God; until perchance
A pín his finger prick, or a cold wind
Blów in his fáce, and then, poor man! he dies,
And sádlý goes to heaven — to reign again.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

MAY I bég to ask why thou préferrést me, Múse!
To so mány who 're wiser and bétter?
"I don't knów; I 'm not síre; but I 've héárd people sáy
That truelóve 's of truelóve the begétter."

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR 1855.

FAREWÉLL! and though thou tak'st not with thee all
The weight of sorrow thou brought'st with thee, coming;
But tak'st instead some of my bodily strength,
Some of my látest dárk hairs and skin's fréshness,
Yet gó in peáce; for thou hast left untouched
My nóbler párt, and what thou 'st taken from me
In théw and color, paid me in my child,
I cánnót say with an illiberal hand.
Gó then in peáce; I 'll think of thee at times,
Perháps at times regret thee — fare thee well!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

TO THE COMING YEAR 1856.

THOU 'rt wélcome, stránger! enter, and the place
Fill, while thou stáy'st, of thy depárted brother;
Not whóolly goód was he, nor whóolly bád,
A míxture líké mysélf of strong and weak,
Of wórse and bétter; but no more of him,
He 's góne not to return, and thou com'st now
With thy fair prómises of perfect goodness.
Well well, we 'll see; thou too shalt have thy trial,
And when we come to part that will be knowledge
Which nów 's no more than mingled hope and fear;
Meanwhile step in, and lét 's be bétter acquainted.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

THE CIVIL LIST OF SWEDEN

ÁRT thou háppy? loók not báckward

Ón the jóys thou 'st léft behind thee;

Árt thou háppy? loók not fóward

Tó the énd of áll joy cóming.

Árt thou wrétched? thén loók báckward

Ón the páin thou 'st léft for éver;

Árt thou wrétched? thén loók fóward

Tó the énd of áll páin cóming.

Árt thou háppy bóth and wrétched,

Loók abóut thee, róund on áll sides;

Whát seest thou but óthers like thee,

Wrétched pártly, pártly háppy?

Without Háppy there 's no Wrétched,

Without Wrétched there 's no Háppy;

There 's a trúé Heaven ánd a trúé Hell,

Ánd thou hást them bóth alréady.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

ON READING GOETHE'S ELEGIES.

FIE, Goethe! I knew nót until—today
Thou wast given to migrate out of thy fair palacé
And táke thy lódging in a filthy sty —
Fie, Goethe! from henceforth we 're less good friends;
And yét ere now I have at times suspected
Thou wást not áll gold, often missed in thee
The cláng of the pure metal, often spied
The dúsk hue of the copper at thy rim.
Perháps even thérefore art thou the more current,
For nót who has féwest faults or greatest virtues
Álways móst pleáses, but whose mind to ours
Clósest assimilates; perhaps even therefore
Hast thou attractéd só the nót too fine
Discérning, or requiring, princely eye,
And by the princely eye been so attractéd —
A sócio nóscitur, and like to like —
And in more cóurts than Weimar's have been blended
The ódours of the sty and the parterre.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 6, 1856.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR: — "The Last Rose of Summer."

'Tis the first rose of summer, shy peeping half-blown,
And scarcely quite sure yet, the cold winter's gone;
Fear nothing, new' comer; there's no danger nigh —
Every day the air's softer, and brighter the sky.

Thou shalt not long hang lonely, shalt not long thy bloom
Singly spread to the sun, singly shed thy perfume,
For I see yonder coming, like thee fresh and fair,
Thy sisters in clusters to adorn the parterre.

With them bloom together, with them fade and die;
And so, lovely rose, may my heart's friends and I,
When we've happy together the long summer passed,
Together drop into the earth's lap at last.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 8, 1856.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LAMP.

YE almost make a God of Sol,
Who but by day gives light;
What worthy praise have ye for me,
Who into day turn night?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

THE ágitating problem — which of all
 Imáginable forms of government
 Is sùrest, háppiest, permanentest, best,
 And to what fórm of government will áll men
 Give trúest, reádiest, joyfullest adhesion —
 Thou sólvest ónly on the day on which
 Thou sólv'st the previous question, which the form
 To évery individual assures —
 “Most háppiness?” No, I 'm in downright earnest.
 “Most liberty?” If thou must jest, jest on.
 “I ówn, I 'm at a loss; go on, I 'm dumb —”
 Most ábsolute control over the actions,
 Wórds, and most sécret thoughts, of all the rest.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

FROM blank nought to the wómb, from the wómb to the crádle,
 From the crádle to schoól, and from schoól to the mill —
 There to grínd, till it 's weáry, bread, hónor, or riches —
 To the sick chamber thén and sick béd, and at lást
 To a bóx and the blánk nought from which first it cáme.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

OF three dear maids, whose lovely faces
 You 'd swear were borrowed from the Graces,
 Which I like best 'twere hard to say,
 So perfect each one in her way.
 There 's Mary Anne, delightful girl!
 With cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,
 Laughing blue eyes and auburn hair
 And such a winning, witching air —
 Poor, inexperienced heart, beware,
 And, ere thou 'rt quite caught, look elsewhere;
 Look at Matilda's form and mien,
 Where upon earth were lovelier seen?
 Matilda's step, Matilda's voice —
 Well, it 's a cruel thing a choice.
 Ah! could I but my heart divide
 Each should of one half be the bride.
 Castles in Spain! and if I could,
 And if I dare, think'st thou I would,
 And not keep one whole third for thee;
 Sly, roguish, black-eyed Emily?
 What! won't a third do? come, don't pout,
 Thou shalt the whole have; time about,
 My whole, whole heart impartially
 I 'll give to each one of the three;
 Each day a different queen shall reign,
 Each day I 'll wear a different chain;

Tomórrow í 'm Matilda's ówn,
Next day, dear Máry Ánne's alóne,
Todáy, I 'm thine, sweet Émilý,
Todáy, do whát thou lík'st with mé,
Todáy I live for ónly theé.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 21, 1856.

CRITIC.

BAD vérses, Sir póet; there néver were wórse.

POET.

I 'm sórry to heár it; but deál with these géntly,
Next tíme I 'll do bétter.

CRITIC.

You flátter yoursélf.

POET.

Nay, I 'm quíte sure — for, néxt tíme, I 'll gétt you to hélp me.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 28, 1856.

HERE I ám, your thimblérigger, kind géntlemen and ládies;
Put your móney down; now guéss; see! it's an émpty thimble.
“You cheat! you scámp! you trámp! you vágabond! you
swíndler!”

Try your lúck ágáin, good fréind; see thére! this tíme you 're
wínnér —

Who 's cheát and scámp and trámp, now, and vágabond and
swíndler?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 20, 1856.

WHEN évery one óf us has gót his just rights,
 And the price of land 's fixed at three hálfpence an ácre,
 And breád is for nóthing and bútter for léss,
 And lácqueys and járvies drive in their own coáches,
 And housemaids hold dráwingrooms, streetsweepers lévees,
 And the clérk and the séxton wear láwn sleeves and mítre,
 And évery one téaches and nóbody léarns,
 And bóys are all grówn men, and mísses all ládies,
 We 'll join heart and hánd some fine mórning togéther
 And lay hóld on! that wícked witch, óld móther Náture,
 And pélt her with róttén eggs, dúck her and soucé her
 Till she criés out "Peccávi!" and swéars by St. Símon,
 Louis Bláne, and Mazzini, to expél from her grámmar
 All degreés of compárison — goód, bad, and míddling,
 And hígher and lówer, and greáter and smállér —
 And from thénceforth for éver in áll her domínions
 Have áll things as équal as éggs in a básket,
 Or peás on a trénecher, or háirs on a píg's tail,
 And gíves us a plédge that she 's dównright in éárnest,
 By abólishing, instantly ánd on the spót,
 The absúrd and ínvídious and áristoerátic,
 Opprésivé dístíntion of ríght hánd ánd léft.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 3, 1856.

THE great Róman dictátor, his báldness to híde,
Bound his témples with láurel; thou, wíser, dictáte nó,
And thy báldness to híde thou mayst spáre even the láurel.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 1, 1856.

ALL Césars since Július have wórned the laur'l wreáth.
Bezáuse báld líke híme? ór bezáuse the laur'l wreáth
Has the vírtue to cóver more eýesores thán báldness?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 1, 1856.

COME, my fréends, let's enjý the good thíns of thís wórld,
Eat our róast, crack our jóke, také our eáse, drínk our bóttle,
And be ríght jolly féllows, true sóúls, fréendly bróthers,
Bottle nósed, copper cheéked, hanging lípped, and báld páted,
Round páunched, oily skinned, gouty fóoted and hánded,
Coarse mínded, fine pálated, chóleric, and shórt breáthed,
And to díe on a súdden and quíte fill the cóffin.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

THE POET AND PROSODIAN.

PROSODIAN.

BAD iámbs, Sir Póet. In pláce of this tróchee
Thou hast hére in thy first place, please pút an iámбус,
And át the line's énd amputáte without mércy
That hálf-foot supérfluous.

POET.

Nay; áren't they both beauties?

PROSODIAN.

To be súde; but not thérefore the léss against rúle.

POET.

What rúle 's above beauty?

PROSODIAN.

The line can't be scánned.

POET.

And neédn't; I write, not for scanners, but readers.

PROSODIAN.

'Twere wéll readers scánned every line which they réad.

POET.

When they dó, I 'll begin to make régular feét;
Until thén I 'll contént me with beautiful verses.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

THE SO hére 's at lást the lóng expécted léttér!
 What néws? How áre they áll? alive or déád?
 Háppy or sórrowful? Ah! hé who first
 Réceivéd, and bróke the seál, and réád a léttér
 Fróm his far-ábsent friénds, néedéd móre cóurage,
 Hórace, * thán hé who first in a frail bóat
 Trústed his life upon the uncertáin wáves.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 31, 1856.

ON ról the yeárs, leaves withér ánd leaves grów,
 Suns rise and sét, and winds alternáte blów,
 Móist follóws drý and héat succéeds to cöld,
 Our síres áre in their gráves and we grów old;
 Inquire not why: énough for thee to knów
 It is and wás and will be álwáys só;
 Wíse-seémíng quéstíons stíll wére fóllý's másk,
 Turn háppier thou, and ply thy díaly tásk.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

* "Illi robur et aes triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci

Commisit pelago ratem

Primus."

HOR. Od. I. 3.

"HEÁVEN, I thánk thee fór this fine night;"
Máry saíd; as, fróm her wíndow
Lóóking out, she sáw the deép sea
Plácíd shimmering in the móonlight;

Máry's thoughts are óf her William,
Hóme returning fróm the Índies: —
"Át yon fúll moon is he gázíng,
Ás the mídnight déck he páces?"

Máry's góne to béd ánd sleéps sound
Whén she háš práyed a práyer for William;
William's sleép that níght is sóunder
Át the bóttóm óf the ócean.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 18, 1856.

OF all flówers in the wórlđ, pretty dáisy, to mé
Thou 'rt the deárest and sáddest,
Fór alóne of all flówers in the wórlđ, pretty dáisy,
Thou déck'st Anna's gráve.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

JOY and sórrow are équally pássive; forced ón thee
Irresístibly bóth from without; be consistent
And cáll neither súffering, or súffering call bóth;
The difference between the two súfferings is ónly
That thou likest the óne, and the óther dislikest.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

TWO things there are which you may safely say
When with your friend you meet: "It's a fine day"
And "Hów do you dó?" The news to ask or tell
You may too venture should you know him well.
Each fúrther word is dángerous, if you 'd sleep
Soúndly at night, and deár friends deár friends keep.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 22, 1856.

THE cléver mán the rúle makes, which the fóol,
Childish obéying, spénd his life at schoól.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

THE NEW CHAMBERLAIN
HALL BOSTON
THERE IS NOT IN ALL CHEAPSIDE.

Air: — "The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE IS NÓT IN ALL CHEAPSIDE A TEAPOT SO NEÁT
AS THAT TEAPOT ROUND WHICH NIGHT AND MÓRNING WE MEÉT;
OH! THE LÁST RAYS OF FEÉLING AND LIFE MUST DEPÁRT,
ERE THE SHÍNE OF THAT TEAPOT SHALL FÁDE FROM MY HEÁRT.

IT IS NOT THAT ÁRT O'ER THAT TEAPOT HAS SHÉD
HER DEÉPEST OF PÚRPLE AND BRIGHTEST OF RÉD;
'TIS NÓT THE SOFT ÓDOURS THAT FRÓM IT DISTIL,
OH NÓ! IT IS SÓMETHING MORE ÉXQUISITE STÍLL;
'TIS THAT SAÚCERS AND CÚPS ON THE BOÁRD ARE DISPLAYÉD,
CREAM, SÚGAR, AND BÚTTER, AND TÓAST READY MÁDE,
AND THAT NÉVER SO DEÁR EVEN MY DEÁREST TO MÉ,
AS WHÉN WE 'RE ALL HÁPPY TOGÉTHÉR AT TEÁ.

SWEET DÁLKEY-LODGE TEAPOT, HOW CÁLM COULD I RÉST
BESIDE THEÉ IN THY PÁNTRY WITH THÓSE I LOVE BÉST,
WHEN TEÁ-DRINKING MÓRNING AND ÉVENING SHALL CEÁSE,
AND OUR HEÁRTS, LIKE THY TEÁLEAVES, ARE MÍNGLED IN PEÁCE.

CARLSRUHE, JAN. 9, 1856.

TÓ a spléndid fúrnished háll
 Yóur grammárian 's thé door-keéper,
 HáS the láchkey in his pócket,
 Shúts and ópens ás you bíd him,
 Bút himsélf sets foót in 't néver.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

“MIGNIONÉTTE in a bóx! Faugh! it smélls of the city—
 It 's ónly in mignionette béds I find frágrance.”
 Very wéll: but to mé mignionette in a bóx
 Than mignionette bórdér or béd 's twice as frágrant,
 For whén I look át it I think of the bóx
 Of sweet mignionette in my Máry Anné's window.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

“DO,” said pért, little, witty, tart Ísabel ónce,
 “Do, I dáre thee, an épigram máke upon mé.”
 “Don't dáre me,” said Í; “'twouldn't bé the first time,
 I 'd an épigram éven ou an épigram máde.”

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 3, 1856.

THE NEW "BARD'S LEGACY".

Air: — The Bard's Legacy.

WHÉN in deáth I shall cálm recline,
Oh! beár my wáтч to my mistress dear;
Téll her I róse when it pointed Nine,
On évery morning all round the year.
Bid her not shéd one tear of sorrow
To súlly a gém so precious and bright,
But a pócket of crímson velvet borrow,
And háng it beside her bed every night.

Whén the líght of mine eyes is o'er,
Táke my spécs to Optician's Hall,
And lét the porter that answers the door,
Shów them to áll that happen to call.
Then if some bárd, who roams forsaken,
Should bég a peep through them in pássing along,
Oh! lét one thought of their master awaken
Your wármest smile for the child of song.

Keép this inkbottle, now o'erflowing,
To wíte your létters when í 'm laid low;
Néver, Oh! néver one drop bestowing
On ány who hów to wíte don't know.
But if some pále, wan-wasted scholar
Shall díp his goosequill at its brim,
Then, thén my spirit around shall hover,
And hállow each jét black drop for him.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 9, 1856.

WISE TOO LATE.

SHE blushed, and yét I did not count it Y,
Nor É though on the ground she bent her eye,
Nor S althóugh she sighed when she said Nó —
Foól! that knew nót that maids still spéll YES só.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

LIBERTY.

“THOU knów'st not what liberty is,” to mé said
A red démocrat ónce, with a sháke of his heád;
“I 'm not súde that I dó,” replied Í, “but let 's seé:
It 's that thou mayst whatéver thou lík'st do to mé,
Whilst Í am prevented by imprisonment and fine
From dóing to theé what to dó I 'd incline.”

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

JOHN 's nót to my mind, I abóminate his lýng —
But William 's far wórse with his nóthing but trúth.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 22, 1856.

"WÉLL, the wórl'd makes bût snail's prógress!"
Thús to Thómas ónce said William,
Ás from chûrch home, ón a Sûnday,
Árm in árm they wálked togéther.

"Hów is 't póssible the wórl'd should
Máke fast prógress," ánswered Thómas,
"Whíle we reár our children úp in
Thé same érrors wé were reáred in,
Whíle we teách our children, William,
Nót the trúths our lives have taúght us,
Bût the liés we wére brought úp in?"

"Áh, poor children!" ánswered William,
"Lét them spórt their hóur of súnshine;
Time enóugh they 'll leárn the bláck truth,
Time enóugh be wise and wrétched."

"Véry wéll; but whíle succéssive
Générations spénd their whóle lives
Still unléarning thé same fálsehoods,
Hów 's the wórl'd to máke fast prógress?"

CARLSRUHE, March 2, 1856.

WENN SIE LÄTZT
A FORGÉT-ME-NOT gréw by the síde of the broók
Where Máry went dówn with her páil to fetch wáter;
She láid down her páil, plucked the flówer, heaved a sígh,
And till she came báck for 't that dáy had no wáter.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 7, 1856

Der gelehrte Arbeiter.

Nimmer labt ihn des Baumes Frucht, den er mühsam erziehet:
Nur der Geschmack genießt, was die Gelehrsamkeit pflanzt.

SCHILLER.

WRONG! as óften, my Schiller; the gárdener enjóys more
In dígging and féncing and plánting and wátering,
Than the finest taste éver enjóyed in the fruit.
We áll look with pleásure at Téli on thy cánvas,
But thine was the rápture of púttíng him there.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 2, 1856.

"Dira cupido."

THOU wóuldst be háppy and know'st nó that *would* —
Would, would alóne — keeps thee from being háppy.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 24, 1856.

LITTLE children, take it kindly
When your parents flog and chide ye
For each lie they catch you telling —
Little children must not tell lies.

“But big people often tell lies;
Why mayn't we do like big people?”
Just because ye are little children,
And don't know how to behave yet;

Don't know how yet to discriminate
Which are right and which are wrong lies,
Which lie 's dangerous, which lie safe is,
Which from God comes, which from Satan.

“But our parents always say to us: —
‘Ye must never never tell lies.’”
To be sure; no parents like to
Have lies told them by their children.

Every lie ye tell your parents,
To your parents is an injury;
How can they their children rule, if
By their children hoaxed and cheated?

"Só when wé have léft our párents,
Ánd are grówn up mén and wómen,
Ánd our liés no móre can hárm them,
Wé may téll lies like grown peóple?"

Nót a dóubt of it; thére 's no hárm in
Dóing whát 's done bý your párents,
Núrses, teáchers ánd relátions;
Íf 'twere wróng they wóuld not dó it.

"Máy we sáy we 're nót at hóme then,
Ás mammá sáys whén she 's dréssing?
Máy we sáy we have gót a heádsáche,
Whén we are ónly óút of húmour?"

"Whén a friénd comes in to seé us,
Máy we smíle and seém quíte háppy,
Ánd the móment hé has his báck turned,
Sáy we seárcé cóuld béár the síght of him?"

Yés yes, áll this ánd as múch móre,
Twíce as múch móre; yé máy dó then,
Ánd your children, if ye háve any,
Flóg for líyng, át the sáme tíme.

"Shóeking! shóeking! wé 'll nót dó it;
Eíther wé óursélfes wíll spéák truth,
Ór at léást we wíll nót púnish
Thém for dóing whát óursélfes dó."

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

“Quam satus Iapeto, mistam fluvialibus undis,
Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum.”

THE wise son of Jápét made mán in God's image —
Japét's fár wiser grándson made Gód in his ówn.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 25, 1856.

TOWARD hope's beácon far-gleáming acróss the wild wáters
Thou that cleávest with stróng arm and stóut heart thy wáy,
Swim ón and fear nóthing; thou súpp'st with thine Héro,
Or the deép sea provides thee with súpper and bed.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 24, 1856.

FROM my héart to my héad, from my héad to my hánd,
From my hánd to my pén, from my pén to my páper,
From my páper to týpes, and from týpes to more páper,
To thine eyes then, and héad, and at lást to thine héart —
Dost not wónder, sweet réader, this róund-about wáy —
From my héart to thy héart was éver found óut?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 2, 1856.

HE diéd, and the emáncipated soul
 Flew úpward, úpward, till it came to — héll's gate;
 Whére it was tóld, that, háving left at night,
 It shóuld have góne down, nótt have móunted úpward,
 For héaven, abóve all dáy, by níght was dównward.
 Bút the soul béing ethérial cóuld nótt sínk down
 Thróugh the thíck dénse air, and bútt hígher róse
 The móre it strúggled to fly heádlong dównward.
 Só in compásson héll's gate-pórtér stówed it
 In neíghbouring Límbo with unchristened children's
 Ínnocent hélpless spírít, súícides,
 And sóúls whích, líke ítsélf, had góne astráy,
 Thére in asýlum sáfe the tédíous tíme
 To whíle as bést it míght till móther chúrçh
 Decídéd hów at lást to be díspósed of
 Convéníent Límbo's chúrçh-perpléxing spírít.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

ÉVERY day thát I líve adds tó my knówledge
 And fróm my cóurage tákes; so whén I have cóurage
 It 's of nó úse to me for wánt of knówledge,
 And whén at lóng and lást I 'm fúll of knówledge,
 I cánnot úse it, béing in wánt of cóurage.

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

ONCE on a time a thousand different men
 Together knelt before as many Gods
 Each from the other different as themselves
 Were different each from each, yet didn't fall out,
 Or cut each others' throats amidst their prayers —
 "Stop there! that never happened, or, if it did,
 'Twas by a miracle; or if it happened
 Really and in the way of nature, tell me
 How, where, and when, what kind of men they were,
 What kind of Gods — didn't even the Gods fall out?"
 Not even the Gods; I'll tell thee how it was;
 But art thou trusty? canst thou keep the secret?
 "Yes yes." Then in thine ear: the thousand Gods
 Had all the selfsame name; so every God,
 Hearing no name invoked except his own,
 Believed that every man of all the thousand
 Worshipped him only; while each one of all
 The thousand worshippers, hearing no name
 Except his own God's name invoked, believed
 That every one of all the whole nine hundred
 Ninety and nine worshipped no God but his;
 So all the thousand men together lived
 In love and peace, as holding the same faith,
 And of the thousand Gods not one was jealous.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 13, 1856.

HÓNEY hére and wórmwood thére —

But nót as eách man wishes —

Hóney hére and wórmwood thére

Are óur alternáte díshes.

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

I DÓ not wónder I 'm so óften told

That the soul is immortal, grows not old;

So many people, looking inwards, find

In their old bódies a still childish mind!

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

I HÁTE him, the liar, who with feigned words deceives me,

And dóubly I háte him, the cléverer liar,

Who, thát I may nót call him liar, deceives me

Withóut words — by sílence or gésture or loók.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 13, 1856.

POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

CAN you téll me who wás it didn't cáre for the stáge,
Didn't cáre for the chùrch, didn't cáre for his tailor,
And in his whole hóuse hadn't so múch as 'one rázor?

FRIEND.

Why, áll the world knóws, he that wróte Misopógon.

POET.

No; hé that wrote —

FRIEND.

Sir, I didn't wish to affrónt you.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

I 'VE chósen a bad title, I am told;
Póems philosophical cannot be sold.
Well! néxt time I 'll a bétter title choose,
And cáll my poems PHILOSOPHC NEWS.
And if that álso fail, why then, néxt time
I sénd into the world a roll of rhyme,
Mum! of philosophy, and mum! of Muse —
Whó will not buy THE TELEGRAPH'S LATEST NEWS?

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

FOOT AND HEEL

“TRÚST in God’s próvidence,” the oýster said
Júst as the drédger pácked him in the boát;
“Trúst in God’s próvidence,” again he said
Júst as the knífe prised ópen his strong coát;
“Trúst in God’s próvidence,” third time he said —
And the plump oýster ’s dówn the bishop’s throát.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

I THÁNK thee nót for lóve or ádmirátion,
For lóve and ádmirátion bóth are pássions,
Both súfferings fórced upón thee will-ye nill-ye;
Nor thánk me thóu if Í admire and lóve thee,
For ón me toó are fórced alike bóth pássions,
I being a mére autómaton in the mátter,
And túrning tó or fróm, as I am pulled.
So sáys not every lover, but so acts,
Means so with évery présent to his místress,
And só, althóugh she sáys not, méans each fair one
That at the lóoking-glass adjúst her ríbbons.

CARLSRUHE, March 12, 1856.

ÍF thou wouldst see a pássion tórn to tátters
And évery tátter tórn again to tátters,
Íf thou wouldst see the únderstánding óútraged,
And the extrávagant and impóssible ácted
As mild and módest Náture's ówn commánds,
And cánst look steádily upon a bédlam
Let loóse and rámping — gó, read Schiller's RÓBBERS.

CARLSRUHE, March 6, 1856.

CHURCH RECRUITING SERGEANTS AND RECRUIT.

FIRST RECRUITING SERGEANT.

EXÁMINE nóT, but táke it ón my wórd;
To exámine is a críme which Gód will púnish.

SECOND RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Exámine, síft the trué out fróm the fálse;
Éven for that púrpose háS God given thee reáson.

RECRUIT.

To choóse betwéen ye wére to bég the quéstion;
Gíve me a bóx 'and díce here, 'and I 'll thrów for 't

CARLSRUHE, March 14, 1856.

SUNSET,

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 28, 1856.

HE 's góne, the world's glówing, magnificent Gód!
And léft till tomórrow the cáre of his réalms
To his púny vicegéreñts, the pále moon and stárs.

PUBLISHER TO THE AUTHOR.

WHAT! a póet and nó't superstitious!
'Twon't dó, 'twon't go dówn, they can't béar it;
Go, write metaphýsics, and leávé them
To psálms penitén'tial and Póllock.

CARLSRUHE, March 12, 1856.

[T 's a véry fine thing to be síre, I don't dóubt it,
To have fine parks and hóuse's, fine cáriages, hórses,
Fine sérvants, fine fúrniture, páñtries and eéllars,
Fine píctures, fine státues, fine jéwels, fine pláte,
Fine connéxions, fine vísitors, évery thing fine,
But í 'll live less fine — be so goód to allów me —
And leave óthers the grándeur and spléndor and cáre.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 6, 1856.

PHILOSOPHUS AND PHILARGYRUS.

PHILOSOPHUS.

TREASURES of unsunned gold!

PHILARGYRUS.

Where? where? Oh, where?

Show me the place; I'll dig and with thee share.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Here, read this book; Gods, that the precious prize
Should lie till now unspied by mortal eyes!

PHILARGYRUS.

No word of it here; in vain through all the book,
From leaf to leaf, from page to page, I look.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Why, it's in every page and every line;
Each word's a signpost pointing to the mine!

PHILARGYRUS.

I don't like riddles and still less like jokes.

PHILOSOPHUS.

My mine of gold you take then for a hoax;
And so it is, if, to a man of sense,
Between a mine of gold, real difference,
And the high lesson this book's leaves unfold:

How to live happy without mine of gold.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

CICERO.

How good must be the author of all goodness!

CESAR.

And Oh, how green the sower of all grass!

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 19, 1856.

TRUTH.

THERE is no truth but moral truth, th' accordance
Of the expression with the inward thought;
And of that truth there 's from its véry nature
No judge but one — the utterer himself.

Essential truth, th' accordance of th' expression
With the thing's sélf, varies with every judgment,
John's judgment finding perfect accord there
Where William's finds but discord, or at best
Accord impérfect; and not John's alone
But William's judgment too gainsaying Hugh's,
Hugh's Edward's, Edward's Joseph's, and so on,
On without end as long as there 's a judgment.

Go to! go to! then, thou that seek'st essential,
Absolute truth; thou hast it at this moment;
Nay, hadst it when an infant, when a boy,
As sùre as thou shalt have it at fourseore;
Nor to thy judgment of fourseóre shall seem
One whit more false the judgment of the boy,
Than to the boy the judgment of fourseóre.

To each age, sex and circumstance and station
Its own particular judgment how accord
Thing and expression; and that judgment's truth —
Truth to the individual — and the measure
By which, and which alone, he estimates,
Or can by possibility estimate,
The truth or falsehood of his neighbour's judgment.

Go, reader, then, and to thy moral truth
Tenacious cling, as to thy dear Palladium,
Thy honor, sacred duty and thy God,
And when men talk to thee of truth essential
Ask them what is it, where is it to be found;
And if they tell thee, here or there or yonder,
Away in the pursuit, and thou shalt never
From that day forward want a pleasant pastime,
A game for ever right before thee flying,
For ever near, but never, never caught.

CARLSRUHE, Febr. 5, 1856.

TO MY LOST ONE. *

As long as I had thee, thou dearly loved flower,
The year was to me sweet spring, summer, and autumn;
As soon as thou droopedst and witheredst away,
Ah! then came the cold frozen winter and storm.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

* See page 181 of this volume and DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.
in My Book.

The whole of the ... and ...
The ... of the ...
On the ...
The ... of the ...

CORRIGENDA.

- Page 14. Line 7 from bottom, instead of delirium read Delirium,
- Page 98. Last line, instead of EAST. read WEST.
- Page 118. Last line, after that and after advancement supply comma.
- Page 149. First and second line, instead of Éven read Even
- Page 173. Line 3 from bottom, *dele* comma.
- Page 197. Line 2 from top, after sún and after sêts supply comma.
- Page 204. Line 9 from top, after pláyest supply comma.
- Page 237. Line 9 from bottom, instead of future, read future;

1715

C A I N,

A S O L I L O Q U Y.

1875

1875

A. S. P. BOOKS

CAIN,

A SOLILOQUY.

IT'S done. Now let me reflect on it. Methinks it looks somewhat different already. I'm almost sorry I did it. I *am* sorry; very, very sorry. If I could but undo it! Alas! alas! never, never to be undone. Terrible condition! Better not have been born! Why then did I do it? Let me think. What made me do it? Something must have made me do it. Myself could not make myself do it. Myself make myself! Impossible. Then what made me? Let me think. It was this hand did it. What made this hand do it? I made this hand do it. Yes; I made, caused this hand to do it. "I" is my will. My will made, caused this hand to do it. It is the act of my will; that is, of myself; my own voluntary act. I willed it. But what made me will it? In the same way as something must have made my hand do it, something must have made my will will it. A desire made my will will it. Yes; a desire, an emotion. I felt it here. An impulse stirred my will, an instinct, a passion. I felt something stir my will, make my will will it. Cursed something! Cursed impulse, passion,

desire, whatever it was! But what made this impulse, this passion, this emotion, this desire stir my will; make my will will it? How should I know? It was not my will stirred this passion, this emotion, this desire; but this passion, this emotion, this desire stirred my will; made my will do the act. But this passion, this emotion, this desire was not made by itself; therefore must have been made by something else, something antecedent; and that something antecedent was not made by itself but by something antecedent; and so on; each antecedent something by something antecedent still; how far? Till we come to a God? What God? My father's God? Could my father's God make himself? Could any God make himself? Impossible. Therefore beyond a God, beyond my father's God, beyond all Gods. Each antecedent something by something antecedent still, till we come to what? To nothing? No; for out of that antecedent nothing there could come nothing. Therefore each antecedent something, out of something antecedent still, and so on, for ever, without end. Then there is no end. Is that possible? Yes; for as there is space beyond space, and space beyond space, and space beyond space, and no space beyond which there is not yet space; and as there is time beyond time, and time beyond time, and time beyond time, and no time beyond which there is not yet time; and as there is number beyond number, and number beyond number, and number beyond number, and no number beyond which there is not yet number, so there is thing beyond thing, and thing beyond thing, and thing beyond thing, and no thing beyond which there is not yet thing. It follows then that I could not help doing the deed; for my will did it, and my will was made do it by something which was made to make my will do it, and so on, for ever. My will was but a link in a chain, at one end of which was the deed and at the other end, what? no other end; but the chain stretching away and away and away into the infinite

distance, beyond the vision of the mind even when strained to the utmost, and with the most painful exertion. But how does it happen that a chain, infinite and unending on one hand, should be limited and have an end at the other? The chain is only a-making at that end; the act of the will which is now the end of the chain being to be followed by its act or consequence or thing, and that act or consequence or thing by another act or consequence or thing, and that by another, and so on, into the infinite future. And thus the chain extends out of view on both sides; is equally without beginning and without end.

But if the act was necessary and could not be helped, whence this remorse? why do I accuse myself of it? why does Conscience reproach me for having done that which I could not but do? Let me see. This remorse too must be caused. What causes it? I don't know. I can't see. Let me examine again. Is it real? Does Conscience really reproach me? First, what is Conscience? what more than feeling, sentiment? nothing more. I have a feeling that reproaches me, that says: — "Cain, you should not have done this." Let me see if I can answer that feeling, if I can reason with it. What does it say? "Cain, you should not have done so." Let me try what I can answer: — "I could not help it; something made, caused me to do so." Is Conscience content with that answer? is the feeling silenced? Yes, the feeling is silenced; it says no more "you should not have done so;" it is answered; I *should* do what I was *made* or *caused* to do, or rather there is no *should* or *should not* in the question; it is simply *must*. That is a happy thought; Conscience is answered, torments me no more. But stay: it is not silent yet; it is speaking again: let me listen; what can it be saying now? It is apologising, excusing itself: it says: — "Cain, my accusation was founded on the belief that you could have done otherwise. I now perceive that you could not. I now

perceive, what I never perceived before, that you do not command your will; that your will is commanded for you; caused to act by your passion, your emotion, the impression made on you; and your passion, your emotion, the impression made on you, caused again by your constitution, education, and circumstances at the moment. Your defence is good. I withdraw my charge, and pray forgiveness." Well then; Conscience accuses me no more; I feel remorse no longer; and yet I am unhappy; less unhappy than before, but still very unhappy. Why? let me try to find out wherein my remaining unhappiness consists: It is not remorse; what then is it? It is regret; deep, deep regret; sorrow for what I have done. Can I not silence this sorrow, as I just now silenced my conscience? Let me justify myself to my sorrow, as I did to my conscience: — "Sorrow, torment me not; I could not help it, I was made to do it." What answers Sorrow? "I torment thee, not because thou didst that which thou shouldst not have done, but because thou didst the deed at all." "I was made to do it. I could not help it." "I torment thee because thou wast made to do it." "Unhappy man that I am, tormented because I was made to do the deed! better unborn!" "Yes; it is thy misfortune to have been born to do the deed; done, I must torment thee for it. Thou wast born to be tormented by Sorrow. But tell me why didst thou do the deed?" "A feeling, a passion, an emotion moved my will to do it." "And that feeling, that passion, that emotion whence?" "From my physical constitution, my nature, my education, my circumstances at the moment; from Adam my father, and Eve my mother, and from the maker or cause of them both." "And canst thou not now tell whence I also come, and how it is as necessary Sorrow should torment thee, as it was necessary Will should do the deed? I too am an emotion, a passion, an instinct derived from thy physical constitution, thy nature, thy education, thy parents, and their maker, and the maker

of their maker, and so forth." "Then why camest thou not in time, that I might not have done this deed?" "As well mightest thou ask why did not the pain of the burn come in time to prevent the child from putting its hand into the fire. It is the constitution of thy nature." "Unhappy constitution! Cruel, cruel tormentor that tormentest me only when it is too late, when the deed is done, and the torment useless!" "Useless with respect to the past deed, but most useful with respect to the future." "But the future deed will be as necessary as the past." "Certainly; a similar desire or passion will produce a similar deed; but the similar desire or passion, before it can produce the similar deed, must be itself produced, and I prevent its production." "Blessed, blessed Sorrow, I thank thee; go on, go on; I will complain no more." And now let me consider again: I am sorry that I did the deed, and this sorrow is necessary or caused; as necessary, as caused, as the passion which caused the will to do the deed. What then causes this sorrow? To answer that question I must analyse my sorrow. What am I sorry for? For killing my brother. Why should I be sorry for killing my brother? Why? Is it because I have lost my brother; a good, kind brother? Yes; but my sorrow is greater than could have been occasioned by the mere loss of my brother. If he had been killed by a wild beast I would have equally lost my brother, but I would not have been equally sorry, I would not have sorrowed as I now sorrow. Am I sorry then because of the evil which has befallen my brother? Yes; but neither does that explain all my sorrow. I am sorrier than if he had died by the hand of another assassin, or been torn in pieces by a wild beast, yet the evil to him would have been the same. Why then do I sorrow more than for the loss I have myself sustained by my brother's death, more than for the evil which has befallen my brother? Why more? Let me think. My father and mother and sisters and every one who knows me will think worse of

me for what I have done. That is a great cause of sorrow. I have lost their good opinion for ever. That indeed is terrible. But why so terrible? I could not help it; the passion, which caused my will to do the deed, was caused. Will they not think of that, and forgive me? No; they cannot forgive me; it is impossible they should. They may indeed not inflict physical punishment on me, may not torture me, may not kill me, may not expel me from among them, but they cannot think of me as they did before. That is wholly impossible. They now know what they never knew before, that I am a man whose passion will carry him the length even of killing his own good and loving brother. How can any one ever love me more? It is impossible. I am a fallen man. But how fallen? Let me not imagine myself worse than I am. I am not fallen, for I was always the same; would have done the same thing the day before, or a week before, or a month before, or a year before, or twenty years before, if the same occasion had arisen. The same cause would have produced the same passion, the same passion caused the will to perform the same act. I am therefore no worse than before; nay the very same as before; am not fallen; only fallen in men's estimation. Then they estimated me too highly before; and should I sorrow that they now know the truth of me, that they are no longer deceived; know that I am a man unsafe to live with, to come near, to have anything to do with: a man whom they should either shun, or expel from among them, or kill? Should I sorrow for this? No; I should rather rejoice; rejoice that the truth is known of me; that my friends are no longer deceived about me; will be ware of me. That at least is a good consequence of my unhappy deed. If they had known it sooner the deed might have been prevented, and how happy had it been for me! my brother at least would still have been living. Their knowledge of me although too late to prevent that deed, is time enough to

prevent a similar. Let me then not sorrow that men have now that true knowledge of my character, which will prevent them from trusting themselves in my society for the future. They will shun me, or expel me, or kill me. Let me rejoice if they do. I cannot blame them if they do. They do it in selfpreservation. They are not safe near me. They now know they are not, and if they are wise will punish me; not out of wrath or vengeance, as I killed my brother; but to preserve themselves from me, and to deter others from following my example. But cannot I excuse myself to them? Let me think. Have I no excuse? Can I not silence their accusation as I silenced that of my own conscience? What did I tell Conscience? "I could not help it; my passion made my will do the deed, and my constitution, and education, and circumstances at the moment, caused my passion." This excuse satisfied my conscience, but did not satisfy my sorrow; will it satisfy men? Let me try: — "I could not help it. My will was made do the deed. I am not responsible. Ye cannot righteously either hate or punish me." What do they answer? "Villain, we hate thee and punish thee, not because of the deed, but because the deed was done, even as thou thyself sayest, by thy will, and thy will made to do it by thy passion, and thy passion caused by thy constitution and education and circumstances at the moment. We will not keep among us a man of such a constitution and such an education and such consequent passion. Begone from amongst us, and be thankful that we don't kill thee as thou didst thy brother." I have nothing to reply: out of my own mouth they condemn me. Better I had not been born! But is this all the cause of my sorrow? Has it no further cause? Let me see. Not only has this act of mine displayed to men my true character, but to myself; I sorrow to find myself such a man as I am: to think that even before this deed I was such a man as this deed has proved me to be. I shudder at

the very sight of myself, of what I have been even while no one, not even myself, so much as suspected it. My pride is humbled. I am a man of such constitution, such education, and such consequent passion, as wilfully to kill my own brother. "Wretch, hide thy face even from thyself. Happy for thee if men would kill thee before thou committest a worse act than even this! for as no one, not even thyself, could know beforehand that thy constitution, and education, and consequent passion, were such as would cause thee to commit this act, so no one, not even thyself, can know beforehand that thy constitution, and education, and consequent passion, are not such as to cause thee yet to commit an act even worse than this. Even by this one act how hast thou debased thyself in thine own eyes!" Let me console myself however with the reflection that I am no longer deceived about myself; that I know, better than ever I did before, my true character. Poor consolation! and yet something; for bad as it is to be base and vile, it is still worse to be base and vile, and believe myself noble and honorable.

Well then, is this the whole? The loss of my brother; the injury done to my brother; the loss of my own esteem, and of men's esteem, and the fear of men's vengeance. Is this the whole? Have I nothing more to lament? nothing more to fear? Will not my father's God punish me also? will he not send fiends to torment me, to haunt me day and night? That is a weighty consideration. Let me see. Let me consider it well. First of all, can he? To be sure he can, for he is almighty; that is his very name, what my father calls him. Resistance and escape are alike hopeless. He can punish me if he will. But will he? Let me see. To be sure he will, for he is a terrible God, as terrible as he is strong; given to passion and anger, even as I am myself; vindictive like a man; hates like a man; remembers like a man; judges and punishes as if he were

a man; and only differs from man in his greater strength, and never forgiving — for he is justice itself, must execute, cannot remit or forgive; else he becomes injustice. Terrible God! he will punish me; and men's punishment will be as nothing to his punishment, not only on account of his unlimited power and infinite sternness, but on account of his immutability. Men may after a time forget me and my crime, but my father's God never forgets; never softens; never relents; never, never; is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. His revenge therefore lasts for ever, for ever and ever; death which puts an end to all other sorrow is ineffectual to put an end to this; for this terrible, this malignant, this irresponsible despot drags me out of that death which closes the sufferings even of the beast of the fields, and infuses into me a new and everlasting life, for the sole purpose of tormenting me everlastingly; of tormenting me everlastingly for no good either to myself, or to himself, or to mankind, or to any one, or to any thing, but merely to indulge the malignancy of his own nature: me the work of his own hands; me to whom he gives the irresistible inclination and the power to do the very thing which he commands me not to do, the very thing to which he attaches his everlasting punishment. Tyrant, it was not I that killed my brother, it was thou that killedst him: where is my brother, tyrant? what hast thou done with him? The guilt is thine, not mine. I was but the club in thine hand: inflict thine eternal torment upon thyself. Cain, Cain, how spotless pure art thou in comparison with the monster — with the malignant, detestable, diabolical monster! But stay: whose God is this? Thy God, Cain? believest thou in such a God? worshippesst thou such a God? praycst thou to such a God? humblest thou thyself to such a God? to the inexorable, to the immutable, to the malignant, to the sole cause of all thy sorrow? No, I 'm not a fool: he is not my God: he is my father's God. Let my father, if he

will, honor him, and pray to him, and flatter him, and wheedle him to let him back into paradise; let him coax him, if he will; to reconstruct and remodel his bungled and imperfect work, I will have nothing to say to him. I renounce and disclaim him. What have I to do with him? What do I know about him? Better for me if he had never existed. But for him I could not this day have been the murderer of my brother. But let me see. Does he exist? Is there really such a God? Most devoutly do I hope there is not. How happy for me, for my father, for all men, if there were not! Let me see; let me see. Where did he come from? Who made him? What good in him? What use in him? Better without him. But my father says, this world required a God to make it. But if it did, the God that made it required another God to make him, for it is quite as easy, nay much easier, to conceive this world existing without a maker, than its maker existing without a maker. Who knows when this world which we see and feel was not to be seen and felt? who knows *that*, I say? First show me that there was a time when this world which we see and feel was not to be seen and felt, and then come and ask me to imagine a God to make it. First show me that there was a time when there was no time, and then come, if thou wilt, and ask me to imagine a God to make time. First tell me at what time did this God of thine make time. If thou answerest, at such a time, then there was time before God made it. If thou answerest, at no time, then no time is never. Or where was this God of thine when he made space? — *where* was he when there was no “*where*”? Or where is this God of thine now? Is he any where? Yes, he is somewhere. Where then? In heaven. Why the change of abode? Why leave where he was before he created heaven? Nonsense, mere nonsense; absurdities which full grown men instil into children; bugbears with which they frighten them until at last they

begin to be frightened themselves. But let me think seriously of it. My will did this deed; and my passion made my will do it, and my constitution and education and circumstances at the moment made my passion; and something previous made my constitution and education and circumstances at the moment; and something else previous made that previous something; and so on beyond sight and prospect, beyond the mental horizon, away, away, into the infinite distance. And who knows what there may be in that infinite distance, away beyond the intellectual horizon? Perhaps some God as bad as, or worse than, my father's God. Some more malignant, more vindictive, more despotic tyrant than even he. No; impossible; for malignancy, despotism, vindictiveness, are not beyond, but within, the intellectual horizon; are here at our very hand; are caused; and it is their cause we want, something that shall explain them, that shall account for their existence and to find which something we must of course go away beyond them. Some good being then, some amiable, forgiving, merciful, wise being; some being, all wise, all good, all amiable, all perfect, such as my father tells his God he is, when he wants to cajole and wheedle him to his purpose. No, equally impossible; for it is the cause of this goodness, this amiability, this perfection, we want, and the cause must be away beyond the effect. It is not this thing, or that thing — this goodness, this badness — which we seek, but the cause of this goodness, this badness; something therefore which is no thing. That is my God; no thing; but the cause of all things; that which is neither good nor bad, nor high nor low, nor great nor small, but which was and is beyond and before all these things and every thing, and of which I know nothing, and of which nothing can by any possibility be known except the mere negative, the pure and absolute nothing.

And is this all I know? With all the force of my understanding can I arrive at no more? If at no more, at least at no less. Ignorance rather than error. The ignorant mind may receive knowledge, for the field is open; the erring mind cannot receive it, for the field is full, full of error. Foolish man, vain, foolish, wicked, and hypocritical man, would fain hide ignorance behind error. But who am I that talk of vanity and wickedness? I; the murderer of my brother? Yes, why not I? what is VAIN? what is WICKED? what but men's opinion of certain acts, and why not my opinion equal to another's? What is the murder of my brother but the killing of my brother? what makes the killing of my brother murder, and his killing of me, if he had killed me in his selfdefence, not murder? what but the opinion of men who declare that the act done with the one passion or instinct is murder, the act done with the other passion or instinct not murder? But where is the difference between the passions or instincts? What makes one better or worse than another? He offended me and my blood rose and I killed him. I offend him and his blood rises and he kills me. Where is the difference but in degree? that my blood rises quick, his slow? Men judge that it is for their advantage a man's blood should rise slow and not quick, and punish me and reward him. It is the judgment of men; nothing else. Were sheep to judge, it is my brother were pronounced the murderer, who kills them in cold blood; them who have never offended him. But killing sheep does no harm to men, and therefore men do not call him who kills them murderer, nor punish him. And so it is. Men are right, and I blame them not. They have made this rule among themselves; and I am one of them myself, and a consenting party to the rule. Sheep would do so if they could, and do so as far as they can. Lions and wolves do so. Every thing that lives does so, as far as it can; makes its rules according to what it thinks its greatest

interest, and calls observance of those rules right, and violation of them wrong. I have done this wrong, this great wrong; broken the rule made by my friends and species and self, and must bear the consequence. Dreadful consequence! Better not have been born! Death a thousand times better. What? death? yes, death a thousand times better; next best to not to have been born. Death then, death. My friends cannot frown on me there. Men cannot expel me there; cannot hate me there; cannot mark me there; cannot hunt me down there; cannot lie their God, their demon, upon me there. My sorrow cannot torment me there. There at least I am safe. My passion cannot rise again there; my blood boil again there; and make my will kill another man, murder another brother. Come then, death; sweet, gentle death, long and last oblivion, come; best, kindest friend of man, come; Oh! come, come, come.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY (IRELAND). Autumn of 1851.

MENIPPEA.

CLOSE the book, reader, if to any fashion,
Or sect, or creed, or theory thou 'rt wedded;
Read on, if thou believest good may be
Perhaps even there where 'most thou disapprovest
— It may be even where most I disapprove —
Not to please thee I wrote, please thou thyself.

1248
6/1/93.

DRESDEN.

PRINTED BY C. C. MEINHOLD & SONS.

1866.

DEDICATION.

TO MOMUS.

HONEST God, who lovest candor,
And wouldst not great Alexander
Flatter, for his crown and scepter,
Or the praise of his preceptor;
Thou, to whom no altar blazes,
Had I voice, I 'd sing thy praises;
Having none, I lay my psalter
Humbly down on thy cold altar;
Take, and read it at thy leisure —
It was writ for Momus' pleasure.

[DRESDEN, May 16, 1866.]

1867
225
1/2

UNDER A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

COLD, unbelieving sceptic, turn and see
Here typified, Man's immortality.
As through my various phases I have passed,
— Egg, larva, pupa, insect — and at last
Have died and to an end come, and no more
Shall floweret sip, or through the blue sky soar,
So Man when through life's changes he has passed
And to his native dust returned at last,
Out of that dust shall rise to heaven on high,
To live with God himself and never die.
Doubt no more then, but carve upon thy tomb
A butterfly, the emblem of thy doom.

CARLSRUHE, March 25, 1856.

THANKS, Fortune! that thou sent'st into the world
So many accidents, cross-purposes,
Malapropos, surprises, slips of tongue;
Else never, never to this hour, had reached
Once to mine ear, Truth's weak and stammering voice.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

THE pious Christian says the Turk 's quite wrong;
The pious Turk says: wrong the Christian, quite;
Thou, larger-hearted, each by his own rule
Judge, and thou 'lt find both Turk and Christian right.

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

THIS infinite goodness which we see all roud us,
This infinite love and power and wisdom, whence?
Why, isn't it plain even to the veriest child,
From infinite goodness, love and power and wisdom?
Nothing without a cause is; so, of love,
Love is the cause; and power, the cause of power;
Goodness, of goodness; and of wisdom, wisdom:
Listen, ye atheists; blush, and be convinced.

CARLSRUHE, March 17, 1856.

"THANK thee, kind Providence," the cuckoo said,
Dropping her egg into the blackbird's nest;
"To thee, who so the blackbird's brood protectest,
My little one with confidence I trust."

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

THE FOUR HAPPY BEASTS.

“Vier Thieren auch verheissen war
In's Paradies zu kommen.”

GOETHE, West-Oestlicher Divan.

There are four beasts in paradise,
Among the saints and houris,
An ass, a dog, a wolf, a cat;
There are these four beasts only.

The ass, he is the very ass
Christ rode on, into Zion;
His bed is of palm branches made,
He 's held of all in honor.

The second beast in paradise
The wolf is, of Mohammed;
The wolf that killed the rich man's sheep,
But did not touch the poor man's.

The little dog that slept so long
And sound, with the Seven Sleepers,
The third beast is, in paradise;
He came there with his masters.

Abuherrira's pussy cat
The last of the four beasts is,
And lives on milk for lack of mice,
And purrs about the Lord's feet.

I 've not been there, myself, to see
That really, there, the four are,
But Goethe has, and I 'm content
To take it Goethe's word on.

CARLSRUHE, March 8, 1856.

THERE is a way to be by all beloved,
And live a happy life and free from trouble:
Give when thou hast, and give when thou hast nót,
And always give and give, and ask back nothing;
And never see a fault thy neighbour has,
Nor any virtue which thou hast thyself;
And not even in the fashion of thy shoe-tie
Differ one tittle from thy neighbour's judgment
— Out of conviction, mind! not compliment —
And never cease to instil into thy children
The love of virtue for its own, dear sake,
And to stray never from the path of honor
And independent principle and truth,
Not even to gain th' esteem of the whole, wide world.
So shalt thou happy live, and, when thou comest,
At last, to die, resign thy breath, contented,
Without a doubt thy children will have sense
To follow thy example, not thy precept.

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

I DON'T know which is worse, the Turk or Heathen;
And yet — stay, let me see — the Turk is worse:
The idol thou canst thrów down, smash to atoms;
But how out of the temple drivest Allah,
Th' invisible, th' intangible, the nothing?

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

“WHO 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?”
Through the lanes and markets I,
Through the lów ways and the high,
All the livelong morning, cry;
But no one comes to buy —
Téll me the reason why.

“Let 's see a poem — O fie!
You have gót the EVIL EYE;
Nóne of your poems I 'll buy —
Good bye, Sir Poet, good bye!”

“From your own self, you fly;
It 's yóu have the EVIL EYE;
Í 'm but its painter, I.
Of the truth since you 're so shy,
Good bye, my friend, good bye!
I 'll not séll to you, not I;
Keep your money for a lie —
Who 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?”

CARLSRUHE, May 2, 1856.

“Omne tulit punctum.”

THE pious man alone makes way with God;
With Man, the pietist alone makes way;
So be thou pietist and pious both,
And, holding all the trumps, the whole game 's thine.

CARLSRUHE, May 20, 1856.

INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG'S COLLAR.

DESPISE me not: I am as true
And incorruptible, as you;
Have whiter teeth, can sharper smell,
Can run as quick, and fight as well,
And, if all 's true that people tell,
Haven't half your chance to go to Hell.

CARLSRUHE, April 20, 1856.

HUSH! not one word about it! here 's my child.
Children must not hear what their parents think.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

IF I said truth, forgive me, good, kind friend;
'Twas a mere inadvertence, not design.
I know the rules of life; am neither drunk,
Nor fool, nor child, nor unbeliever simple,
And if, at times, I 'blurt the awkward word,
Repentance follows with her scorpion whip,
And lashes, till he bleeds, the unhappy culprit.
Forgive me then, truth 's its own punishment.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

PROVIDENCE.

UPON that Providence rely
Which feeds the spider with the fly.
"But what if I should be the fly?"
Upon that Providence rely
Which sends the housemaid with the broom
To sweep the spider out of the room.
"But what if I 'm the spider?" Why,
Upon that Providence rely
Which sends the housemaid out to flirt,
And leaves the chamber in its dirt,

CARLSRUHE, May 7, 1856.

THE king walked out,
And looked about;
His heart was full of pride:
The king walked in,
And, by a pin
Pricked in the finger, died.

Ye laureates, sing
The mighty king,
The just, the brave, the wise;
But to the bier
Come not too near —
It stinks, and gathers flies.

CARLSRUHE, April 6, 1856.

GO to! Go to! thou that believ'st thy soul
Unborn, all perfect, and to live for ever,
And feel'st it not each moment dying in thee,
Each moment newly born — even as thy flesh —
Till it 's as little like, at eighty years,
That which it was at eighteen years or months,
As the lank hair of eighty years is like
The curls of manhood or the baby's down.
Go to! Go to! I will not argue with thee,
Thou who feel'st not thy soul's growth and decay,
And still less argue with thee if thou feelest
Thy soul grow and decay, and knowest not,
To grow and to decay mean but — to die.

CARLSRUHE, May 1, 1856.

RELIGION learns addition well,
But is a perfect blockhead at subtraction;
Easier to add a hundred new,
Than take one old saint from the calendar.

Well for the new saint! well for the old!
And well for us, poor, pelting devils of sinners,
Who stand so much in need of friends
At court, to introduce and recommend us!

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

NO statute against lying; why? because,
How without help of lying make a statute?

ALITER.

No statute against lying; why? because
Liars and lies, our lawmakers and laws.

CARLSRUHE, May 8, 1856.

WITH memory short and understanding weak,
And appetites fierce rampant as a beast's,
And hideous outside, crippled and deformed
— Hypocrisy and cruelty and pride,
Malignancy and violence and imposture
Oozing, redundant, out of every pore —
Behold the Lord's elected, the redeemed,
The newly born, the vessel of God's grace,
The ethereal spirit that, in pure white robed,
Shall sit enthroned beside the son of God,
Judging the heretic, infidel, and heathen,
Or, harp in hand, with choirs seraphic mingle,
And raise th' accepted hymn, to the Most High.

CARLSRUHE, May 13, 1856.

I ASK no better omen of my lore
Than that each reader, while he reads, should cry: —
“Well said! well said! that could not be said better;
But I, for all that, don't agree with him;
He is a queer, odd fellow; has strange notions,
Of God, especially, and the soul, and heaven,
And things of that sort; things so plain and easy
That I have never found it necessary
To enlarge the views I had of them when a child,
A little, whimpering child of six years old.
I wonder at him, for I know he is
A good, well meaning man, and every time
I say my prayers I pray God to forgive him
And make him like the rest of us — amen!”

CARLSRUHE, May 23, 1856.

HAPPY and good, who well deceives his foes;
Happier and better, who his friends deceives well;
Happiest and best, who well deceives his children,
Hides from them all he feels and thinks and knows,
All the experience his long life has taught him,
And, when he dies, behind him leaves them floundering
In the same sea of lies, in which his own
Kind parents, when they died, left him to flounder.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

IT 's a holy whim, a holy whim;
Unholy! be thou still:
It 's a holy whim, a holy whim,
Holy will have its will.

It 's Holy rules the earth and sea;
It 's Holy rules the sky;
Of Holy we are still the slaves,
Whether we live or die.

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

UNLAMENTED, well deserving,
By the vengeful hand of Verger
Fell the portly, proud archbishop: *
Unlamented, well deserving,
By the vengeful ax fell Verger.
Bravo! bravo! so the wóod 's cleared,
And the heaven's light, heat and ráin get
To the grass, and make it grów up.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 8—9, 1857.

* Siborn, Archbishop of Paris, while officiating in the church of St. Stephen of the Mount, in Paris, January 2, 1857, was assassinated by a priest, of the name of Verger, who was immediately arrested, and, with as little delay as possible, tried, convicted and guillotined.

MY country's language is the stone of which
I have built myself a temple vast and solid,
Where tribes and nations yet unborn shall seek
And find me ever-present, and propitious,
Me, whom my countrymen not understanding,
Despise, even as the Jews their holiest prophet,
And, to false prophets only, lend an ear.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1857.

O EVER-TRUNDLING Dresden, if so few
Drive in thy streets, it 's not for want of wheels.
What is it, then, that 's wanted, that so few
Drive in thy streets, O ever-trundling Dresden?
Why, horses, to be sure! to sit and drive,
Where women, men and dogs are always drawing.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 27, 1857.

FIRM to the truth adhere so long as thou gain'st by it,
And never tell a lie but for thy profit.
So shalt thou please God best, by men live honored,
Avoid the martyr's crown, yet win the saint's.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 13, 1858.

I TOOK my dog with me, one day, to church,
And, full of wonder that he did not worship,
Said to him when I came home: — "How is 't, Tray,
That you 're not thankful to the God of all?"
"What God of all?" said Tray; "the God who made
Me and my fellows for the use of you
And yours, not for our own use or enjoyment?
Lick *ye* his hand, wag *ye* your tails to him;
By your own showing *we* owe nothing to him;
A devil had treated us as well or better."
So saying, Tray lay down upon his mat
Growling, and I said — What hadst thou said, reader?

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 12, 1858.

THOU, pious Christian, when thou diest bring'st with thee
Into the heaven of heavens, thine earthly soul,
With all its human knowledge and affections.
I, when I die, cease wholly and need nothing;
Bring with me nothing, not even thy farewell;
But take thou mine, and sometimes even in heaven
Think of me; sometimes to the recollection
Of thy once dear friend spare some few short moments
Of thine eternity of perfect bliss.
Thou shakest thine head — well! well! I 'll not insist;
It was a foolish thought; forgive thy friend,
And, in thy pure and perfect joy, forget.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 11, 1858.

UNDER A PICTURE OF
MISS LOUISA GRACE'S DOG, ALÌ.

I NEVER go to church, I never pray,
Never confess my sins, but, all the day,
Follow my nose, do what me pleases best,
Eat, drink and sleep, and leave to God the rest,
Whom thou so busy keep'st with minding thee
— Blessed, lucky chance! — he never thinks of me.
Wouldst thou know who I am, Alì 's my name
(Or Doctor Henry — it is all the same),
Of cynic race, some say, and an ascetic;
A stoic, some say; some, a peripatetic;
But of whatever sect, whatever race,
'The true friend, still, of Miss Louisa Grace.

PISTOJA, April 7, 1858.

— "Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

I WOULD not be Alì — not for the whole
Wide world — with scarce a body and no soul,
And two blind eyes, and snivelling nose, and tongue
Out of a toothless mouth on one side hung
Like a red clout. Talk of his pedigree
And gentle blood! I would not be Alì
— Not even for heaven itself — and to the side
Of a proud mistress with a string be tied.
What is 't to mé, she has a lovely face?
What is 't to mé, she 's called Louisa Grace?
That she draws truer than Da Fiesole,
Than Petrarch purer writes, what is 't to me?

That she steps Juno, smiles the Queen of Love,
Coos sweeter in the ear than Paphian dove?
I 'll nót trot at her side through mire and dust,
Not pút up with her "Come!" "Go!" "Sir, you must;"
Jump when she bids, and, when she bids, lie down
Át her foot-sóle, half smothered in her gown.
Áh may if he likes: a frée dog, I;
A frée dog I was born, and free will die.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

"Á FINE, hopeful boy, your Tommy;
Always takes and holds the first place,"
Tó an anxious father said once
Á grave, feruled, wíse schoolmáster;

"But your Neddy, sir, I féar me,
Nó good óf him will come ever;
Thére he stands, the lást boy always —
Át the bottom of the whóle class."

Nów I dare not say schoolmásters
Ever pút boys in wrong places,
Though I 've sometimes stood, I ówn it,
At the bottom of the whóle class,

And you 'd wonder little Neddy
Ventured even so much as hínit,
Hád you seen those shaggy, bláck brows,
And the birch that hung not fár off: —

"Only be so good as sometimes
Tó begin to count from mé, sir,
And you 'll find, perhaps," said Neddy,
"Í 'm not always in the lást place.

"But as long as you begin your
Count from favorite Master Alpha,
Not a boy in school but knows that
Fór poor Omega there 's smáll chance."

True the story, and a mere fact,
Not a tale excogitated
Tó discredit schools and teachers,
Else, be sure, you had had a priest in it.

PISTOJA, April 10, 1858.

I SAW him pick it up; it was a rag
Worth nothing, yet he picked it up and stówed it
Away into his pouch, as thou wouldst gold.
Misery was in his face, and in the act,
And in the shame with which he strove, in vain,
The act to hide. My very heart bled fór him,
And with mine eye I followed him until
Ín, at a door more wretched than himself,
Tottering and slow and sad, he disappeared.
Twice, in my dreams, since then I've seen his frail,
Stooped, trembling figure; more than twice since then
Have, to my waking self, hoped he was dead
And out of suffering, and no longer, more
Than ever impious atheist by his reasoning,
Against God's goodness and God's providence,
By the mere fact of his being alive, blasphemed.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

ADAM'S EPITAPH.

KIND Providence it was, that gave me life;
Kind Providence it was, gave me a wife;
Kind Providence it was, took from me both.
To accuse a good, kind Providence, I 'm loath,
But, in my simple judgment, he should either
Have left both with me, or have given me neither.

Walking from LAVIS to DEUTSCHMETZ (SOUTH TIROL), April 28, 1858.

"THIS world's goods are dross and rubbish,"
Said I to Religion, óne day;
"Yet, methinks, thou 'rt never easy
When thou 'st nót got á good sháre o' them."

"To be sure," answered Religion;
"Just because they 're dross and rubbish,
I endeavour to make up, in
Quantity, the deficit in
Solid and intrinsic value."

"Right," said I, "and Í have twó birds
Killed with óne stone, for I see now,
For the first time, why Religion
Ís so well contented, always,
With an infinitesimal portion
Óf God's graces, for her ówn share."

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 23, 1860.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."
Gay's Epitaph.

THIS life 's a jest, you wicked poet;
Living, you thought so; dead, you know it.
But what 's the next life, tell us. "Why,
The next life 's serious, being — a lie."

KLOBENSTEIN, on the RITTEN, near BOTZEN, May 3, 1858.

ARRANT cheats, as all the world knows,
Hope and Féar are, and were always;
Vagabonds of different sexes,
Once, by chance, they came together.

Róund Fear's waist Hope threw his stróng arms,
Kissed and pressed and coaxed and cuddled;
Féar grew big, and in due tíme was
Safe delivered of Religion.

Arrant cheats, as all the world knows,
Were, and still are, both the parents;
Where 's the wonder if the daughter 's
Twice as arrant cheat as either?

FLIRSCH, in the STANZER-THAL, TIROL, May 12, 1858.

THOU praisest, blesest, glorifiest God:
Why not? the child says, to the rising sun,
Good morrow! to the setting sun, Good night!
And beats the naughty stool that fell and hurt him.

REUTI, in the RHEIN-THAL, CANTON ST. GALLEN, May 15, 1858.

MILES VETUS AND TIRO.

MILES VETUS.

HEAVEN is the land of bliss.

TIRO.

But where 's that land,
That happy land? Oh! tell me, if thou lov'st me.

MILES VETUS.

Beyond the sea, above the sun and stars,
Deep in the bowels of the solid earth,
Or wheresoever 's the securest place
And least accessible, there, there is heaven.

TIRO.

And when I 'm there at last, at long and last,
Shall I be happy? tell me, tell me truly.

MILES VETUS.

Why, to be sure! — The bird stands to be caught,
When once thou hast put the salt upon its tail.

MÖHRINGEN, on the DANUBE, May 25, 1858.

IF hé 's religious who believes in one
 Sole, single, all-sustaining Providence,
 Double, at least, must his religion be,
 Who has the happiness to believe in two:
 In number One, who fills Man's hungry belly,
 And number Two, who makes Man's belly hungry.
 But, with three-fóld religion, blessed, is he,
 The pious man, who 'd, if he could, install
 A third, and still more needful, Providence,
 To balance th' other two, and to preserve
 Birds, beasts, and fishes from Man's hungry belly,
 And from each other's — filling up with grass,
 Or doing away entirely with, all bellies.

FORBACH, in the MURG-THAL, BADEN, May 30, 1858.

TOMMY AND NEDDY,

CONTEMPLATING A CORPSE.

TOMMY.

DEAD as a dog!

NEDDY.

Ay, to be sure;

Dead, and that 's all about it.

TOMMY.

But the soul, Ned?

NEDDY.

Why, up to heaven

Gone, with the dog's; don't doubt it.

MALSCH, néar CARLSRUHE, May 31, 1858.

"Caput rerum Roma."

BEING themselves of all the whole, wide world's
Cruel, unscrupulous, hard-hearted tribes,
The most hard-hearted and unscrupulous,
The Romans conquered all the whole, wide world.
What are they now, those haughty, conquering Romans,
Who gáve laws to the Briton and the Mede,
Who chopped the hánds off, of their Dacian captives,
And, to amuse themselves and wives and children,
Tortured to death the Christian in the Arena —
What are they now? cameo-cutters, painters,
Carvers of wood and marble, stucco-plasterers,
Long-petticoated priests and slip-shod friars
Mumbling prayers for bajocchi. And Rome's Caesar,
— Augustus, Pater Patriae, Imperator —
What is he now? a preacher, a confessor,
A soul-absolver, dispensation-granter —
A hobbling porter with a bunch of keys,
Opening for those who well the knocker grease,
Growling at beggars, threatening naughty boys
That if about the dōor they keep such noise —
Pshaw! leave him there: to thee or me, what matter?
Rome 's dead and gone — that 's all; but, if it be,
Another 's coming, or already come,
For Man is Mán still, and the world 's the world,
And as wide-mouthed, voracious pike, today,
Breed in the Seine as ever bred in Tiber.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 20, 1858.

LADY GOUT.

LADY Gout once caught a rich man
By the foot, and pulled him tó her,
Saying: — “Come; lie down beside me;
While we may, let us be happy.”

And the rich man was no Joseph,
And lay down beside her, willing —
Such things, many a time, have happened,
Many a time, such things will happen.

Lady Gout the rich man's hánd caught
Ín her hand, and warmly pressed it,
Twined about his neck her líthe arms,
Kissed and coaxed and hugged and cuddled;

Said, he was her only loved one,
Hér dear, only, one beloved one;
Kissed him twenty times a minute,
Fifty times a minute, kissed him.

Tó draw breath, the rich man struggled,
And unlock her arms clasped róund him
Tight as ever round Laocoon
Ánd his twó sons clung the serpents.

Lady Gout kissed only faster,
Only closer hugged and cuddled —
See the rich man, how he reddens,
In the face, and swells and blackens;

Like a board upon a billow,
How his bosom up and down heaves —
Not for thousand times his treasures,
Would I change lots with that rich man.

From between his lips the foam spews,
And his eyes are glazed and staring,
And his bosom heaves no longer,
And his skin is cold and clammy.

It's a strong love doesn't from death turn;
Lady Gout, all of a sudden,
To corruption leaves one sweetheart,
And her arms flings round another.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 5, 1858.

JULIAN AND GALLUS,

IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM.

JULIAN.

LIKE, as an egg's, life's two ends to each other:
Blind, helpless, speechless, at one end we enter,
Not knowing where we are, or whence we come;
Blind, helpless, speechless, exit at the other —
Who has come back to tell us why or whither?

GALLUS.

Lazarus, for one.

JULIAN.

And what did Lazarus say?

GALLUS.

Nothing; seemed not to know he had been away.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, July 1, 1858.

Γροθὶ σεαυτοῦ.

So thou hast been at Delphi, yet not learned
Thou 'rt not a baker, but a lump of dough
Leavened with óne part pleasure, thrée parts pain,
Kneaded, rolled out, and scored and pricked all over,
Baked, sliced, chewed, swallowed, cast into the draught,
Not doubting, all the while, but thou 'rt a baker.
Go back to Delphi, fool, and say I sént thee,
Not to consult the oracle but read
The inscription on the shrine; go back to Delphi.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 22, 1858.

SHE was a gallant ship, that, many a day,
Buffeted with the winds and ocean waves,
But in the course of time, alas! grew crazy,
And sprang a leak, and, in a hurricane,
Foundered, and sank in thousand-fathom water,
And no two boards of her remained together.
No matter; weep not fór her; the day 's coming,
When from the bottom she 'll rise stately up,
— New rigged and painted — not to sail the sea
Or buffet with the stormy winds and waves,
But float serene, above, in the blue sky,
Beyond the clouds, in everlasting sunshine.
Deplore not the wrecked vessel, but rejoice,
And lóok out for her day of resurrection.

RINKLINGEN, BADEN, July 3, 1858.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPIL AND MONITOR.

PUPIL.

AN angel, that!

MONITOR.

Ay, to be sure! an angel;
Hasn't it the duck's wings stuck between its shoulders?
A little boy with duck's wings on his back 's
An angel; a great big one 's an archangel;
A head without a body, and with wings
Under its chin, one on each side, 's a cherub.

PUPIL.

And when I die, am I to be an angel?
Or an archangel? or a cherub only?

MONITOR.

None of the three; you are to be a spirit.

PUPIL.

But I 'll have wings to fly about, like them?

MONITOR.

No; what would spirits do with wings, who have neither
Bodies nor heads, nothing at all to carry?

PUPIL.

How can they eat or drink, unless they 've heads?
Or come and go, unless they 've feet or wings?

MONITOR.

They neither eat nor drink, nor come nor go.

PUPIL.

And do they never talk at all?

MONITOR.

How could they,
Having no heads nor mouths nor tongue nor teeth?

PUPIL.

Then what do they do? what use in them at all?
 They can't even think or feel, not having heads.
 I 'm sure I hope I 'll never be a spirit;
 An angel or a cherub 's well enough,
 Or an archangel, but, if I 'd my choice,
 I 'd just as 'soon be nothing, as a spirit.

WEINSBERG, WÜRTEMBERG, July 7, 1858.

CHRIST'S kingdom is of love, pure love alone;
 No touch of hatred has an entrance there.
 But, in his very nature, Man 's compounded
 Of love and hatred variously proportioned:
 A drachm of love, here, to an ounce of hatred;
 Hatred a drachm, there, to a whole pound of love;
 But no one without hatred, if 'twere only,
 To hate the evil as we love the good.
 Into Christ's kingdom, therefore, being of love,
 — Pure love alone — no man shall find admittance,
 No man has ever found. What follows thence?
 Why, that Christ's kingdom is to Man a blank,
 A void, a cypher, a non-entity,
 A grain of salt upon a bird's tail thrown
 To make the bird stand still until it 's caught.
 Be not your own dupes then, ye amiable,
 Simpleton pictists; on Christ's gate 's written,
 Throw off the natural man ere here ye enter:
 That is to say, minus the figure of speech,
 For human nature, here, there 's no admittance.

Walking from ZELL on the MOSELLE, to ALF, July 21, 1858.

ONCE upon a time a yóung man
Had a tree he loved and cherished,
Such a tree as yóung men often
Have or máy have — óld men, never.

Deep and firm, not to be shaken,
In the ground this tree was rooted;
Strong and straight the stem, and taper;
Full of leaves and flowers, the branches.

Day by day the yóung man watched it,
Cared it, day by day, and watered;
Wondered why so slow the fruit came,
Though it had so early blossomed.

Year by year the yóung man watched it,
Cared and pruned, manured and watered;
Still no fruit, no fruit at all, came;
Only buds and leaves and blossoms.

Now the yóung man is an óld man;
And his tree is dead and withered: —
“Ít will béar fruit in the blúe sky,”
Said the óld man, with his lást breath.

Tell me, reader, if thou knowest,
What the name is of that stránge tree;
In thy mind's botanic garden,
Hást thou á tree like it, growing?

Walking from ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, to GLENAGEARY,
April 21, 1859.

MAGISTER.

THIS bread 's my body, and this wine 's my blood:
Eat and drink freely, they are given for yóu.

DISCIPULI.

Capital, both; but for our natural horror
Of cannibalism, we 'd wish thou wert a giant.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 21, 1859.

GOD'S will be done! God's will is always good.
Let God take fróm me my whole worldly substance,
To the last penny; let God plague and véx me
With pains and blotches and all kinds of sores;
Of sight and hearing, life itself deprive me;
God's will be done! God's will is always good.
But let my neighbour in like fashion tréat me,
He is a rogue, a villain, my worst foe.
Read me the riddle, reader, if thou canst:
Why is the sáme thing good, at once, and bad —
Bad at Man's hands received, and good at God's?
Is it because in disrespect to Man,
We call his áct bad, which is good being God's?
Or is 't because, in compliment to God,
We call his áct good, which is bad being Man's?
Read me the riddle right, ingenuous reader,
And thou shalt ever be my great Apollo.

Walking from BETTRICH to HONTHEIM (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 21, 1858.

THE LORD AND ADAM,

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE LORD.

— For, dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

ADAM.

If dust I am, and shall to dust return,
All 's right. I shall return to what I am.

THE LORD.

Thou 'rt quite too literal; I love a trope.

ADAM.

That 's more than I do. I must fairly own
I don't like to have sand thrown in mine eyes.
Why make that harder still to understand,
Which, in itself, is hard? The plainest speech
Pleases me most.

THE LORD.

He 'll not make a bad Quaker.

[aside.]

— And for thy sake the serpent too is cursed,
Shall on his belly go, and eat the dust.

ADAM.

That 's a trope too, no doubt.

THE LORD.

Why, half and half;
Trope, he shall eat the dust; but literal
And matter of fact, he shall go on his belly.

ADAM.

Excuse me — on his back; for on his belly
He goes at present and has always gone.

THE LORD.

Belly or back, 's small difference in a serpent;
From either he 'll know how to bruise thy heel.

ADAM.

But I 'll go in a carriage, ride on horseback,
Or, if I go on foot, wear leather boots.

THE LORD.

Literal again! It would have saved some trouble,
To have put a few grains more of poetry
Into the dull prose of thy composition.

ADAM.

It can't be helped now; but next time you 're making
A thing, like me, with an immortal soul
— For I 'm none of your dust, I 'm bold to tell you,
But an ethereal spirit in a case —
'Twere well you 'd make him with sufficient wit
To understand your flights of poetry,
Or, if not, that you 'd talk to him in prose.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, April 17, 1859.

DERVIS AND BIBLE-READER.

UPON their asses, mounted, with their wallets,
Forgathered once, upon the road to Bagdad,
A travelling Dervis and a Bible-reader.
In broken French as they beguiled the way
Goodhumored and polite, the missionary
Observed the Dervis's right cheek and eye
Swollen as with toothache, and, compassionating,
Asked what was 't ailed him. "Toothache," said the Dervis;
"For thrée nights past, not óne wink have I slept,
And every bit I eat, puts me to torture."
"I praise thee that thou bearest with due patience
God's castigating hand," replied the Christian;
"Sin merits punishment, and man 's a sinner."
"And is that ass a sinner," said the Dervis,
"That with thy cudgel thou layest on him so,
Or wouldst thou only make him travel faster?
I, for my part, bear patiently the toothache,
Not as Heaven's retribution for my sins,

But, as thine ass bears patiently the cudgel,
 Because impatience would but make it worse.
 I 'd cure it, too, by drawing, had I only
 A dentist near me; which thou darest not do,
 Being bound, as a good Christian, not to kick
 Against thy sins' well merited chastisement —
 Bound not to disappoint and render void,
 By human wit, Heaven's well considered purpose.
 Hé is a rebel against Heaven's high state
 Who owns his guilt, yet lifts his parrying hand
 Against Heaven's bastinado. Christian! Christian!
 A petty, peddling Cadi is thy God,
 By the few good scarce willingly obeyed,
 Boldly at nought set by the many bad.
 By good and bad, alike, obeyed 'is Allah,
 The Moslem's God, and what he wills is fate.
 Therefore I cure, if curable, my toothache;
 Or bear with patience what must needs be borne."

Walking from HONTHEIM to MEHREN (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 22, 1858.

PAINTER, wouldst thou paint a yéung man,
 Paint him with his eye fixed steady
 On the rising sun, before him;
 At his back, paint mists and darkness.

In Hope's colours dip thy pencil;
 Put enough of bright, blue ský in;
 In the grass let lambs be frisking;
 Set on every spray a linnet.

Paint him smooth, erect and comely,
 With his horse and hounds beside him;
 On the right hand or the léft hand,
 Not far off, must stroll a maiden.

Painter, wouldst thou paint a pendant
For thy yóung man's finished portrait,
Sée that óld man, toward the gróund stooped,
On his pair of crutches leaning.

Clouds and darkness are before him,
Shutting out all forward prospect;
Át his back the sun is setting;
Winter's winds are howling róund him.

Let thy lights be dim and misty;
Dip in Memory's hues thy pencil;
Leaden-coloured be the landscape;
Deep and broad, spread out thy shadows.

Leafless trees put in the báckground;
Rocks and stones, both sides the páth, strew;
In the fóreground put a churchyard
With the gate wide standing open.

On the sáme wall hang both pictures,
With the sáme name superscribe both,
— Thine or mine or any body's —
And the words: RESURGET UTER?

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

HE that has lost his lást tooth may bid bold
Defiance to the toothache. He, blessed man!
Who draws his lást breath may defy all pain.
So happily constructed is the world.
Ingrates! that with so fáint praise ye extol
Your Maker's infinite beneficence.

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream once, a strange dream,
As in my bed I lay asleep
At midnight, in the Villa Strozzi,
Upon the Viminal, in Rome.

A man came riding on an ass;
His head was bare, so were his feet;
Nor other clothing had he on
Than a shirt neither fine nor white,
And a gray linsey-woolsey coat
Made without lappet, seam or button,
And with a cord girt round his waist,
And, to his ancles, reaching down.
Fair were his features, and his eyes
Shone full of dignity and love;
His hair fell loose upon his shoulders.
Above him, in the air, two cherubs
Held up, with one hand each, a crown;
Alas! it was of thorns and bloody.
Before him, on the ground, poor people
Went strewing roses and palm branches;
Before him and behind, went others
Joyfully singing loud hosannas.
As I looked wondering on, methought
I heard a cry of: — "Cléar the way:
Cléar the way for the Master's servant:
Cléar the way for his Holiness:
Cléar, for his Mightiness, the way."
And the man mounted on the ass
Drew to the róad-side, and stood still;
And the poor people who were singing,

And strewing roses and palm branches,
 Drew up, on either side the road,
 Scarcely in time to avoid the troopers
 Who, from behind, at quick, rude trot,
 With drawn swords glittering in their hands,
 Came riding up, about a hundred;
 The dust rose from their horses' feet;
 And some among them cursed and swore,
 Others talked ribaldry, and one,
 Stopping, cried with a jeer: — "Thou fellow,
 How much to boot besides this horse
 Wilt thou take for that beast of thine?"
 Another, with his sword's point pricking
 The ass's side, cried: — "Come, my hearty,
 Fall in, and ride along with us;
 A merry life 's an ouserider's
 Before the Holy Father's carriage."
 "What 's that thou say'st?" scoffed loud another;
 "The rogue ride in our company!
 Ride thigh by thigh with gentlemen!
 I know a trick worth two of that —
 But there 's no time now — gallop on;
 His Holiness drives fast, today:
 Out of the way, ye vagabonds;
 Clear, for his Holiness, the way."
 He said, and gave his horse the spur,
 And forward dashed; and all the troopers
 Dashed forward, raising clouds of dust;
 And up behind came, at the instant,
 A carriage drawn by six black horses,
 All foaming, snorting, caracoling,
 All matches, all caparisoned
 In gold and silver and stones precious;
 Their very shoes with silver plated.
 The carriage was a moving throne
 — Of polished chocolate panels, part;
 Part, plate-glass windows framed in gold —
 And bore the papal arms emblazoned:
 Keys, and a triple diadem.

Within, on crimson velvet cushions,
 In a complete suit of white satin,
 White frock, white cape, and white *beretta*,
 A portly personage sat lolling.
 From a gold chain about his neck
 Suspended hung, in gold and diamonds,
 The world's Redeemer on the cross.
 Outside his glove's forefinger glanced
 The diamonds of his signet ring.
 To judge from his effeminate,
 Soft, flabby, hairless cheeks and chin,
 And meek, adjusted mien, decorous,
 It is a woman or a eunuch,
 Sexagenarian; but look deeper,
 And in that dark, voluptuous eye,
 The male's most cherished vices see,
 Pride, cunning, selfishness, ambition,
 And — paramour of all the four,
 Now separately, now together —
 Incestuous, prostitute Religion.
 But stay — he 's sick — or what has happened,
 That in such haste he stops the carriage
 And, through the open window, holds
 So serious parley with the coachman?
 As thus I said within myself,
 And, curious, nearer drew, methought
 One of three liveried footmen opened
 The carriage door, and he within,
 Descending, knelt upon the ground,
 And, reverent, kissed the dusty foot
 Of him that sat upon the ass,
 And said: — "Hail, Master, Lord, and King!
 Look gracious down upon thy servant,
 And deign to make use of his carriage.
 It shameth him to see thee ride,
 Thus ill at ease, upon an ass,
 While hé lolls in a cushioned carriage.
 Nay, be not angry, dreaded Lord,
 But get thee up into the carriage,

And I, as it befits the servant,
 Will mount the ass and ride behind."
 "My father sent me, not to ride
 In cushioned carriages," replied
 The man upon the ass, severe,
 "But patiently to do the work,
 And bear the floutings, of a servant."
 "Far be it from my Lord and King,
 Far be it," said the man in satin,
 And gently raised, and, with the help
 Of the three liveried footmen, placed
 The Unresisting in the carriage;
 Then bade the coachman drive on slow,
 And mounted on the ass, and followed.
 Which when the people saw, some smiled,
 And some said: — "It 's the work of Satan."
 And others shook their heads and said: —
 "Who ever saw so strange Palm Sunday?"
 And not a few said in their hearts,
 The Holy Father, sure, 's gone mad.
 And every one took up a pálm branch,
 And went, toward home, his separate way;
 And I, with strained and aching eye,
 Gazed after rider, ass, and carriage,
 Till, at a turning of the road,
 All disappeared, and I awoke
 With chattering teeth, and hair on end;
 Cold, clammy sweat from every pore
 Oozing; my knees together knocking;
 And my heart fluttering in my breast,
 Like a bird in a fowler's trap.
 I could unblenched have seen the sun
 Start from his sphere, the moon and planets
 Turn into blood, a comet's tail
 Sweep the earth's surface like a besom;
 But honor, more than in mere words,
 To Christ shown by the sovereign Pontiff,
 The Church's representative,
 The deputy of christendom,

Was such reversal of all law,
 All custom and morality,
 All piety and true religion,
 All decency and godliness,
 That I looked round about, to see —
 Not Christ, triumphant in the clouds,
 But Satan and a thousand demons;
 And listened — not for the last trump,
 But hissing snakes and amphisbaenas.
 But nothing came; no Satan, demons;
 No hissing snakes, no amphisbaenas;
 And, by degrees my heart's throb ceasing,
 And calm returning to my spirit,
 I rose, dressed, breakfasted, walked out,
 And paid a visit to a friend,
 And, up and down, along the Corso
 Paced, till I satisfied myself
 The world was wagging as it wagged
 The day before, and had wagged ever.
 So, when I went to bed, that night,
 I lay upon the other ear,
 And put my bible underneath,
 And of the world dreamt as it is,
 And was, when Christ was crucified,
 And will for ever be — Amen!

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Octob. 20, 1858.

"Os homini sublime dedit, caelumque tueri
 Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

REASON shines in his front erect, they say,
 And royalty, and empire o'er the beast.
 Why, to be sure! who doubts it? but look close —
 Malice prepense is strongest pictured there.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DUBLIN, Oct. 29, 1858.

TOMMY AND HIS MASTER.

MASTER.

TELL me, Tommy, what was it put you
In this mighty, towering passion,
With your cheeks as white as paper,
With your eyes, like lightning, flashing?

TOMMY.

Billy said I was a liar;
That 's what put me in a passion;
I 'd have torn his very eyes out,
Torn his heart out — if he has one.

MASTER.

Billy's calling you a liar,
Should not put you in a passion;
Passion is a bad thing, Tommy;
You should not give way to passion.

TOMMY.

Should or should not, I couldn't help it;
Billy's word it was that did it;
I 'm as sorry as you can be,
I was put into a passion.

MASTER.

Use your reason, and you will not
Fall into a passion, Tommy;
Reason 's cool and calm and placid,
Never falls into a passion.

TOMMY.

To be sure, sir; but awáy flew
Reason, at the word, "you liar!"
And, in reason's place, came passion —
Í 'd have torn his very eyes out.

MASTER.

Thére the wróng was.

TOMMY.

Sir, I know it;
'Twas a wróng thing, and I 'm sorry;
But I could no more have helped it
Than I could have stopped my héart's beat.

MASTER.

Ít was wrong, and yóu must therefore
Be severely punished, Tommy;
Bread and water for a whole week;
Ánd three pandies, night and morning.

TOMMY.

I deserve it, and I hópe 'twill
Make my passion slower, next time;
Make my reason not awáy fly
Quite so quick, when Í 'm called liar.

MASTER.

All right, Tommy; that 's a góod boy;
And I 'm glad you 're so repentant.
Go now and pray tó your Maker
To forgive you for your passion.

TOMMY.

No, sir; never. 'Twas my Maker
Gave me reason, both, and passion;
Made the one so strong and sudden,
Made so weak and slow, the other.

To suppose my Maker angry
At my being what he máde me,
Is the same as to suppose he 's
Passionate himself, or silly.

Yóu mayn't like me as he máde me,
And may punish me to chángé me;
I submit; it 's my misfortune
— I myself don't think I 'm wéll made —

But my Maker cannot bláme me;
As he made me, so he hás me.
Why he made me so, I knów not;
That 's his business, none of mine, sir.

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Sept. 16, 1858.

IRA DEUM.

FRom my youth up, I 've put small faith in judgments,
And have been wont to see in the quick lightnings,
And hear in the loud thunder, not the voice
And quivering missiles of an angry God,
But the reagency of inert matter,
The workings of attraction and repulsion,
The play of elements, the game of chance;
Even at the tóp height of the storm, I 've scoffed,
Presented my bare head, and bid it strike:
But, seven church-steeples splintered in one night,
The very bólls fused, and the balls and crosses
Flung from their pinnacles to lie in dunghills! —
I own myself a convert; Heaven 's awake,
And to abate the first, most crying nuisance,
Sets himself, first; Astraea to the earth
Returns from her long exile. Truth, cheer up;
Down-beaten Honesty, lift high thy head.

EDENVILLE, Oct. 11, 1858.

THE poet's proper aim, they say, 's to please —
To please, by all means; if he can, to instruct;
And hé best poet is, who pleases most;
Second-best poet he, who most instructs.
So bé it: the first place give to Moore and Byron,
And bid me stánd down, lowly, in the second;
For mý aim, mý one, sóle aim 's to instruct,
And *sapere my fons* is, and *principium*,
And, for the waters of that fountain sometimes
Taste brackish, I mix with them honey drops
The Muse culls fór me out of cowslip bells
And wild thyme, growing high upon Parnassus.
Drink freely, reader, of the fear-dispelling,
Fiend-exorcising draught, and be a man.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 6, 1858.

HEADACHE and heartache, toothache and the rheum
Divide his hours between them, leaving scarce
Vacance sufficient, to the demigod,
For eating, drinking, toilette, toil and sleep.
And then he dies — alas, poor demigod! —
And goes to heaven, unwilling; there to live
In perfect bliss, a disembodied spirit,
And, without help of heart, lungs, voice or breath,
Loud hallelujahs chant for evermore.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 2, 1858.

LEARN something every day, and every night
 Lie wiser down than you arose in the morning,
 — A youthful, empty head 's ridiculous
 Upon old shoulders — only in religion
 And politics learn nothing; abiding, still,
 Unflinching faithful to the first-learned creed,
 — Your mother's, or your nurse's, or grandmother's —
 And, of your father's party, to the death.
 So shall no man, with scornful finger pointing,
 Say "There he goes, the renegade; the turncoat";
 And so, when death relieves thee from this flesh,
 Thy spirit shall ascend to heaven, secure
 Of a reserved seat among God's elect,
 The faithful found, through good report and ill,
 The immovable by argument of reason.

Walking from DALKEY to EDENVILLE, November, 1858.

WHERE thrée roads met, stood Heeate with three heads,
 Looking, with every head, a different way.
 On the confines of Hades and the light,
 Three-headed Cerberus barked three different ways:
 Toward earth, and deepest hell, and highest heaven.
 Baton in óne hand, héaven's keys in the other,
 On Jove's gold threshold stood ambiguous Janus,
 And, with two different heads, looked different ways.
 Art thóu a monster too? hast thóu two heads,
 Or thrée heads, that thou so lookest different ways:
 Toward earth, at ónce, and heaven and deepest hell?

Nay, I belie thee, friend; thou dost but squint;
Standest on earth one-headed, and toward heaven
Blink'st with the óne eye, tóward hell with the other.
Come, come; cease fooling; dare to be a man,
A habitant — as thou art — of this, one world;
And heaven to angels leave, and hell to devils,
And, with thy óne head and two eyes, look straight.

Walking from EDENVILLE to FASSAROE in the Co. WICKLOW, Sept. 11, 1858.

THEIST AND ATHEIST.

THEIST.

EVERY thing has a cause, my atheist friend,
And that which causes every thing is God.

ATHEIST.

If every thing a cause has, theist friend,
Either your God is nothing, or is caused.
If he is nothing, how is he your God?
And how is he your God, if he is caused?
In either case he 's not the cause of all,
And, not being cause of all, is not your God.

THEIST.

I own, it is above our human reason.

ATHEIST.

Nay, theist friend, no paltering; not above,
But contrary point-blank to, human reason:
Reason's conclusion 's positive: "not your God."

THEIST.

Then I give reason up, vain human reason,
And cling to faith, where only I find truth.

ATHEIST.

Renouncing reason, me too you renounce;
I parley only with the rational —
A keeper, here, and cell, for the insane!

EDENVILLE, Oct. 1, 1858.

EASIEST of all to understand, is that
In which there is no manner of sense at all;
The APOCALYPSE, for instance, or a sonnet
Of Wordsworth's on the purling Duddon stream,
Or Mrs. Browning's SERAPHIM august,
Or Pollok's COURSE OF TIME, magnificent.
These are the works for vulgar intellects suited;
Here I 'm at home, at ease; expatiate here;
These are the golden fields which yield like harvest
To my blunt, and to Newton's trenchant, sickle.
Gracious Apollo, never let me want
New Wordsworths, Brownings new, and new Saint Johns
And Polloks, and I 'll never, while I 've breath,
Cease to adore thy name, and chant thy praise.
Walking from EDENVILLE to DALKEY, Oct. 30, 1858.

TO A BABY SMILING IN ITS CRADLE.

ENOUGH for thee — sweet, smiling babe —
Thy coral bells and cradle's span;
Thou 'lt with a world be discontent,
When grown up to a man;

And thou 'lt forget the smiling babe,
Its coral bells and cradle's span,
And arrogate, beyond the clouds,
Another world for Man.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 16, 1860.

DORA AND HER MAID OF ALL WORK.

A true story.

DORA had a maid of áll work,
Who was cook, at once, and butler,
Housemaid, kitchen-maid, and laundress,
Milked the cows and made the butter.

Éight long years with Dora, Betty
Lived through every change of weather,
Storm and rain and hail and sunshine,
Smiles and frowns and praise and chiding.

None so well as Betty knéw her
Mistress's and master's kidney;
None so well as Betty máde her
Action handmaid to her knowledge.

Betty had been reared religious,
And didn't doubt that both her master
And her mistress would to héll go,
For she knew they hadn't the right faith.

But no word of this said Betty,
Lest she might not get so snúg place
And so good and kind a mistress,
Even among God's own elected.

Só when Dora staid at hóme on
Sundays, Betty staid at home, too,
Ánd would scour a pot or kettle,
Íf need were, and no one looking;

Nay, would risk, a very ódd time,
An ungodly innuendo,
Íf she had a point to gain, and
Clear and cloudless shone the welkin.

Éight years so, they lived together,
Maid and mistress, well contented,
— Dora, with her clever servant,
With her good, kind mistress, Betty —

When, in luckless hour, behold! the
String, gave way, of Betty's pocket,
And, before the mistress' ówn eyes,
Betty's plunder strowed the carpet: —

"Betty! Betty! what 's all this?" said
Betty's mistress, pale and trembling,
"All my care and pains and teaching,
Thése long éight years, gone for nothing!"

"Ít 's no harm," said Betty, sturdy,
"Í did only what the rést do;
Every one takes tea and sugar,
Bread and meat and cold potatoes."

"I expected better óf you;
Ín my house I 'll not a thíef keep;
Go in peace," said Dora, sadly,
And upon the spot discharged her: —

"Yóu 'll put 'honest' in the paper?"
"No, indeed; that were a fóul lie;
An encouragement to theft, a
Gross injustice to the honest."

"I 'm as honest as there néed be;
Honester you 'll nóf find many;
Íf you 're wise you 'll either kéepe me,
Ór write 'honest' in the paper."

"Í 'm not wise, and won't do either,"
Dora said, and packed off Betty,
Though her héart bled to discharge her
Without 'honest' in her paper.

"Bút I have no choice," said Dora;
"Í should be the thief's accomplice,
Were I in my house to kéeep her,
Or subscribe my name to 'honest'."

Betty 's gone to Dora's neighbour,
Shows her paper, tells her story;
Matty hires her on the instant;
All the country laughs at Dora..

Betty's néw place is a góod one,
Than her old one, has more pickings;
Betty 's lauded, Matty envied;
All the country laughs at Dora.

Matty has got a clever servant;
Á religious mistress, Betty:
Nót one word against the trúe faith,
Íf you 'd keep your néw place, Betty;

But to chapel go, or meeting,
Every Sunday round the whóle year,
With white, folded handkerchief, and
Bible, in your hand, or prayerbook;

Ánd fear nothing, though all wéek through,
Every day, it 's Matty's wonder,
That the stripper 's run so néar dry,
That the oatmeal sack 's so empty.

Nothing fear; you 're quáite safe, Betty;
Matty will discharge you 'honest',
Ánd you 'll get a better place than
Dora's ever was, or Matty's;

Or, if things come to the worst, and
Matty won't the lie direct sign,
Says she 'd rather bear the odium —
What need Betty care for 'honest'?

Matty's self took her without it,
Matty's best friend will the same do;
Forward, Betty, with a stout heart;
Put your trust in God, and thieve on.

In the meantime Dora looks out
For another maid of all work,
And, long searching, lights at last on
And to terms with 'honest' Rose comes.

Rose is lazy, awkward, stupid;
Scarce knows how to boil the kettle,
Or the cloth lay, or the cows milk,
Not to talk of making butter.

One half Dora's work 's left undone,
Dora's self the other half does,
Scrubs and brushes, leads a slave's life;
Every night, lies, tired, in bed, down;

Every morning, rises early
To help Rose on with her day's work,
Frets and fumes and scolds, alternate,
Often thinks of clever Betty,

But says nothing, still works on with
Stupid Rose, for Rose is honest —
Do you know why, gentle reader?
Rose's pocket-string 's a strong one.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, July 20, 1859.

"Anbete du das Feuer hundert Jahr,
Dann fall' hinein und dich frisst's mit Haut und Haar."

GOETHE.

A HUNDRED years long, to the fire thou mayst pray;
At the end, it will burn thee as 't did the first day.
And pray to the water a hundred years long,
At the end, it will drown thee, so says the old song;
And the old song says right, and right sáys Goethe too,
Though I own I would rather have heard something new.

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

MONK MARTIN.

A BOLDER rebel against God than Korah,
Monk Martin broke his vows and married Bora.
Satan would not his friend leave in the lurch,
And whispered in his ear: — "Reform the Church."
The Monk the hint took, and the Reformation
Bléw from a spark into a conflagration:
Gray-headed men took lessons from raw youth,
Bold heresy was preached in name of truth,
The laity the cup got, and the priest,
From his celibatary vow released,
A ring slipped on his penitent's fair hand,
And soul and body placed at her command;
And bishops brought their wives with them to court;
And Satan in his sleeve laughed at the sport.

Returning from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 29, 1860.

FIDEI CONFESSIO.

I DON'T know where heaven is, or what is heaven,
Or why there should be any heaven at all;
Of hell I know as little; and of limbo,
If it be possible, I know still less.

Nothing is good to me but what I like,
Nor any thing but what I don't like, bad.
My likings and dislikings are instinctive,
By habit, modified, and circumstance,
And changeable, with change of time and place,
Into their opposites, respectively.

There 's no such thing as absolute right and wrong:
What right is, by one rule, is wrong by another;
And vice versa. So the selfsame thing
Is, at the selfsame time, both right and wrong;
And every thing in the whole world, is right,
And wrong, in the whole world, is every thing.

My will is free, for will means but free will;
My acts are free too, being my free will's acts:
But my free will is caused, and not by me;
Caused, therefore, not by me are my free acts;
For which, however, because done by me,
Though not by me caused, I 'm responsible
To every thing or person they affect,
To the fire, if into it I put my hand,

To Man, as to the viper, if I go
Néar him or touch; and every thing to me
Is in like wise responsible that comes
Néar me or touches — viper, fire, or Man.
Every existence is responsible
To every other, is reacted-on
By that on which it acts; and what men call,
Par excellence, responsibility,
Is neither more nor less than the accustomed
Reaction of the whole upon the part,
Society's upon the individual.
That which society approves, is moral;
Immoral, what society disapproves.
According to its likings and dislikings,
Society approves or disapproves.
With change of time and place and circumstance,
Society's likings and dislikings change,
Even as the individual's — for, made up
Of individuals is society —
And moral is, today, and praised and honored,
What, yesterday, was punished as a crime;
And that, today, is punished as a crime,
Which, yesterday, was moral, praised and honored.
Ay! there 's an alchemy in time and place,
Potent to turn the malefactor's gibbet
Into the saint's palm and the martyr's crown;
Or as the case may be, the martyr's crown
And saint's palm, into ignominious gibbet.

I have a soul, they say, must have a soul,
For matter is not conscious, cannot think:
And so the question 's settled, I 've a soul.
And then the question comes: what is a soul?
And then the answer comes: an immaterial,
Spiritual, subtile thing, to matter joined,
To think for matter, which can't think for itself.
Agreed;— and this same immaterial, subtile,
Spiritual thing whose evidence is thought,
What is it, in plain terms, but thought itself,

The property or attribute of some,
As gravitation of all, forms of matter?

Of death I nothing know but that it 's death,
The end of life, the extinction of the spark —
Never again to glow among these embers.

I have no faculties that reach beyond
The confines of the universe; can conceive
Nothing outside of time, outside of space.
Cause and effect are but paired antecedent
And consequent, within the universe,
A sequence which implies both time and space.
Seek'st still beyond the universe a cause
To make and govern 't? Nay, thou seekest not,
Thou hast already found one. Let me see it:
Why, that 's a second universe to explain
The existence of the first. Well! I 'm content;
But thou, to be consistent, must invent
A third, to explain the existence of the second,
A fourth, to explain the third — and so, for ever.

Healthy, my creed; limps on no gouty toe;
Needs no supporting crutch of priest or prophet,
Angel or council, miracle or Book.
Take 't, if thou likest it; leave 't, if lik'st it not:
Truth busies not herself with making converts.

Walking from ROSAMOND to TIBRADDEN (Co. DUBLIN), May 13, 1859.

“THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.”
Ay, pious Crashaw; blushed to have such a God.

ROSAMOND, August 1, 1859.

"If it 's right to dó it,
Gód will dó it
 Without your praying;
If it 's wrong to dó it,
Gód won't dó it,
 For ál your sáying;

"When the horse has need,
Sends him his feed,
 Without his neighing;
Won't, for the ass,
Turn stones to grass,
 For all his braying,"

In aunty's ear,
At morning prayer,
 Lisped Tommy, once;
Then down-stairs ran
To thrée-hole-span —
 The little dunce!

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

KNOW thyself, said Apollo. Oúr God says
Know thyself not, touch not the tree of knowledge.
Oúr God is right; the ignorant alone
— Bear witness, playful, envied child — is happy.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 15, 1860.

IT is a star. — And what 's to me a star,
A twinkling star, up theré in the dark sky?
Nothing, not even so much as a grain of sand
Or mustard-seed, which I may touch or taste,
Or moss-rose bud which I am free to sméll to;
And yet, methinks, it is a greater world,
Fuller of joys and sorrows than even this,
Fuller of hopes and fears and change and death,
But not more idle, false, and to no purpose.

ROSAMOND, July 22, 1859.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, or it may be seventy,
The clock was made, wound up, and set a-ticking;
And, from that day to this, kept ticking on,
Summer and winter, day and night, incessant,
Not for its ówn good or to please itself,
But in obedience to the mechanist
Who, for his ówn ends, set it first a-going,
And placed it where it best might serve his purpose;
And now that it 's worn out and cracked and silent
And to its lást end come, thou pitiest it,
Forsooth, and makest over it thy moan
— Goodnatured man! — because its task 's performed,
Its labour at an énd, and not because
'Twill never more help thee to count thy time.

ROSAMOND, July 21, 1859.

JOCKEY AND SPORTSMAN.

JOCKEY.

Two famous hunters, Sceptic and Believer,
Stand saddled in the stable, choose between them.
Believer's headstrong, leaps before he looks,
And never was a ditch so broad and deep,
Or fence so high, that he'd refuse to take it.
But Sceptic's cautious, looks before he leaps,
And goes so safe and sure, a child might ride him.

SPORTSMAN.

Turn out Believer; he's the nag for mé,
To ride the steeple-chase and win the cup.
Mount you on cautious Sceptic, and come after.

JOCKEY.

Very well, sir; and, if you chance to fall,
Sceptic and I will pick your Honor up:
Soh, Sceptic! stand! — Away now! — Tally-ho!

ROSAMOND, April 29, 1859.

STONE-BLIND, Assisi's saint; else, with so long
And steadfast contemplation, he had seen
Not into, only, but quite through, the Godhead —
Stay, I am wrong; the more your saints consider,
The less they understand, and *tout en règle*
Was holy Saint Franciscus of Assisi.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

IMPOSSIBLE, impossible remains,
In spite of Gods', in spite of mortals', pains;
And POSSIBLE requires no God to do it —
Your silliest child, ere you mistaught him, knew it.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THE difference essential between man and beast,
I once heard a fool say, is that man needs a priest,
And to heaven or to hell, must go, either;
While the beast is so honest, so simple, so true,
With a priest he has nothing, while living, to do,
And, when dead, goes to heaven or hell, neither.

ROSAMOND, May 14, 1860.

GOD either did not choose, or was not able,
Making this world so fair, to make it stable
At the same time; so, when it got a kick,
Away it went, a-trundling, to Old Nick.
To get it back, God tugged with all his might,
But Satan, in his strong clutch, held it tight;
A bit broke off, which God got for his pains;
With Satan, to this day, the rest remains.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 5, 1860.

ONCE upon a time I prayed God
That he 'd kindly please to give me
Sana mens in corpore sano;
And God gave me what I prayed for.

Foolish man! that did not pray for
Impudence, and ease of manner,
And a supple, ductile conscience,
And the one and only true faith.

Fór I 'd like to know what good in
Sana mens in corpore sano,
With the whole world laughing at you
Just because you are such an odd fish?

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

From the Uighur.

So gross and impious fanatics, these Rayas,
As to believe, the spiritual God
— The maker of the world and all things in it —
Entered a woman's body and was born,
And eat and drank, digested, and wore clothes,
And at the trade, worked, of a carpenter,
And went about, poor, suffering, and despised,
And died and in the grave was laid a corpse,
Which there became live flesh and blood again,
And rose out of the earth, and eat and drank,
Talked, walked, and did, in all things, as before,
Till suddenly, one day, in sight of all,

It soared into the air away, and vanished.
Stranger and more incredible than this,
And more impossible, they believe, these Rayas,
That this same God — who took with him his body
Up through the air to heaven, and bodily
Sits there upon his throne amidst the angels —
Is eaten daily by them and his blood
Drunk daily — horrible abomination,
Not even by cannibals to be perpetrated!

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 3, 1859.

THE LAMB AND ITS SHEARER.

“God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

SHEARER.

NAY, nay, my pretty lamb, you must not struggle so;
No harm will happen to you; God is good and kind, you know,
And will temper to the shorn lamb the sharp and biting wind;
So stand quiet till I clip you, and be patient and resigned.

LAMB.

It 's not enough to rob me, but you must humbug too!
Why doesn't your good and kind God temper the wind to you?
And if the wind 's not cold, but tempered soft and warm,
What need have you of *my* coat to shield you from the storm?
So let me go, dissembler false, more cruel and unkind
'Than hail and rain and frost and snow, and sharp and biting wind.

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

RELIGIONS change; the new drives out the old;
But foolish Man remains religious ever.

ROSAMOND, May 6, 1860.

THOU need'st not punish us, revengeful Maker,
For disobeying thy behest, and eating
The tempting fruit thy goodness placed in our way;
Poison enough the fruit, to be, without
More pains-taking of thine, our deep damnation.
Thy second hell, thy still more deep damnation,
Bestow not upon us, but in reserve
Keep for some new creation of thy love,
Some still more favored offspring of almighty
Power, wisdom, forecast, and beneficence.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 16, 1860.

AWAY with Gods! away with Fate!
Away with Fortune! mine estate
Lies in my right hand; what I do,
Nor Gods, Fate, Fortune can undo.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THERE is one folly which exceeds all others,
And that one folly is the resurrection;
Life, when all things which with life have relation,
All things which make life possible, have perished;
Life, after life is over — Fool! O fool!

ROSAMOND, May 11, 1860.

IT is a lovely sight to see
All nature with one mind agree
To praise the God takes care of all
Created things, both great and small:
Both of the herring and the whale,
Both of the duck and of the snail,
Both of the fly and of the spider,
Both of the steed and of the rider,
Both of the buyer and the seller,
Both of the liar and truth-teller,
Both of the tree and of the ax,
Both of the tax-payer and tax,
Both of the flax and of the scutcher,
Both of the lamb and of the butcher,
Both of the eater and the eaten,
Both of the beater and the beaten,
Both of the loser and the winner,
Both of the sinned against, and sinner,
Both of the greyhound and the hare,
Both of the rabbit and the snare,
Both of the honey and the bear,
Both of the chicken and the kite,
Both of the black man and the white,
Both of the patient and the doctor,
Both of the heir and of the proctor,
Both of the colt and the colt-bréaker,
Both of the thief and the thief-táker,
Both of the fool and of the wise man,
Both of the malt and the exciseman,
Both of the catch-poll and the debtor,
Both of the partridge and the setter,

Both of the ass and of the cadger,
Both of the bull-dog and the badger,
Both of the good and of the evil,
Both of Saint Michael and the Devil;
Both of the ship snug on the stocks,
And of the ship dashed on the rocks
Or on a sandbank run aground
And every soul it carried, drowned;
Both of the train that at the station
Disgorges safe its population,
And of the train that off the line
Runs helter-skelter down th' incline,
Making a smash of heads, arms, legs,
As if they were so many eggs.
Ah! hard of heart and reprobate,
That not in Providence but Fate
The spinner of the totum see,
Repent in time, and praise, with me,
The God that takes such care of all
Created things, both great and small,
Assists not church alone and nation
In action and deliberation,
But stands by, while I nib my pen,
To help, if there be need — amen!

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

NAPOLEON, ambidexter, with one hand
Props up the Pope, with the other pulls him down;
The Pope, in gratitude, props up Napoleon
With one hand, with the other pulls him down;
So down they both go, down, sing derry down,
Down, down, sing derry down. When rogues fall out,
Honest men have a chance to come by their own.

ROSAMOND, March, 1860.

"Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore."

PRAY Heaven forgive me! but I never hear
Church bells or see a priest, I do not think
Of the poor horse and spurred and booted rider.

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

PRO DEO, LEGE, REGE. Why? because
Weak, and in need of help, God, king, and laws.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

SOME say the world by accident was made;
The world was by design made, others say.
Fools! that know not that making and design
And accident are but parts of the world.

ROSAMOND, Octob. 5, 1859.

THE TENTH BEATITUDE.

ALL these are blest; but doubly blest
Are those who don't believe:
Who nothing from the Lord expect,
How can he them deceive?

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

WHY did God give Man reason, make him wise,
But that he should trust neither ears nor eyes?
Why did God give Man faith, but lest he should
Become, by reason, too wise and too good?

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

IT is an apple — Ay me! so it is;
So harmless looking, yet so full of harm!
Stay; not so headlong fast; let me consider:
The harm was in the tasting, not the apple.
Yet made the apple, only to be tasted;
So in the apple's maker, was the harm.
But for the tasting, there had been no harm;
But for the apple, there had been no tasting;
But for the maker, there had been no apple;
So from the maker solely came the harm.
The maker made the taster, both, and apple;
So from the maker doubly came the tasting,
And doubly from the maker came the harm.

ROSAMOND, July 24, 1859.

JOVE reigns supreme in heaven, and Dis in hell,
But the earth's sovereign 's the "almighty dollar."

ROSAMOND, June 25, 1859.

SCEPTIC AND BELIEVER.

BELIEVER.

It 's true, good Sceptic; therefore I believe it.

SCEPTIC.

But why is 't true? First answer me that question.

BELIEVER.

What I believe so firmly, must be true.
Kill me you may, but never while I live,
Never, shall you persuade me it is false.
Stronger than human reason is my faith;
God has declared it true, God can't deceive.

SCEPTIC.

Other men by their Gods have been deceived.

BELIEVER.

Theirs were false Gods; my God 's the God of truth.

SCEPTIC.

Please be so good, sir, not to beg the question,
But show why true your God, and none but yours.

BELIEVER.

Blasphemer, silence! tempt not the Lord God;
Nor with your Baals and Ashtaroths compare
The living, everlasting Elohim.

SCEPTIC.

'Do manus victas', and in Reason's name,
And in the name of Common Sense, beg pardon.

ROSAMOND, April 29, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

I.

THE CREATION.

ÓN the dáy before the first day,
God was tired with doing nothing,
And determined tó rise early
On the néxt day and do sómething.

So, upon the néxt day, Gód rose
Very early, and the líght made —
You must know that úntil thát day
God had always lived in darkness: —

“Bravo! bravo! that ’s a góod job,”
Sáid God, when his eye the líght caught;
“Now, I think, I ’ll try and máke me
A convenient place to líve in.”

So, upon the néxt day, Gód rose
Át the dawn of líght, and héaven made,
Ánd, from thát day forward, never
Wanted a snug box to líve in: —

“Well! a little work is pleasant,”
Sáid God, “and besides it ’s useful;
What a pity I ’ve so lóng sat
Dumping, mumping, doing nothing!”

So, upon the thírd day, Gód made
Thís round ball of land and water,
Ánd, with right thumb and forefinger,
Set it, like teetotum, spinning;

Spinning, twirling like tectotum,
Round and round about, the ball went,
While God clapped his hands, delighted,
And called th' angels to look at it.

Who made th' angels? if you ask me,
I reply: — that 's more than I know;
For if God had, I don't doubt but
He 'd have put them in his catalogue;

But no matter — some one made them,
And they came about him flocking,
Wondering at the sudden fit of
Manufacturing that had taken him: —

"It 's a pretty ball," they all said;
"Do, pray, tell us what 's the use of it;
Won't you make a great many of them?
We would like to see them trundling."

"Wait until tomorrow," said God,
"And I think I 'll show you something;
This is quite enough for one day,
And you know I 'm but beginning."

So, about noon, on the fourth day,
God called th' angels all about him,
And showed them the great big ball he 'd
Made to give light to the little one.

"What!" said th' angels, "such a big ball.
Just to give light to a little one!
That 's bad management, and you know, too.
You had plenty of light without it."

"Not quite plenty," said God, snappish,
"For the light I made the first day,
Although good, was rather scanty,
Scarce enough for me to work by.

“And besides how wás it possible,
Íf I hád not made the ‘big ball,
Tó have given the little one séasons,
Days and years and nights and mornings?

“So, you see, there was nothing fór it
But to fix the little ball steady,
Ánd, abóut it, set the big one
Topsy-turvyng as you hére see.”

“Ít ’s the big ball wé see steady,
Ánd the little one round it whirling,”
Said the angels, bý the gréat light
Dazzled, and their eyebrows shading: —

“None of your impertinence,” sáid God,
Growing móre vexed every moment;
“Í know that, as well as yóu do,
Bút I dón’t choose yóu should sáy it.

“I have set the big ball steady,
Ánd the little one spinning róund it,
Bút I ’ve told you just the opposite,
Ánd the opposite yóu must swéar to.”

“Anything you say, we ’ll swéar to,”
Said the angels, humbly bowing;
“Have you anything more to shów us?
We ’re so fond of exhibitions.”

“Yes,” said God, “what was deficient
In the lighting of the little ball,
With this pretty moon I ’ve máde up,
Ánd these little, twinkling stárs here.”

“Wasn’t the big ball big enough?” said
With simplicity the angels: —
“Couldn’t, without a miracle,” sáid God,
“Shine at once on back and frónt side.”

"Thére you 're quite right," said the angels,
"Ánd we think you show your wisdom,
Ín not squandering miracles ón those
Who believe your word without them.

"Bút do tell us why you 've só far
Fróm your little ball put your little stars;
Óne would think they didn't belong to it;
Seárcé one in a thousand shínes on it."

"To be sure I could have pláced them
Só much nearer," said God smiling,
"Thát the little ball would have béen as
Wéll lit with some millions fewer;

"Bút I 'd like to know of whát use
Tó th' Omnípotent such ecómy —
Cán't I make a million million stars
Quite as easily as óne star?"

"Right, again," said th' ángels; "thére can
Bé no manner of doubt about it."
"Thát 's all now," said God; "tomorrow,
Come again, and yé shall móre see."

When the angels came the néxt day,
God indeed had not been idle,
Ánd they saw the little ball swarming
Wíth all kinds of living creatures.

Thére they went in pairs, the creatures,
Óf all sizes, shapes and colors,
Stalking, hopping, leaping, climbing,
Crawling, burrowing, swimming, flying,

Squealing, singing, roaring, grunting,
Barking, braying, mewling, howling,
Chuckling, gabbling, crowing, quacking,
Cawing, croaking, buzzing, hissing.

Such assembly there has never,
Fróm that dáy down, been on eárlh seen;
Fróm that dáy down, such a concert
Thére has never been on eárlh heard;

Fór, there, ramping and their maker
Praising in their various fashions,
Wére all Gód's created species,
Áll except the fossilized ones;

Fór whose absence on that great day,
Thé most líkely cause assigned yet,
Ís that théy were quite forgotten
Ánd would nótt go uninvited.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,
Áll th' unfossilized ones wére there,
Striving which of them would noisiest
Praise bestow upon their maker.

"Well," said th' angels, when they 'd looked on
Silently, some time, and listened;
"Well, you surely have a strange taste;
What did you make all thése queer things for?"

"Come tomorrow and I 'll shów you,"
Sáid God, gleeful, his hands rubbing;
"All you 've yét seen 's a mere nóthing
Tó what yóu shall see tomorrow."

So, when th' angels came the néxt day
Áll tiptoe with expectation,
Ánd stretched necks and eyes and ears out
Tówards the néw world, Gód said tó them: —

"Thére he is, my last and best work;
Thére he is, the nóble créature;
Í told yóu, you shóuld see sómething;
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?"

"Where, where is he?" said the angels;
"We see nothing but the little ball
With its big ball, moon and little stars
And queer, yelping, capering kickshaws."

"I don't well know what you mean by
Kickshaws," said God, scarcely quite pleased,
"But, among my creatures yonder,
Don't you see one nobler figure?"

"By his strong, round, tail-less buttocks,
And his flat claws you may know him,
Even were he not so like me
That we might pass for twin brothers."

"Now we see him," said the angels;
"How is 't possible we overlooked him?
He 's indeed your very image,
Only smaller and less handsome."

"So I hope the mystery 's cleared up,"
Said God, with much self-complacence,
"And you are no longer puzzled
What I 've been about, these six days."

"Even th' Almighty," said the angels,
"May be proud of such chef-d'oeuvre,
Such magnificent and crowning
Issue of a six days' labor."

"But we 're curious to know whether
He 's as good inside as outside,
As substantial and enduring
As he 's fair to see, and specious."

Hére a deep sigh rent God's bosom,
And a shade came o'er God's features: —
"Ah," he cried, "were ye but honest,
And no traitor stood amongst ye!"

"Then indeed this were a gréat work,
Then indeed I were too happy;
Ah! it 's tóo bad, downright tóo bad,
Bút I 'll — sháll I? yes, I 'll lét you;

"Let you disappoint and frét me,
Let you disconcert my whóle plan —
Why, of all my virtues, shóuld I
Leave unpractised only patience?

"There he is, my noblest, bést work;
Take him, do your pleasure with him;
After all, perhaps I 'll find some
Means to patch my broken saucer.

"Now begone! don't lét me sée you
Here again, till Í send fór you;
Í 'm tired working, and intend to
Rest my weary bones tomorrow."

Só God láy late on the néxt day,
Ánd, the whóle day long, did nothing
But reflect upon his ill luck
Ánd the gréat spite of the angels;

Ánd God said: — "Because I 've rested
Áll this séventh day, ánd done nothing,
Éach seventh day shall bé kept holy
Ánd a day of rest, for ever."

Ánd as Gód said and commanded,
Só it is now, ánd still sháll be:
Áll hard wórk done ón each séventh day,
Tó each first day all respect shown.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Jan. 21, 1855.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

II.

ADAM AND EVE.

Nów I 'll tell you — story second —
Hów God made his noblest, bést work —
Made the man and made the woman,
With the strong, round, tail-less buttocks.

God took dust — about three bushels
Very fine dust, without mixture
Óf quartz rubbish, grit or pebble —
Wet, and kneaded it, with water.

— Náy, nay; Í don't mean such water
Ás Jove, Mercury and Neptune
Wet the cow's hide with, when áll three
Set about to make Orion —

With rain water God the dúst mixed,
Kneaded, moulded into figure,
T'ill head, face and trunk and fóur limbs
Wore his own most perfect likeness.

Thén in through its nose God bléw till
All its lungs were full of Gód's breath,
And its heart went pít-pat, pít-pat,
And it stóod up, on its twó legs,

And, about it, looked, and wondered,
And a hóp step and three júmps took,
Chattered like a daw or magpie,
Like a kitten, playful capered.

Now there was in Eden, eastward,
Planted by God's self, a garden;
There, it was, God put his image,
Bade him líve in it, dress and keep it:

Not because he was a gardener,
Or knew anything of gardening,
Nor because the garden needed
To be dressed or taken care of;

For the ground had nót been cúrsed yet,
And produced no thorns nor thistles;
Every thing went of itsélf right;
All was good and in perfection;

But he put him there to tempt, and
Try if he could catch him napping,
Laid a regular trap fór him —
Sure, enough, he fell plump into it.

Now you 'll say that God was cunning,
When I tell you how he did it:
— Like as tó himself he máde Man,
Hé didn't máke Man half so cunning —

In the middle of the garden,
Full in thé man's sight he set a
Tree with goodly apples laden,
Fair to see, and fragrant smelling,

Thén said to the man: — "Thou shált not,
Fair although they be, and fragrant,
Eat or touch one single apple —
Úpon pain of death, thou shált not.

“Eat thou mayst of all the other
Apples in the garden growing,
But of this tree if thou touchest
Even one apple, thou 'rt a déad man.”

Só God said, and brought a deep, sound
Sleep on Adam, his beloved son;
Then, while he was sleeping, came and
Opened one, no matter which, side;

Cautious opened, and took out a
Rib too many he had given him;
Then the wound, as cautious, héaled up,
Adam never once perceiving.

In the rib God flesh and bone had,
Ready to his hand provided,
So it took but little trouble
Tó make out of it a néw man.

Twin to twin was never liker,
Than the néw man God made óf it,
And to Adam gave, to bé his
Loving helpmate, Eve, first woman.

Só far, só good; if the mán 's stiff,
Óf himself won't touch the apple,
Woman 's curious, and will likely
Nibble, and persuade her husband.

Pretty sure, now; but to máke still
Surer, safer, God a serpent
Put into the garden wíth them,
Full of subtilty and malice,

And, because the serpent cónld not,
Without knowledge of their language,
Use his fórked tongue to beguile them,
How to speak their language, taught him.

What their language was, I know not;
Hebrew, Sanscrit or Chaldean —
Some say it was Paradisiac;
Celtic, some; some, Abyssinian —

But the serpent knew, and thus said
To the woman in her language: —
“It ’s a very pretty story
God has told you and your husband,

“That ye shall die in the dáy ye
Taste, or touch, one of these apples.
Pshaw! don’t mind him; hé ’d fain kéeep all
Wisdom to himself, and knowledge.

“What for áre they, but for éating?
Who ’s to eat, but you and Adam?
Put your hánd forth, pluck and éat one,
And be wise as he, and knowing.”

What should Éve do, silly woman,
Who knew neither good nor evil,
Could not tell what either méant till
Shé had first the apple tasted?

And the serpent was so pretty,
And so sweetly spoke her language,
And was one of God’s own creatures,
Ín God’s garden, sporting, with her;

And the apple, on the bránc, there,
Hung so ripe and round and mellow,
And the tree was by God’s ówn hand
Planted, and made grow so néar her;

Ánd she had never even so múch as
Dreamt that God, a jealous Gód was —
A designing, jealous Gód was,
Who would lay a trap to catch her;

Whó would ráin down fire and brimstone
On her gréat-great-gréat-grandchildren;
Whó would slay, in óne night, áll the
Fírst-born in the land of Egypt;

Whó would cút off every soul in
Canaan and the plains of Jordan;
Whó would nó spare even his ówn heir,
Or the bitter cup pass fráom him.

So she stretched — she stretched her hánd out,
Plucked and eat, and gave to Adam,
Who, as God from the beginning
Well had guessed, eat at her bidding.

Then, at last, their eyes were opened,
— All too late and tó no purpose —
And they knew what they had dóne was
Evil, and would be their ruin.

Ánd they said, one to the other,
Knowing now both good and evil: —
“Well! it surely was a fól trick;
Who ’d have thought God would have done it

“Hé is not the God we thought him,
But a cruel, wicked, bád God;
Cóme, make haste and ín the thicket
Let us hide us from his anger.”

Ah! they little knew the Gód from
Whom they thought to hide their faces;
Hé was in the garden spying,
— Taking, as he said, a cóol walk —

Saw them pluck and eat the apple,
Saw the whóle thing, how it happened,
Then, as if he had seen nothing,
Looking simple, called them tó him,

And, what they had been doing, asked them.
When he heard, Lord! if you 'd séen him,
How he cursed and swore and threatened,
How he vowed he 'd have their twó lives,

Damned the woman, and the mán damned,
Damned the serpent worse than either,
Cursed the very ground they stóod on,
Thé poor ground that hád done nothing:

Thorns, it shóuld bring forth, and thistles;
Ín his sweat, the man should till it;
Pain and sorrow should attend the
Hapless woman in child-bearing.

Thén God drove both man and woman
Out before him, and a guard of
Cherubim in Eden, eastward,
With a flaming, fiery swórd placed.

High and low, on every síde round,
Day and night, the fiery swórd flamed —
Shut them out, for ever shút them
Out of Eden's happy garden.

And the two went forth to wander
And spread, far and wide, the story,
And behind them in the garden
Left the serpent cozy nestled.

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 5, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

III.

CAIN AND ABEL.

STORY third is but a short one:
Cain was Abel's elder brother;
Children they were both of Adam,
Eve, of both the boys, was mother.

Bad boys both were; God had taken
Good care they should not be good ones,
For he had cursed both their parents,
Cursed the very ground they stood on.

These two bad boys brought God offerings,
- Fondest, still, to bring God offerings,
Are the worst boys, and most pains take
Always to keep God on their side —

Of the ground's fruit Cain brought offerings;
Firstlings of the flock, brought Abel;
God a lover was of lamb's flesh,
Didn't care much for ears of green corn.

So God showed respect to Abel,
Said he liked his roast lamb vastly,
And his back turned on the green ears,
Bid Cain give them to the cattle.

Cain grew wroth — was it a wonder? —
Wroth with God and wroth with Abel,
And the countenance of Cain fell,
And he slew his brother Abel.

Ánd God ásked Cain where was Abel,
Just as if God did not knów well,
Ánd Cain answered: — “Go and seek him;
Ám I then my brother’s keeper?”

Thén God said: — “I ’ve heard the voice of
Abel’s blood up from the gróund cry.
Thóu hast slain him. I expected
Better from thy parents’ són, Cain.

“What use now in all the pains I
Took to teach them to distinguish
Good from evil, that they might know
How to réar up virtuous children?

“Some excuse there was for thém, if,
In their ignorance, théy offended;
But there ’s none at all for thée, Cain;
With eyes open thou hast dóne this.

“Só thou ’rt damued: begone for ever!
Out before my face I hünt thee;
And upon thee set my mark, that
Every man may know and shún thee.

“Sevenfold vengeance I will táke on
Him that lays on Cain a finger.
Out! begone!” and God drove Cáin forth,
Outlawed, with the mark upon him.

Nów there wás not, in the whóle world,
Other man than Cain and Adám;
Other woman, in the whóle world,
Thére was nót than Eve, his mother;

So the mark didn’t dó Cain múch harm,
And he went into the land of
Nod, and married, or, as sóme say,
Into Nod’s land took his wífe with him.

Who his wife was, í don't wéll know,
But suspect she was an angel —
Of an angel Cain had need, if
Ever man had need of angel;

But in Nod's land Cain a s^on had,
Ánd in Nod's land built a city,
Enoch — só called from his s^on's name^l —
'Tmust have been but á small city,

For, to build it, Cain had bút his
Own two báre hands and his wife's two
And his little son's — with the márk on him,
Who, do you think, besides, would help him,

Éven if Nód's land had been peopled,
Which it wás not? só Cain's city
Was as big as Cain could build it
With his wife's help and his little son's;

Not so big, be sure, as Róme was
Built upon the banks of Tiber
By another and a wórse Cain,
Whóm God never dreamt of óutlawing,

But to heaven took, and rewarded
With a crown of life and glory,
And his city made to flourish,
Ánd reign mistress of the wide world.

Like a knotless thread, my story
Hére drops from between my fingers,
For what more Cain in the land of
Nod did, or elsewhere, 's not written.

ROSAMOND, May 7, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

IV.

NOAH'S ARK.

Who hasn't heard talk of the deluge
Happened in the time of Noah,
When the whole earth was so flooded
Even a rice crop could not grow in it,

And the river fishes perished,
Poisoned by the salt sea-water,
And the fishes, in the salt sea,
Could not live, so great the freshes;

And the valleys into lakes turned,
And the mountain tops, to islands,
Islands first, and then, at last, the
Very mountain tops were covered;

And all things that on the earth lived,
All were drowned, both big and little —
Man and woman, bird and beast and
Grub and butterfly and beetle;

For God said: — "These men and women
Haven't turned out as I expected;
I will drown the wicked sinners —
I 'm so sorry that I made them!

"Pity, the poor birds and beasts, which
Never sinned, are so mixed with them
I must drown them all together;
Póoh! no matter; I can make more.

"Better, I 'd not made the birds and
Beasts and creeping things and fishes,
Till I 'd seen how Man would turn out;
'Twas a bungle to make him last.

"But it 's done now; there 's no help for it;
All must drown, and I must make more,
Else the new world will be no use —
That 's no small job; let me think of it.

"Stay — I have it now, I have it;
All shall not drown, not even all men;
I will keep enough to breed more,
Save me all the trouble of making.

"I will keep for seed, of every
Clean soul, seven, unclean, one couple;
Even of Man himself I 'll keep four
Couple, if I can find four good."

So God looked about until he
Hit on Noah and his three sons: —
"These, with their four wives, will do," said
God, and called them and said to them: —

"I am going to drown the whole world,
So make haste and build an ark of
Gopher wood to save yourselves, in,
And the animals I 'll for seed keep.

"Pitch it well — 'twill be a great flood —
Let there be enough of room in it;
Put a door in it, to go in by,
And a window to let light in.

"Take, of every cleán beast, séven pair,
And one páir of every únclean,
Ánd get in, and don't forget you 'll
Need a good store of provisions."

So the Noahs did as Gód bid;
Built the ark, and went into it
With provisions, and the cleán pairs
Ánd unclean pairs of all creatures.

In one lóng day — 'tmust have béen a
Very lóng day — all got sáfe in,
Ánd God cáme and turned the latch-key
Ánd got up the rainy weather.

In seven days the world was drowning,
Ánd all things, that hád life, in it;
In seven days the ark was floating,
With its burthen, on the waters;

Such a burthen as had súnk a
Gréat East-Indiaman or frigate,
Hád such ships been built in thóse days,
Ór had Noah known hów to build one.

Scarce had fifty such Armadas
Ás Spain sent to conquer England,
Held the cargo Noah's árks held,
Not to talk of floating with it.

Lions, tigers, bears, and jackals,
Órang-óutang, there were in it,
Marikinas, lotongs, kahaus,
Sloths, giraffes, and armadillos,

Wolverines and striped hyaenas,
Fenneks, foxes, wolves, and coatis,
Skunks, racoons, and dasyuri,
Porcupines with all their quills on,

Dogs and cats and bats and peacocks,
Lemur-cattas and galágos,
Cassowaries, dromedaries,
Zebras, antelopes and émeus,

Civets, otters, badgers, pólecats,
Pangolins, ornithorhýnchi,
Guinea-pigs and humming-birds and
Stoats and martens and ichneumons;

Fourmilions and great ant-eaters,
And, of course, the ants to féed them,
Not to speak of ants for breeders,
Ánd straw chips and clay, for ant-hills;

Beavers too, and, for the beavers,
Néw felled trees to make their dáms of;
Water there would be in plenty
Without bringing — so they bróught none;

Neither brought for beaver dams, nor
Brought for washing; good enough for
Either purpose thé flood water,
Though it might be salt and muddy;

But, as thát wouldn't do for drinking,
Noah built vats, broad and deep as
Guinness's great porter vat, or
Heidelberg's far-famous wine tun,

And outside the ark suspended,
Fore and aft, to catch the ráin in,
Ánd one vat he set apart for
Crocodiles and alligators,

And, outside the ark, to leeward
Hung, and balanced with another
Hung to windward for guillemóts and
Auks and cormorants to díve in;

And, for fear they might get out and
In the flood be lost, he covered
Both the leeward vat and windward
With a strong net, and made all tight;

And by good luck, at the moment,
Finding a large lump of rock salt,
Threw as much, into the áuks' vat,
As would make the water brackish.

Now the elephants were heavy,
Could not easily go up stairs,
So he put them in the middle
Of the first floor, on an extra

Thick and solid gopher planking,
And the hippopotamuses,
Tapirs and rhinoceroses,
On the planking put beside them;

Not because that was the best place
For beasts needing so much water,
But because such heavy ballast
Could not safely be stowed elsewhere;

And, to make amends, — your Noah,
After all, was a good, kind soul —
Gave them douches with the bilge-pump,
Night and morning, when he had time.

But it wasn't enough to make the
Ground floor of his building heavy,
He must keep the top floor light, if
He would have his building steady;

So he put upon the top floor
Nothing but his lightest luggage,
And between the first two storeys
All his heavy bulk divided;

Ánd so cleverly disposed all,
That if God had taken the ark, and
Pitched it from him topsy-turvy,
'Twould have righted, of its ówn self,

Ánd stood upright on its bottom;
Ás you have seen a plaything fairy,
Whén you have sét it on its píth end,
Turn, and stánd-up on its léad end.

So, upon the tóp floor, Noah
Put the flies and gnats and sphinxes,
Crickets, grasshoppers, cockróaches,
Glow-worms, aphides, and earwigs;

Stuck the spiders in the corners;
In the chinks, the bugs and woodlice;
Had a dunghill for the beetles,
For the cochineal, a cactus;

At the óne end of the sáme floor,
Set up perches for the turkeys
And the guinea-fowl and péa-fowl
And the cocks and hens and chickens;

At the other end, a dove-cot
And a pigeon-house and swan-house,
And a pheasantry, and yárd for
Grouse and guans and curassows.

No bird-fancier was Noah,
Scarcely even had ear for music;
Pity, for bird-fancier never
Móre choice had, or greater plenty:

Blackbirds, thrushes, robin-redbreasts,
Siskins, black-caps, and canaries,
Skylarks, titlarks, meadow-pipits,
Wrens and nightingales and warblers,

And the bullfinch and the linnet,
And the mocking-bird and hoopoe,
And the redwing and ring-ouzel,
Stare and oriole and cuckoo;

But he liked as well the screaming
Of the parrakeets and parrots,
And as lief would listen to the
Raven's croak or magpie's chatter;

So he put them all together,
Screamers, whistlers, singers, talkers,
In a cage that filled the whole length,
And the whole height, of one side-wall;

And, upon the opposite side-wall,
In as tall and wide a cage, stowed
Vultures, eagles, albatrosses,
Kites and sparrow-hawks and buzzards,

Gypaëtes and lämmergeiers,
Djous, flyseekers and flycatchers,
Palikours and platyrhynchi,
Owls, shrikes, vangas, and edolii,

And — for Noah better loved peace
Than your Victors and Napoleons —
Chained the strong ones to their perches,
Fenced the weak ones round with wicker.

In Sans Souci Palace garden,
Or Versailles or Hampton Court, thou hast
Seen, no doubt, set in the ground, a
Broad and shallow marble basin

Full of muddy, fetid water,
With gold-fishes swimming in it,
Or a pair of swans upon it,
And sea Triton in the middle.

Thré such broad and shallow basins,
Tanks; say rather, for he neither
Marble had nor Triton, Noah
Built of seasoned gopher-wood, and

In- and out-side pitched and sanded,
And set in the floor, and thréw in
Mud and gravel for a bottom,
And filled to the brim with water,

And with trees, in tubs and barrels,
Garnished round so thick as barely
Tó leave room to pass between his
Winter-garden and his cages.

In the first tank, on their lóng shanks,
Gaunt and solemn, stalked the herons,
Spoonbills, bitterns, demoiselle cranes,
And the stork went clitter-clatter;

And the red flamingo gobbled
Frogs and toads up, by the dozen,
Frogs and toads brought for the purpose —
In the next tank were the breeders:

Green frogs, red frogs, brown frogs, búll frogs,
Shad frogs, bell frogs, palmipede frogs,
Grunters, whistlers, jakies, giants,
Thick-armed, thin-armed, paradóx frogs.

Such a quacking, such a croaking,
Such a Βρεκεκεξ καιξ καιξ,
You 'd have guessed a flood was coming,
Even if God hadn't said a wórd of it.

Leeches, too, were in the fróg tank,
Axolotls and hellbénders,
Piping toads and toads that couldn't pipe,
Marbled newts, and salamanders.

Round about and in and out, frisked
Sepses, skinks, Egyptian geckos,
Tupinambis, and guanas
Both the horned ones and the hornless.

In the third tank ducks and géese swam,
And the tame swan and the wild swan,
And the black swan with the red bill,
And the white swan with the black head;

And the gannet, gull, and dobchick,
And the great, black-bellied darter,
And the water-rail and bald-coot,
And New Holland's cereopsis.

There they swam, but how to feed them
Noah knew no more than you do,
So he told his wife to mind them;
She had been used, at home, to poultry;

Happy for them! for she brought them,
Once a day, all sorts of garbage —
Crumbs and crusts and mashed potatoes;
How they gabbled, how they crowded

To the tank's edge, when they saw her,
With her wooden bowl full, coming,
Followed by the hens and chickens,
And her Sanscrit "chuck, chuck, chück," heard!

From her loving, loyal subjects,
Never queen had greater honor,
Than, from water-fowl and land-fowl,
Noah's wife, so long as in her

Wooden bowl there was one gobbet;
Thinner levy had dethroned queen.
Never, than the wife of Noah
When her wooden bowl was empty.

In the tubs that round the tanks stood,
Rat and mouse and dormouse burrowed,
And the tandrek and the tendrak
And the porcupine and hedgehog,

And the urson and cuándo
And the campagnol and lemming
And the badger and the otter
And the field-mouse, shrew, and rabbit,

And the hamster and the fitchet
And the sable and pine-marten
And the weasel and the ferret;
And sir Mole made his encampment.

Up and down the trees ran squirrels,
Guerlinguets and pteromýses,
Ór cracked nuts, upon the branches,
Or from branch to branch leaped nimble.

And chameleons, wiser far than
Ovid and his fellows thought them,
Gréw fat, not on empty air, but
Flies and gnats caught on their glíb tongues.

Round about the hollow trunks, buzzed
Honey bees of every species,
Ór sipped nectar from the florets,
Or, in swarms, hung from the branches;

For, not being an adept, Noah
Hád brought, by mistake, the quéen bees,
And the whole communities followed,
Drones and laborers and neuters.

But if Noah had more bées than
Hé had hollow trunks to hold them,
Á superabundant stock of
Wax and honey, was a godsend;

For, as there was but one window
And one door, for air and light both,
And the ark had thrée great storeys,
Yóu could hardly see your hánd in it,

Till the wives of Noah's thrée sons,
Whó knew something about chandling,
Thought of making great wax candles,
Such as you see now in churches,

And lit up the ark as well as
Tiers of windows would have lit it;
Ay and better, for outside was
Little light, or none, to cóme in,

Though it hád been made of gláss all,
Roof and walls, like Sydenham Palace,
Not of solid gopher wood, lined,
In- and out-side, with asphaltum;

And the honey was a bónne-bouche,
Not alone for all the Noahs,
But for all the honey-guides, and
Bears, wasps, hornets and gorillas;

And, even in the ark, was true: "Non
Vobis vos mellificatis" —
Ah! the bee's fate is a sád one;
Isn't it, honey-loving reader?

On the topmost boughs the herons,
Cranes and storks built, and their yóung hatched;
Here and there, among the branches,
Tap, tap, tap went the wood-pécker.

Not a leaf but was alive with
Aphides and hemeróbii,
Milking ants, curculionites,
Kermes, coccinel, or coccus;

Or with shell-snails imbricated,
Or hung with epeira meshes,
Or, with moth capes and moth mantles,
Littered like a draper's counter;

Or the fly-ichneumon, boring
With her long and slender auger,
Laid her cuckoo-egg within the
Cynips' and tenthredo's castle.

Maggots crackled, crawled, and tumbled;
Eggs were strown-about like fine sand,
Or lay heaped, like grapes, in clusters,
Or in rows strung like necklaces;

And to have gathered up the pupas
And cocoons, from leaf and branch and
From the earth about the trees' roots,
Would have kept a gardener busy

Until winter, though it had been but
To throw all into a heap and
Make a merry bonfire of them,
Or with lime mix for a compost;

Not that Noah hadn't a fine taste,
Or, though never sworn at Highgate,
Didn't prefer, when he could get it,
The imago to the pupa;

But, as even your handiest tailor
Must, according to his cloth, cut
Coat or mantle, so your Noah
Must his ark, not as he liked best,

But, as best he could, fill up, and
Entomologist enough was
Not to go imago-hunting,
In the egg or pupa season.

To be sure, he had his fly-nets,
And caught butterflies and locusts,
Fire-flies, gad-flies, horse-flies, boat-flies,
And the great lucanus cervus,

And all sorts of tilli, grylli,
Tettigoniae and cicádae,
And — which sure he might have lét lie —
Tineae, blattae, and mosquitoes.

Sphexes, too, he had collected,
Rembi, syrphi, uleiótae,
Lovely thaides and roxanas,
And some bombyces and bombi,

And — hard pressed for room as ever
Druggist, in his shop, or grocer —
Hung all up in paper bágs, with
Cord and pulley, to the rafters,

And threw-in the rice and méal worms,
And the sugar louse, and weevil,
And the book worm, and the paste worm,
And the death-watch, tick, and chéese mite.

Leave them there, and come with mé now,
Dównstairs, to the middle storey —
Isn't it bedlam? Such a chatter,
Such a moping, such a mowing,

Such a jigging, jerking, jumping,
Capering, frisking, caracoling,
Swinging, flinging, pirouetting,
Climbing up, and climbing dówn, bars;

Such a whistling, such a whining,
Such a jabbering, japing, crying,
Such a yelping, such a yelling,
Such a carnival and máy-fair,

Of baboons and chimpanzees and
Órang-óutangs and gorillas,
Micos, patases, and mandrils,
Tamaris and coaítas,

Preaching monkeys, howling monkeys,
Weeping monkeys, and entelli,
Grivets, vervets and green monkeys,
Satans, belzebubs, and gibbons,

Capuchins and talapoins,
Sais and sajous and guerezas,
Caged with thós-dogs, jackals, foxes,
Dholes and dingos and lycáons,

And the proteles Lalandii,
And the taraffe and impompo,
And the tulki and the tilki,
And the koola of the jungle;

Lemurs, too, and lichanoti,
Makis, varis and macaucos,
Kangaroos and potooroos, and
Lemmings, campagnols and wombats.

And, from time to time, the lion
Frightened with his roar the whole ark,
And the áss brayed, and the hóse neighed,
And the wólf howled, and the dóg barked;

And the tiger, in his beauty,
Up and down paced, never resting;
Never resting, up and dówn paced
Ounce and ocelot and puma;

And the leopard, and the panther,
And the jaguar, lynx and cougar,
If you had seen them, how they ramped and
Crouched, by turns, and glared and bristled!

And, not yet to go erect taught,
Brown bears, grisly bears and bruangs
Shuffled awkward upon all-fours,
And looked out for Japhet coming

With full calabash of honey,
Mangosteens, or ripe sorb apples,
And turned up their snouts at white bears
Gorging upon kreng and stock-fish;

And the hateful, fell hyaena,
Skulking in his den's dark corner,
Gnawed a thigh-bone, he had brought with him,
Of a drowned antediluvian.

In with mé now through this wicket,
Lift the latch, and stoop your head low;
Nothing fear, you 're safe in Noah's
Spacious deer-park, sty, and cowhouse.

That 's the lordly bison, chewing
Nonchalant his morning's breakfast;
That 's the plough ox; that 's the músk ox;
That 's the buffalo, tethered next you.

Next beyond, you see the milch cows
Wé 're too late, quite, for the milking;
Noah's sóns' wives — clever housewives —
Milk and strain and set, ere sunrise.

What do you say to yon score bullocks,
— Lóng horns, ten, and ten are shórt horns —
Noah 's fattening-up on wurzel,
For menagerie and hóuse use?

Now come here, I 'll show you something:
There 's a sheep-pen you 'll scarce mách me,
Fifty ammons, mouflons fifty,
Short- and long-tailed, all for eating;

Fifty ammons more for wool, and
Fifty mouffons more for sheep-robe,
For, you know, the flood will léave but
Small provision for the winter,

And a prudent man, like Noah,
Must lay-in both food and clothing,
To supply him, not alóne while
In the ark, but when he has gót out;

For, just think in what a státe he 'll
Find the whóle world when he géts out;
Dripping, dropping, slime and silt, all,
Not a dry spot tó set fóot on;

Not a braird of corn or gráss, left,
Not a hedge or ridge or furrow,
Not a roof his head to shelter,
Every hole choke-full of water;

Not one grain, one seëd, one berry,
Not one onion or potato,
Even the eels killed in the múd by
Thé salt water from the gréat deep;

Even the herrings of the gréat deep
Stifled by the river freshes,
Or if one, by chance, alíve left,
Not a living soul to catch it.

So, not for himself alóne, but
All his fellow-sailors, Noah
Must provide, both on the voyage
And for many a lóng month after,

And, besides his couples cléan and
Couples únclean, carry with him
Sheep and swine and goats, by fifties,
Hay by ricks, and corn by cárt-loads.

Stop your nose now, and make háste past
Pigs and peccaries and cavies,
Phacochoeri, babyroussae,
Taytetous and tagnicatis;

And take care you don't your fót miss
In the slough of mast and offal;
And keep off from that tusked boar, if
Yóu would not be an Adonis.

Wéll done! áll right! There 's the móose-deer,
And the fallow deer and roebuck,
And the red deer, and the reindeer,
And the wapeti and axis,

And the soft, full eyed gazelle, and
Bubalis and cervicapra,
And the kevel and the koba,
Dorcas, whang-yang, and pygarga,

And the chamois and the springbock,
And the nylghau, gnu and caama,
And the philosophic goat, and
Capricorn not yet translated,

And the zebra, and the quagga,
And the dshikketaei and koulán,
And the llama and vicunna,
And the one- and two-hunched camel.

Ánd see where, his kameel-doorn leaves
All consumed, the tall giráffe stands;
Watch him close, you 'll see the cúd go
Slowly up and down his lóng neck.

What 's the matter? why so frightened?
Let them hiss there, théy can't hárm you;
Noah has secured them áll well
In a bulk-head of his first floor;

Lóok down át them through the tráp-door,
How they 're twisting, twining, coiling,
Writhing, glaring, darting, rattling,
Spirting venom with their fórked tongues,

Adders, aspics, amphisbaenas,
Rattle-snakes and horned cerastes,
Dún snakes, smóoth snakes, Bordelais snakes,
Vipers green and vipers yellow,

Anacondas, pythons, boas,
Pseudoboas and megaeras,
And, even by his fellow snákes feared,
Shunned and hated, Eden's cúrsed snake.

Come awáy quick; shut the dóor down;
Leave them there, to sin and Sâtan —
Stay, there 's something creeping on you;
Brush it off; it 's but a chigoe,

That, by sóme chance has got óut of
Noah's fléa-box and louse-casket,
And, bad company eschewing,
Sets out, solus, on its travels;

That 's the box, the nearest tó you
On the shélf there. In the néxt box
Are the centipedes and scorpions;
I 'd advise you not go néar it;

Nor the next one, full of coyas,
Furias, guinea-worms and itch-worms;
And, if you are wise, you 'll let the
Vampyres hang, where they are hanging,

By their twó hooks, from the purlin;
They 'll be busy when the night comes;
Ít 's not bad economý in
Noah, not to keep them cáged up.

Now the show 's done, what do you think of it?
Was there ever such another,
Since the first great cattle-show and
Naming-fair in happy Eden?

I suppose I need not take you
To the granary, on the first floor,
Or the hay-barn, or the dairy,
Or the vegetable garden,

Or the fruit-shop, or the larder,
Or the pantry, or the kitchen,
Or the ladies' drawing-room, or
Noah's own room and check-office,

And bedchamber; 't might be tedious,
And we 're both tired, and we wouldn't like
To be treated as intruders,
Só we may as well be going —

“But the fishes, where are they all,
And the oysters, crabs, and lobsters,
And sea-urchins and sea-nettles,
And infusories and polyyps,

“Which could not, you just now told me,
Live in the flood's brackish waters,
Are they all drowned? or are these, too,
Saved in clean and unclean couples?”

All forgot, and every one drowned,
Clean and unclean, fish and polyp,
Crabs, infusories, and lobsters,
Urchins, oysters, and sea-nettles;

Every one asphyxiated
In the muddy, brackish waters,
And must, every one, be new made,
Or the world jog on without them.

“And the tape-worm, and the maw-worm,
And the ascaris and flúke and” —
Whý, safe, to be sure, in Noah’s
And his fellow-sailors’ bowels.

Nó more questions, if you ’d nótt have
Fibs for answers — come awáy, come.
Pleasant voyage to you áll, boys,
Ánd may God send safe the góodd ship!

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Sept. 21, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

V.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

TOWER so high, there never yét was
As the famous tower of Babel —
Í ’ll not say how many yárds high,
Ás I never chanced to sée it;

Bút God saw it, and came dówn from
Heaven to take a clóse view óf it,
Ánd didn’t like it, and determined
Babel tower should not be finished.

Í do nótt know whether Gódd thought
Men might up to heaven climb bý it,
Ór didn’t think it could be safely
Built with slime instead of mortar;

Or perhaps God did not like the
Babylonish style of building;
Or perhaps it was for mére spite —
Likelier cause than any other.

Bút that 's áll one; God didn't like it,
Ánd at once saw there was nó plan
Half so sure to put a stóp to it,
As a strike among the workmen.

How to manage? Stay, he hás it;
Makes each one forget his language,
Teaches each a different náme for
Brick and slime and hod and trowel.

Scholars apt, a clever teacher —
Whát may not be learned in súch case?
Chitter-chatter go the masons,
And stand staring at each other;

Staring stand, and gape and wonder,
Thén fall-to, again, a-chattering,
Thén throw down their hods and trowels,
Ánd start off, each at a tangent,

Leaving the contractor ruined,
Leaving Babel tower unfinished,
Á memorial of the fírst strike,
And a warning to the whóle world,

Not to take in hand agáin to
Build a tower so high as Babel,
Till they háve made polyglots of
Thé contractor and the masons.

Walking from ROSAMOND to KILMASHOGUE MOUNTAIN, May, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

VI.

ABRAHAM.

Part First.

DID you ever hear of Abraham,
How he went down into Egypt
With his oxen, sheep, and camels,
When the famine was in Moreh?

How he had a pretty wife too,
Whom he could not but bring with him,
Though he knew the Egyptians were as
Fond, as he, of pretty women?

So he said to her: — "Wife Sarah,
Have a care of these Egyptians;
Go to! say you are my sister;
If you don't, I am a dead man;

"For they 're fond of pretty women,
And you know you 're pretty, Sarah;
So they 'll kill me, to get at you,
If they hear I am your husband.

"To be sure, it is not quite true,
But I know God will forgive you
For the lie, both, and adultery,
Knowing they are both for my sake."

"Abraham's will is Sarah's pleasure,"
Answered Sarah, simpering sweetly;
"As for God, who knows him better
Than the father of the faithful?"

Só said, só done. Sarah's beauty
Smote the Egyptians, ánd, befóre long,
Abraham's sister was installed in
Thé seraglio of the Pharaohs;

Ánd the Pharaohs for her sáke made
Presents to her brother Abraham;
And well treated for her sáke was
Abraham in the land of Egypt.

All was right now, and the chéat was
Prospering well, when it pleased Gód to
Plague — no, not the cheating parties,
But — the cheated house of Pharaoh.

Which, when Pharaoh was quite síre of
— For, at first, he couldn't believe it:
Wás not Abraham's God a júst God?
And could Abraham lie, or Sarah? —

Hé grew wroth and said to Abraham: —
“What is this thou hást done tó me?
Fór thy wife's sake I am plágued thus.
Whý said'st thou she was thy sister?”

“Tó my wife, I might have taken her,
Ánd this foul, foul crime committed —
Óut; begone; thy wife take with thee;
Lét me see the last of bóth of ye.”

Then the servants drove them óut, both,
Ánd they went up out of Egypt
Into Canaan, and in Gerar
Played the sáme trick on Abimelech.

Ánd God plagued Abimelech likewise,
Plagued his wife and plagued his handmaids,
Closed their wombs and made them barren,
All for Sarah, Abraham's wife's sake.

And Abimelech said to Abraham: —
“What lie 's this which thou hast told me?
Get thee gone, and somewhere else dwell;
See, my land is all before thee.

“Take thy wife, and take the thousand
Silver pieces I have given thee,
And the men- and women-servants,
And the sheép take, and the oxen,

“And begone, and to thy Gód pray
That he plague no more Abimelech,
Who, until this cheat, as little
Knew of him as of his prophet.”

Abraham did as he was bidden,
Took his wife, the sheep, the oxen,
And the men- and women-servants,
And the thousand silver pieces,

And away went, and to Gód prayed
Not to plague Abimelech longer;
Ánd God hearkened to his prophet,
Ánd the plague stayed, and Abimelech's

Wife's and handmaids' wombs were opened,
And they bare Abimelech children,
And the fear of Abraham's Gód came
On Abimelech and his nation.

So, with help of Sarah's beauty,
Abraham, every day, grew richer;
Ánd God greatly prospered Abraham,
And, in all he did, was with him.

ROSAMOND, April 18, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

ABRAHAM.

Part Second.

CHAPTER first you 've heard of Abraham,
How he passed his wife on Pharaoh
For his sister, and, with Góð's help,
Came, a rích man, out of Egypt.

Nów, if yóu would like to héar more
Óf the doings of the sáme pair
When they were a hundred yéars old,
Listen to my second chapter.

Fourscore years and ten, was Sarah,
Ánd, by nine years older, Abraham,
Whén God talked with Abraham, saying: —
"Í am God Almighty, Abraham.

"Í have chosen thee to bless thee,
Ánd to make a gréat man óf thee;
Nations shall be born thy children;
Walk before me and be perfect.

"In this land thou art a stranger,
Ánd hast nó right tó one fóot of it:
From the owners I will take it
Ánd to thee and thy seed give it.

"Í will be thy God, and thóu shalt
Be my prophet." "It 's a bargain,"
Answered Abraham, "and a góod one;
All it wants now 's tó be wéll sealed."

"Í seal bargain!" cried God, angry;
"Never! sealing is thy business;
With thy foreskin thou shalt séal it,
Thou and every male among ye.

"With your foreskins yó shall seal it,
Every mále soul in your whóle house,
Every mále child, every mále slave"
(God approved of slaves in thóse days).

"Cút off sháll be, from among ye,
Every mále that sháll not só seal,
Fréeborn, ór slave bóught with money,
Child of slave or child of freeborn."

Só said God, and up to héaven went;
Ánd, that sáme day, circumcised were
Abraham's self and Abraham's whóle house,
Young and óld males, slave and freeborn.

"Now I 've done my part," said Abraham,
"Let us see how God will dó his;
Í 'm a góod, round hundred yéars old,
Ánd wife Sarah 's not much younger.

"Maybe, after all, what Gód meant,
Was, to bless me in my bastard,
Ishmael, the son of Hagar —
Bastards, I 've heard say, are lucky."

Tó himself while Abraham thús said,
Ín the sún's heat, át his tént door,
Hé saw thrée men coming towards him,
Ánd rose up and ran to meet them,

And said tó them: — “Please sit down, sirs,
Underneath this tree, and rest ye;
Water for your feet I ’ll fetch ye,
Ánd your hearts with bread will comfort.”

They were sweating, tired, and hungry;
Dusty were their feet, and dirty;
Ánd there were no inns in thóse days;
Só you may suppose they sát down

Well content, while Abraham brought them
Water for their feet, and killed a
Young and tender calf, and dressed it;
Butter, too, and milk he brought them.

And they eat and were refreshed, and
Abraham stóod by — lucky Abraham!
Óne of thése three men was God, and
Didn’t forget to ask for Sarah;

Who was in the tént door, listening,
And began to titter whén she
Héard God say to Abraham: — “Let her
Get her baby-linen ready.”

“What makes Sarah titter?” sáid God;
“Ís ’t because I talked of babies?
Dóes she better know, than Gód knows,
Whát God can, and what God cán’t, do?”

“Í didn’t titter; I!” said Sarah;
“Nay, thou did’st,” said God, “I heard thee;
Ín the tént door, heard thee, tittering,
At our backs, while we were talking.”

Sarah shouldn’t have told this bíg lie,
Shouldn’t have contradicted Gód plump,
Shouldn’t have stood behind backs, listening,
Might have known, she wóuld be fóund out.

Nay, don't tell me that 'twas Abraham,
Abraham's self, had taught her lying;
Or, that she couldn't know that Gód was
Óne of her three guests, or which one;

Or, that God and angels listen
— Still keep listening and eavesdropping —
And, that very day, a sét had
Made on Abraham, both, and Sarah.

Í 'll not hear your vain excuses;
Sarah listened, told a plump lie,
Tó his beard God contradicted,
And the only wonder is, God

Díd not curse her as, for less than
Half of her offence, he cúrsed Eve,
Or a féw drops sprinkle ón her
Of the rain in store for Sodom.

Why he díd not 's no conundrum,
Tedious to be puzzled over:
Wasn't she Abraham's wife, and needed
To be mother of the faithful?

Só God stomached thé affront, and,
When his lunch was finished, róse up,
Bid good morning, and toward Sodom
Went, accompanied by Abraham: —

“This time next year, Abraham,” sáid God,
Side by side as théy walked friendly,
“Thón shalt see which of the twó 's right,
Sarah or the God of Abraham.

“I will bless and multiply thee,
Make a mighty nation óf thee;
Not a kindred óf the éarth but
Shall a blessing have in Abraham;

"For I know him, long and well, as
Mý best friend and coadjutor;
Í 'll to him stick whó to mé sticks —
Always óne hand wash the other.

"But your neighbours here, in Sodom,
Root and branch I will destroy them
— Hen and chicken, cut them áll off —
Sure as I am God Almighty;

"That 's to say, if, when I gó down,
— I 'm upon my way, this moment —
Í find half the stories trúe I
Hear of their abominations.

"Fire and brimstone down upon them
Í 'll from héaven rain — whát do you stáre at?
We 've in heaven so much of bóth stuffs
That it 's scarcely safe to sléep in it."

Abraham wondered, but said nothing,
Ánd God wént on to expláin how
Ín due time he meant to make a
Separate place to keep such stuffs in.

"Don't forget to tell thy nephew,"
Sáid God, when he had expláined all;
"Warned is armed, and let him máke haste;
Fire and brimstone do their wórk quick."

"Lord," said Abraham, "peradventure
In the city there are fifty
Righteous mén found, thóu 'lt not, surely,
Slay the righteous with the guilty?"

"Fár be it fróm the Lord and God of
All the earth, to do unjustly."
"For the sake of fifty righteous,"
Answered God, "Í 'll spare the city."

"I 'm but sinful dust and ashes,"
Thén said Abraham, "yet I 'm bold to
Ask, if five lack of the fifty,
Wilt thou then destroy the city?"

"I will spare it for the sake of
Five and forty righteous," said God.
"If there be but barely forty?"
"Even for forty's sake I 'll spare it."

"Be not angry, Lord!" said Abraham;
"If the righteous be but thirty?"
"Even for thirty's sake," replied God,
"I will nót destroy the city."

"Peradventure," then said Abraham,
"Only twenty are the righteous?"
"For the sake of twenty righteous,"
Answered God, "I 'll spare the city."

"Once more bear with me," said Abraham;
"If the righteous only tén be?"
"If there be ten righteous in it,"
Said God, "I will spare the city."

I don't know why Abraham stópped here,
And didn't keep still plucking háirs out
Of the máre's tail till he had cóme to
Five, and four, and three, and twó, and

None, at last, and só saved Sodom;
But, whatever was his reason,
Abraham stopped at ten, and Gód went
Into Sodom, and, not finding

Tén men righteous, in the city,
Rained down fire and brimstone ón it,
And upon Gomorrah, near it,
And upon the plain of Jordan;

Made a solfatara óf it,
And of all the country róund it;
Every living soul killed in it,
Old and young, and male and female,

Only, for the sake of Abraham,
Saving four: Lot, Abraham's nephew,
Ánd Lot's wife and Lot's two daughters;
Hów these túrned out, you shall nów hear.

Lot got drunk and by his eldest
Daughter had a son called Moab;
Of the Moabites he was father,
Worshippers of Baal and Chemosh,

And, of Balak, predecessor,
Who hired Balaam, son of Beor,
To curse Moses and the children
Whom God brought up out of Egypt;

But the angel of the Lórd stood
In the way of the enchanter,
With a dráwn sword, where the róad was
Narrow, and a wall on éach side.

Now the enchanter did not sée him,
Though he was a brave enchanter,
Ánd had góne on and been surely
Cut to mincemeat by the angel,

But the donkey he was riding,
Happily for the enchanter,
Saw the angel and the dráwn sword,
Ánd stopped short and wouldn't go farther,

Ánd, when the enchanter ehid him,
And belaboured with his cudgel,
Bruised his foot against a wall, and
Fair, at last, into a ffield turned.

Only harder struck the enchanter,
And the ass was getting the wórst of it,
Whén God, in his goodness, opened
Donkey's mouth, and thus said donkey: —

“Íf thou hadst one grain of sense, it 's
Hay and oats thou wouldst be gíving me,
Not this basting with thy cudgel;
Whó has saved thy life but donkey?”

“Sée there! see! Look straight before thee!”
Balaam looked, but cóuld see nothing,
Ánd was only growing the angrier,
Ánd, if hé had had a swórd, would

Fór the ass have done exactly
What, but for the ass, the angel
Hád for hím done, when the Lórd, to
Save, at once, the ass's credit

And the life of the enchanter,
Deigned to open Balaam's eýes and
Show him what he had shown the donkey: —
“Í 'll go back again,” said Balaam.

But the angel of the Lórd said: —
“Páss on, this time; bút take warning,
Ánd turn back the néxt time donkey
Stóps short where the road is narrow.”

“Asses sometimes stop to bray,” said
Balaam, trembling, “or to piddle.”
“Ít 's all one,” replied the angel;
“Íf thou 'rt wise, thou 'lt túrn back néxt time;

“Fór it 's not to be expected,
If the Lord again should sénd me
With a dráwn sword to wayláy thee,
Ánd thine áss again should spý me,

"That the Lord a second time will
Play the fól's part he has todáy played,
Ánd teach donkey Moabitish,
Just to balk himself and mé, both.

"Só, the néxt time donkey stóps short,
Túrn back, Balaam; if he stóps to
Bray or piddle, there 's small hárm done;
Íf it 's Í 'm there, then thy life 's saved."

Hów Lot's eldest daughter had a
Son called Moab, you have júst heard,
Ánd you have héard who was his father,
Só, I hope, it won't surprise or

Greatly shock you when I tell you
Lot got drunk the next night also,
And his younger daughter bore him,
Ín nine months, his son Ben-Ammi.

Of the Ammonites hé was father,
Whom the Lord would nót let Moses
Dríve out, to make room for Israel,
But preserved safe in the lánd which

Hé had taken from the Zuzims,
And, when he had killed the Zuzims,
Gíven the Ammonites to live in:
'Twas for Lót's sake he so lóved them.

Of the four elect souls Gód saved
Out of Sodom, there remains now
Only Lót's wife to be told of,
And of her what need I tell you?

Fór there 's not a child but knóws well
Thát Lot's wife was turned into a
Pillar of salt, for looking back, and
Spying whát God did to Sodom;

And if bût few ever sáw that
Pillar of salt, it ís small wonder,
When we take into accóunt how
Very deliquescent sált is.

But, according to his wórd, the
Lord did something unto Sarah,
And the woman of almóst a
Hundred yéars old, had a fíne boy.

Now I 'm sure you 'll think it ódd, God
Chose to go so by contraries,
Keeping pretty Sarah barren
'Till she was almóst a hundred,

Ánd then, without rhyme or reason,
Giving her, all óf a sudden,
Such a bouncing son and heir as
Made her husband's handmaid jealous: —

“Ah!” cried Hagar, when she sáw the
Withered, shrivelled patriarchess,
Giving suck and crying “Hush-o!”
“Í may go about my business.”

At the weaning was a gréat feast,
Music, and I dón't know wát not;
Abraham happy, Sarah happy,
Happy all but handmaid Hagar.

In a corner sat the handmaid,
Sad and sulky — cóuld you blame her? —
“What 's the matter, mistress spóil-sport?”
Sarah said, and called her tó her.

“Are you fretting God has made me
Independent of your bastard?
Are you fretting father Abraham
Has no longer need of handmaids?

"It 's a thousand pities — isn't it? —
God has found a way to give the
World his blessing without help of
Either Ishmael or his mother.

"Out! begone! and Ishmael with you;
In the desert of Beer-Sheba
You 'll have room enough and time to
Calculate the age of Sarah."

Many and many a man 't has fretted,
That his concubine and wife couldn't
Live in harmony together,
And it fretted Abraham sorely.

Hé was fond of both his sóns, and
— Whó can doubt it? — quite as fond of,
Íf not twice as fond of, Hagar,
As he ever was of Sarah;

And although he was so fúll of
Faith, and knowledge of the trúe God,
— Ín whose universal presence,
Deserts smile and smell like gardens —

Cóuldn't help thinking Hagar ánd her
Little Ishmael would be quite as
Wéll off in the tent with hím as
Ín God's desert of Beer-Sheba;

Só he swithered, shilly-shallied,
Ánd had just begun to think that
Sarah could as well, or better
In the desert shift than Hagar,

When — was nó't the nodus worthy
Of a God to come and loose it? —
God commands, and Abraham dríves out
Hagar, hand in hand with Ishmael.

You have heard how cruel Romans,
At the bidding of their false Gods,
Used to entomb, alive, the vestal
Guilty of a peccadillo.

With a pitcher full of water,
And a loaf of bread, they left her
Buried in the ground, to perish,
And I never heard that of their

False Gods one came near to save her —
Ah! she perished but too surely,
When she had drained the pitcher empty,
And the loaf of bread was finished.

With such bowels of compassion,
Abraham put a loaf of bread and
Bottle full of water into
Hagar's hands and drove her out, with

Little Ishmael, to perish
In the desert of Beer-Sheba.
But his God was not a false God,
And — as soon as she had finished

Both the bread and water, and had
Laid the child down and gone far off,
That she might not see him perish —
Made inquiries, by his angel,

In a loud voice from the sky down,
(There was no noise in the desert,
And she heard the voice, distinctly)
Saying "Hagar, why this crying?"

— Mother, both, and child were crying,
So it was no wonder God heard,
Who, you know, is always listening
And has sharp ears — "Take the child up,

"Give him drink — see! yonder 's water" —
And he showed her where the well was —
"Hé 's a fine boy, and I 'll réar him
And make óf him á great nation."

Gód didn't say — it would have shócked her —
Á great nation of blasphemers,
Pagans, heathens, Moslem robbers,
Foes of God and of the true faith.

Í can't say if God himsélf knew,
But incline to think he did not;
God has shown himself, at áll times,
More or less enthusiastic;

Hoped to make a fine world óf it,
Full of peace and love and blessing,
Yet, before it was a month old,
Cursed the job, so bad it túrned out.

So it 's not unlikely Gód thought
Hé would make a second Israel
Out of Ishmael, and the wórl'd bless
In the wífe, both, and the handmaid.

Bút let thát pass; Hagar did as
God commanded, took the child up,
Filled her bottle at the well, and
Drank, herself, and gave the child drink;

And the lives of both were saved, and
Gód blessed Ishmael, as he promised,
And he gréw up and became the
Robin Hood of Paran desert.

Truer shaft, in Sherwood Forest,
Suit of Lincoln green sped never,
Than the long shaft from the bow sprang
Óf this first of Bedouin robbers.

An Egyptian was his mother,
And he married an Egyptian,
And had twelve sons — Bedouin chiefs, all —
By his wife some, some by handmaids;

And he lived a hundred years and
Seven and thirty, and then died off
And was gathered to his people —
They didn't go to heaven in those days.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

ABRAHAM.

Part Third.

“LEAD us not into temptation,”
Is a prayer we offer up to
God Almighty, night and morning,
And, no doubt, there is some use in it;

For, if God one single fault has,
It 's that he 's so fond of tempting,
And from the right path seducing,
His but too confiding children.

Ah, how happy we might be now,
What a different world have of it,
Had but Eve the Lord's Prayer practised,
She and Adam, night and morning!

But they did not; they had too much
Faith in God's own innate goodness,
To believe there could be use in
Begging God not to mislead them.

What the consequence, I need not
Téll those who so sorely feel it;
How successful the Creator's
Pitfall for his own creation.

Abraham too — but I suspect, that
Abraham knew God was but joking,
And the joke met with a like joke,
Didn't at all mean to kill Isaac.

Hear the story; for yourselfs judge;
Dón't take my opinion of it;
These are times when 'gentle, simple'
— Young and old — are all alike wise:

In one of those entertaining
Conversaziones Gód used
Now and then to hold with Abraham,
Hé 's reported to have thús said: —

“Abraham, I 've a woman's longing
For the smell of á roast child's flesh;
Thou 'st a son — a loved son — Isaac;
Kill and roast, and let me sméll him.

“Since I first smelt Abel's róast lamb,
I have loved the smell of róast meat;
But I hear, of all roast méats there 's
None so savory smells as róast child.”

“Lord,” said Abraham, “be not angry,
But if thon to child's flesh takest,
How an I henceforth to know thee
Different from Baal and Chemosh?”

“Answer me this, first,” replied God;
“Whý mayn't Í be Abraham's Gód still,
Though I choose to treat my nostrils,
Thís once, to a sniff of róast child?”

"It 's not in itself a thing 's right,
But it 's right because God dóes it,
Or, which comes much to the sáme thing,
Right because God bids it bé done.

"To be sure, to kill and róast a
Child, is murder, in your lów's eye,
And to kill and roast one's ówn child,
Worse than murder, twenty tímes worse;

"But the case is changed when Gód bids,
And — to quote a tongue, beforehand,
I 'll, one day, deal múch in — Deus
Est justificationi.

"Then to kill and roast your ówn child,
Proves not only your obedience,
But your righteousness and faith and
Firm conviction. óf God's goodness,

"Ánd that God shall not in váin ask
You, his servant, tó do fór him
Thát which those who worship Baal and
Chemosh, cheerfully for thém do.

"Up! make haste! and on the mountain
Í shall show thee in Moriah,
Kill and roast thy lóved son, Isaac;
High the mountain, and the sméll will

"Reach to heaven, and glad my nostrils,
Ánd I will remember Abraham,
Ánd according to my promise,
Bléss, and make a gréat man óf him."

Further answer Abraham máde none
— Abraham was, you know, a wise man —
Bút his áss got, and his són took,
And the wood, and twó men, wíth him.

And set out and, on the third day,
To the foot, came, of the mountain
God had told him of, and left there
Both the donkey and the two men,

And said to them: — "Here abide ye,
While my son and I go higher
Up the mountain, God to worship;
Worship over, we will come back,

"With the blessing of the God who
Hates a lie as he loves Abraham,
And has sworn to bless the whole earth
In my son, my loved son, Isaac."

This said, Abraham took the wood and
Bound it on the back of Isaac,
And went up the mountain with him,
Knife in one hand, fire in the other.

"There 's one thing we have forgot," said
Isaac simply, as they went up;
"Here 's the knife, the wood, the kindling;
But the lamb, papa, where is it?"

"God is good, my son," said Abraham,
"And will with a lamb provide us."
"Is it good in God," said Isaac,
"To provide a lamb for killing?"

"Doesn't it hurt the pretty lamb to
Cut its throat with a great, sharp knife?
God is not good, or he would not
Even so much as let you kill it."

"Every thing is good that God does,
Or bids do," said Abraham, drily;
"Here 's the place;" and, with the word, the
Wood untied from Isaac's shoulder,

Ánd, with Isaac's help, an altar
Built of sods and stones, and ón it
Laid the wóod, and on the wóod laid,
Hand and foot bound — his son Isaac.

You have heard how Agamemnon
Could not bear to look upón the
Spouting héart's blood of his daughter,
But his face wrapped in his mantle,

While intó Iphigenía's
Báred breast Calchas plunged the dagger —
Ah, faint-hearted Agamemnon!
Weak as his own potsherd idols.

Abraham, servant of the trúe God,
Has a different heart, and in his
Ówn hand takes the knife and lifts high,
Ánd is in the act of striking,

When — blessed, lucky chance for Isaac —
God remembers, on a sudden,
Thát it 's in the seed of Isaac,
He has sworn to bless the wóole earth,

Ánd calls down from heaven: — "Stop, Abraham;
Thóu hast done enough to please me;
With the ánimus God 's contented,
Doesn't require the actual murder.

"That thou 'rt faithful, thou hast wéll proved,
And in future to be trusted
Tó do this, or more than this, if
Need require it, in my service.

"Therefore Í will multiplý thee,
Greatly bless and multiplý thee,
As the sand upon the séa shore,
As the stars of heaven, in number."

Abraham stopped and looked about, and
Saw a ram caught in the thicket
By its horns, and went and took it
— There was no policeman near him —

And upon the altar killed and
Roasted it, in place of Isaac,
And God put up with the smell of
Roasted ram, instead of roast child's.

So the sacrifice went on well;
God was pleased and so was Abraham;
And, when all was over, Isaac
Wiped his eyes, and whimpered "Ámen!"

And that same hour God determined,
— Should he ever be so happy
As to have a son born to him,
And that son, by good luck, turn out

To be of so gentle nature
As in all things to submit him,
Unresisting, uncomplaining,
To his father's will and pleasure —

Not, indeed, to take the knife in-
-To his own hand, Abraham fashion,
— Foolish people might an outcry
Raise against so high-flown virtue —

But into the hands deliver
Of his ministers, to kill and
Offer up, as a sin offering,
On the altar of his father: —

"So shall all the world acknowledge,"
Said God to himself, complacent,
"Better father there was never
Than myself, excepting Abraham;

"Nor, to horrid Moloch, ever
Offered in the vale of Tophet,
Purer or more spotless victim
Than I 've offered to myself up;

"With whose guiltless blood I 'll sméar the
Shárp edge of my sword of justice,
With whose guiltless blood I 'll quénch the
Seething of my furious anger;

"With whose guiltless blood I 'll wásh the
Stains out of his guilty brethren;
With whose guiltless blood I 'll sprinkle
The repentent, contrite sinner."

Thús God to himself, while Abraham
Wént, with Isaac, down the mountain,
Ánd the áss found, and the twó men,
Waiting for him where he had léft them.

"Só the master has brought the lád back,
After worship, as he promised;"
Whispered, as they went along, one
Of the twó men to his comrade.

"To be sure!" replied his comrade,
Whispering back; "Why mayn't the master
Téll truth sometimes — by mistake, or
When a lie won't serve his purpose?"

"True or false," still in a whisper,
Said the first of the two speakers,
"Sure as Father Abraham 's in it,
Thére 's a trick in it, top or bottom."

"Old Time 's curious, and will find out,
If he can," replied the other,
"And is honest and will truly,
Good or bad, tell what he finds out."

So they whispered on the wáy home,
Abraham's twó men, tittle tattle;
And you may be sure that Isaac,
When he gót home, wasn't quite silent;

But no matter whether it was
Isaac blabbed or Time that fóund out,
You 've the story as I héard it;
Not one word of it 's my invention.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, June 17, 1859.

N E M E S I S.

"CURSE on tobacco for a filthy weed!
— Once in his life our royal James had right,
And dubbed tobacco prince of filthy weeds —
Filthy to touch, taste, smell, or have to dó with,
Filthy to see, come near, or even so much
As think of. Execrated be thy name,
Jean Nicot, with Robespierre's and Marat's,
And his, who first out of the kindly grape
Extracted the fell poison alcoholic!"
As thus I said, preluding, and the shell
Began to tingle to my touch indignant,
My daughter stopped me sudden: — "You 're on fire,
Papa!" she cried, and brushed with rapid hand
The sparks off, and the burning lappet shook,
Terrified; for, absorbed and off my guard,
I had stood too near the smouldering hempen rope
Which, at the door of the tobacconist
Whose wares had roused my spirit, dangling hung
Ready to light the customer's cigar,
And my light over-coat had taken fire.
I recognised the hand of Nemesis,
And threw away the plectrum, and walked thoughtful

Home to my inn *chez* Gaultier in St. Gilles
Les Boucheries, Departement du Gard,
In France, and passed a sleepless, tossing night,
And humbled rose next morning and to church
Went with the earliest, and sang loud his praise,
Who for Man's use made anacondas, boas,
Fleas, lice, and chigoes, vampyres and — tobacco.
Walking from ST. GILLES LES BOUCHERIES, to ARLES, Jan. 2, 1861.

TO A QUAKER FRIEND,

ON BEING INFORMED THAT HE HAD LET HIS BEARD GROW.

BEARD on a quaker! That 's a forward step.
Now over Credo's fence with one brave leap;
Break the preserve and range the forest free,
And taste how sweet the grass of liberty:
To be a man, dare; leave to priests their fudge,
And reason thou, see, hear, and feel and judge.
Never made Christian faith, or faith of Jew,
A nobler spirit, heart more warm and true,
Or purer hands, than his who let one day
Without a good work done pass sad away.
Never more ruthless ruffian than our own
Harry the Eighth spread terror from a throne.
Nero and Harry! the chief difference is:
A parricide that, a wife-beheader this;
That, an adulterer; this, to clear his bed
For the fresh bride, chopped off the stale bride's head;
That, Pater Patriae and chief Pontifex;
This, Church's head, and Dei gratia Rex;
Both persecutors; that, to tigers threw;
With slow fire, this, or ax and headsman, slew:
Monsters alike, what matters it one jot,
Which had the faith of Christ, and which had not?

CASA CARTONI, AT CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 8, 1861.

THE HOUSE THAT ZEUS BUILT.

ZEUS built his house as well as he was able,
But, finding out soon it was far from stable,
Sent for a mason, bade him take a prop
And shore it up, too heavy at the top.
The mason worked well, though he was a Jew,
Shored up the house, and made it look like new.
Such is the reason, I hear people say,
The house that Zeus built to the present day
Has lasted, and seems likely to last long,
Though deuced unsteady when the wind blows strong.

CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 8, 1861.

INVOCATION

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

MATILDA OF EISLEBEN.

"*Blasphemia blasphemiarum religio.*"

AVAUNT! I know ye not, ye vulgar saints,
Saint John the Evangelist, Matthew, Mark and Luke,
And Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist,
And all ye small fry of the calendar,
Who, to sustain life, needed common air,
And day and night spent decomposing gases,
And made a chemist's workshop of your lungs,
And come, blessed lady mother, of Eisleben,
Matilda, come! suppose in me a Dante,
And be my friend and guide and intercessor,
Thou, who breath'dst not the atmosphere but drewest
Out of God's heart thy breath, even as a bellows

Opening and shutting draws into its void
The kitchen air, and puffs into the fire.

Hear, hear my prayer, Matilda! thou to whom
The Lord so much told about Origen,
Samson and Titus and wise Solomon.
Of Origen the Lord said: — "Ask me not;
That is a secret I will not divulge,
Lest men presume again upon their genius."
Of Samson said the Lord: — "What I have done
With Samson's soul, I 'll never tell to mortal,
That men henceforth may have a wholesome dread
Of giving way to that bad passion, vengeance."
"Ask me not," said the Lord, "what I have done
With Titus' blameless soul; I 'll keep that close,
Lest foolish men should take 't into their heads
There 's small good in religion and I might
As well have left them pagans to the end,
And saved myself and them a lot of trouble.
And as to what I did with Solomon,
The great and wise king of the Jews, I 'm dumb,
And never a word will tell for love or money,
Lest men should set their hearts on carnal pleasures,
And seek in worldly greatness their chief good."

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou for whom God's heart
Opened, received thee in, and closed again,
And thou wert one with the eternal God,
And drank'st his blood, and breath'dst his breath divine,
And wert to him a bride, and he to thee
A joyful bridegroom who with the Holy Spirit
Filled thee to overflowing, and with love's
Warm mantle covered thee and wrapped thee round,
Thee and himself wrapped round, and ye were one.

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou who sawest the wheel
Revolving from the left hand to the right
Within God's heart; and from God's heart and wheel
A cord to Man's heart reaching; and the wheel
Within Man's heart, that to the right hand turns,

Following the wheel within the heart of God.
Whiz, whiz they go, harmonious; you would swear
They are two spinning-wheels two maidens ply,
Each with a foot, beside the cabin door,
Each humming the same tune and keeping time.
But, all at once, the wheel within Man's heart
A fit takes, and stops short, and to the left
With sudden whir turns, and goes whirring left
As fast as ever it went whirring right,
And strains the cord, and drags God's wheel and heart,
Even as the capstan, turning, drags the anchor;
And who knows what had happened, had the cord
Not, happily, been weak and snapped in twain,
And down fell Man, wheel, heart, and óne half cord,
Leaving God there a little foolish-looking,
But not one whit the worse, and fully bent
To fish all up again, some time or other,
And splice the cord, and set the wheel a-going
With his own wheel once more, from left to right.

Matilda, hail! who on Ascension Day,
When thou hadst stood two hours in thy cuculla,
Silent, and meditating on the cross
Which in the middle of the cloister court
Beside the well stood, look'dst into the water,
And sawest that thy cuculla was a cross
— Its hood, the top; its two long sleeves, the arms;
Its skirt, the standard; — and from that day forth
Hadst ever in thy cell upon the wall
The cross of thy cuculla — at full length
Hung up, with hood extended and both sleeves —
And when thou walkedst out, walk'dst in the cross,
Fearless, even though thy way lay over tombs
Or past the bone-house; and no cold felt'st ever,
Though in the cloister court five foot of snow;
Nor sweatedst, though the sun glowed from the solstice.

Matilda, hail! who in an ecstasy,
The Feast of the Conception, sawest God's heart

Thrown open, and a lovely maid inside
 Tapping incessant with a diamond ring,
 Incessant tapping, the firm heart of God,
 Askedst her who she was, and hadst for answer: —
 “I am the same who with this diamond ring
 Kept tap, tap, tapping here till forth the babe
 Came, perfect to the nails: I am the same
 Who, on a beam of light, down to the Mother
 Slid with the Father’s son: I am the same
 Who, when — some nine months after — he was born,
 Covered his nakedness with swaddling clothes
 And laid him in the manger; brought him, then,
 Into, and out of, Egypt, and — for Man’s
 Dear sake and to atone God’s righteous wrath —
 Punished him guiltless, persecuted, tortured,
 And at last nailed upon the bloody cross:
 My name is Love — Divine Love — bless my name.”
 And thou saidst to the maiden: — “Tap my heart
 Once with thy diamond ring.” and Love thy heart
 Tapped, as thou bad’st, and thy hard heart grew soft,
 And thou wept’st tears of pity and of love,
 — Pity and love for Man, and love for God,
 And love and pity for God in the flesh —
 And knelt’st down, and a vow mad’st, on the spot,
 To ascend, up to its very top, the high,
 Rarely ascended Mountain of the Virtues.
 And thou saidst to the maiden: — “Once again
 Tap with thy diamond ring this hard, hard heart.”
 And she did so, and faster flowed thy tears
 And wet thy scapular and mantle’s hem,
 And to thy sighs and sobs there was no end,
 Till a winged cherub brought the amber box
 In which the tears of seraphim are stored,
 When they weep tears of pity for fallen Man,
 And held it to thine eyes and caught seven drops,
 And said: — “Thy tears with seraphim’s are stored.”
 And thou wast comforted, and wept’st no more;
 For though the tear stood in thine eye a while,

'Twas but to form Hope's rainbow with the ray,
Fell on it from the smile of Love Divine.

All hail, Matilda! thou who on Palm Sunday,
Reflecting on the works which our dear Lord
Christ Jesus had done for us in the flesh,
Beganst to wonder what sort of a supper
Martha and Mary had provided for him,
The night he was so kind to sup with them
In Bethany; and straight wast there in spirit,
And in a little boudoir sawest the Lord
Seated at table, and by Martha only
Attended, and with savory venison served,
And dates and olives and old Jordan wine,
Whilst Mary at his side, with net in hand,
Stood catching, and in gold-wire cage confining,
The words, which, in the shape of nightingales,
Out of his mouth at intervals were flying.
And when the Lord asked why thou hadst no net,
Saidst, "See, I have one." and in thy gown's folds
Caughtest a nightingale, and in thy bosom
Mad'st a warm nest for it of love and hope,
And fedst it with soft emmet eggs of faith.
And lo! the nightingale began to sing,
And thou sang'st with it, and the Lord beat time: —
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.
And all the nightingales in Mary's cage
Joined with thy nightingale, and Mary joined
And Martha, and in one loud chorus sang: —
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.

Virgin Matilda, hail! who, step by step,
With cockle veil, and pilgrim staff in hand,
Ascendedst the high Mountain of the Virtues
Even to the top, above the sun and moon
And firmament; and there beheld'st the Lord
Standing alone, in dazzling raiment white,
And fell'st down at his feet, and worshippedst.
And the Lord welcomed thee with outstretched hand,

And took thee to walk with him on the broad
 And grassy summit, in the cool, fresh air,
 And when thou saidst he did thee too much honor,
 Answered, no honor was too great for one
 Who had come so far, and neither time nor pains
 Spared to arrive at that, it must be owned,
 Out-of-the-way and inconvenient place.
 So thou consentedst, and went'st with the Lord,
 Enjoying the wide prospect, and to a house
 Camest soon of polished silver, shining bright
 Like the full moon upon a summer's night;
 And shoals of little children round the house
 In all the courts and pleasure-grounds were playing
 Hide-and-go-seek, and Tom-fool-in-the-middle,
 And blind-man's-buff, and various other games.
 And when thou ask'dst the Lord why weren't the children
 At school, learning their lessons, the Lord said: —
 "These children died before the age of five;
 Before the age of five there is no knowledge;
 Until there 's knowledge there can be no sin:
 Therefore these children's happiness is perfect,
 And one perpetual holiday is theirs.
 Books, little used in heaven, were to these children
 Useless, or worse; sure means of gaining knowledge,
 And knowledge is the harbinger of sin."
 And when thou ask'dst the Lord: — "Will these sweet children
 Always remain so, or will they grow up
 To full-sized angels?" the Lord smiled and said: —
 "Thou shouldst know better than to ask such question.
 Growth there is none in heaven; how could there be,
 Unless, indeed, in heaven there were decay?
 Such as thou seest them now, so tiny small,
 So young, so happy, and so innocent,
 These little children shall remain for ever,
 The Lord's own special care and chief delight,
 Models to copy even for full-sized angels."
 Then, going further on, thou sawest a house
 Of burnished gold, with precious gems so bright
 Thou might'st as well gaze at the midday sun;

And to thy question, who lived in that house,
 Receiv'dst for answer, 'twas his Mother's house,
 And, when thine eyes were to the light accustomed,
 He 'd bring thee in, and introduce thee to her;
 At present, she requested thine acceptance
 Of the gold crucifix and chain of gold
 He hung about thy neck. And thou saidst to him: —
 "Thou know'st, Lord! I have nothing but my heart
 To give thee and thy Mother, in return
 For these rare gifts." and the Lord said: — "We know.
 Let us thine heart have, and we 'll dwell in it,
 Happier than in a gold or silver house
 All over set with jewels." and thou saidst: —
 "Enter, O Lord! into the unworthy house,
 And dwell there always, and thy Mother with thee."
 And the Lord and his Mother, that same day,
 Entered thy heart and dwelt in it thenceforward,
 And all went smooth and easy, as a key
 Turns in a well-oiled spring-and-tumbler lock,
 For the Lord's Mother found the house, though small,
 Convenient, and the Lord had close at hand
 The window of thy mouth to teach and preach from.
 And, lest into the Golden House, now vacant,
 Should slip some evil Spirit, unobserved,
 As erst into our earthly Paradise
 Slipped unobserved the author of our woe,
 The care to guard it 's given to Ursula
 And th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne
 Whose virgin blood made Rhine's broad stream run red;
 And the Lord put into the hand of each
 A lance with lightning tipped, and bade them go,
 Without more arms, and night and day take care,
 For his dear Mother's sake and for his own,
 'That nothing evil to that house came near,
 Even in the shape of seraph. And they went
 And, as the Lord bade, round the house patrolled;
 And Ursula herself slept in the house,
 "The Moor king's daughter, and six golden lamps
 Kept all night burning, and six tall wax candles

In candlesticks of gold; and heard the tread
Of th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne
— Whose blood and hers had made broad Rhine run red —
Patrolling, and the watchwords interchanged;
And through the curtains saw the lightnings flash
And quiver on their spear points; and rejoiced,
And knew there was no fear of harm that night,
And said her Ave Mary, and slept sound.

Hail, hail, Matilda! thou for whom the Lord,
One Sunday morning as thou sang'st the ASPERGES,
In full choir, in the chapel, with the nuns,
Opened his héart's door, and thou enter'dst in:
And lo! the Lord inside, with watering pot,
Watering his vines with water from the river
Which through the vineyard flowed from east to west,
The River of his Love, with gold fish gay,
And planted on each side with shady trees.
And the Lord's feet and legs, up to the knees,
Were bare, and round his head a glory shone,
And in his belt was stuck his pruning hook.
And the Lord said to thee: — "Matilda, come
And water with me." and thou took'st a can
And fill'dst it at the River of his Love,
And at his side went'st watering the vines.
And the Lord said: — "This vineyard is my Church,
And every vine, a soul." and thou saidst: — "Lord,
Why are these plants here sickly, and those there
Lying uprooted?" and the Lord said: — "Ah!
The drought has done this, and an enemy
Who through the hedge steals oft-times in the night,
And for sheer wickedness uproots my plants."
And thou saidst, "Build a wáll, Lord!" and the Lord
Said, as he went on watering: — "'Twere a high
And strong and well built wall would keep him out."
And thou saidst, as thou water'dst: — "Build it well
And strong and high, and spike it on the top;
For it goes to my very heart to see
'This wide-spread havoc here among thy vines."

And the Lord said: — "The owner of the yard
 Than thou knows better; we will leave 't to Him."
 And the Lord saw thy face and hands were soiled,
 And reprimanded thee, and bade thee go
 And wash them in the river; and thou went'st
 And washedst face and hands and scrubb'dst them clean,
 And joyful hasten'dst back to show the Lord
 How clean the River of his Love had máde them —
 But he was gone, and all the vines were watered;
 So thou returnedst to the nuns and chapel,
 Without being missed, and, taking up the stave
 Where thou hadst dropped it, sang'st the ASPERGES out,
 And no one was the wiser but the Lord.

Hear me, Matilda! thou who to the Lord
 Saidst, when the priest was burying the cross,
 According to the custom, one Good Friday,
 And thou wast in a vision with the Lord,
 In the Nuns' Gallery opposite the altar: —
 "O Lord, beloved of my soul! I wish
 This heart within me were a silver shrine,
 That thou might'st worthily be buried in it."
 And the Lord answered thee and said: — "Nay, nay;
 Thou shalt in me, not I in thee, be buried.
 Above, below, within thee I will be,
 Before, behind, on every side of thee:
 Above thee I will be sweet Hope and Joy,
 To lift thee upward; under thee I 'll be
 A rock immovable of Strength and Courage;
 Before thee I 'll be Love, enticing on;
 Behind thee Zeal, impelling forward, forward;
 Within, with Life I 'll fill thee; on thy left,
 With Praise confirm, and to good works incite, thee;
 And on thy right, into the Promised Land
 A Bridge be, fór thee, over Jordan's flood."
 And thou saidst to the Lord: — "I 'd fain even now,
 Before we leave this Gallery of the Nuns,
 At once be buried." and the Lord said: — "See!
 Here in my heart of hearts thou art already

Before-hand buried." and thou look'dst, and sawest
The chamber of the Lord's heart lit inside
With tall wax tapers, and with black cloth hung,
And, in the midst, a coffin on a bier
And, at the bier's four corners, four fair cherubs
Standing with folded wings and holding up,
Each with one hand, a corner of the pall,
And black-stoled Benedictine Sisters strewing
The pall with lilies; and the crypt door open,
And torches flaring round a new-sunk grave,
And figures flitting dim; and from the choir
Thou heard'st the chaunting of the DE PROFUNDIS.
And lo! while still thou look'dst, the cherubs spread
Their wings out and soared upward, bearing with them
The pall, and, on the pall as on a bed
Lying, amid the lilies, just awaked,
A nun full dressed in Benedictine habit,
Clasping, and to her breast with crossed hands pressing,
An ivory crucifix, and thou knew'st thy soul,
And fell'st down in a trance at the Lord's feet;
And the nuns took thee up and carried thee
Out of the chapel with small signs of life,
And laid thee on thy bed, and gave thee wine,
And chafed with vinegar thy hands and temples
Till by degrees thou camest to thyself,
And sat'st up, and beganst to eat and drink,
And to take comfort thou wert still alive.

Deign, deign, Matilda! thou who to the wound
Made in the Lord's foot by the cruel nail,
Thine ear laid'st, one Ash Wednesday morning early,
Ere thou hadst broken fast or spoken word,
And, hearing in it, plain, a bubbling sound,
As of a pot that boiled upon the fire,
Askedst the Lord what meant that bubbling sound,
As of a boiling pot, inside his foot.
And the Lord said: — "That bubbling, boiling sound
Thou hear'st within my foot, says *run, run, run*;
And with like bubbling, boiling sound the love

Within my heart kept crying *run, run, run,*
 And *run, run, run* kept crying, and no rest
 From preaching, teaching, minist'ring allówed me,
 And working miracles, till to an end
 I had brought my task, and wrought out thy salvation."
 And thóu saidst to the Lord: — "I 'd fain mine ear
 Put to thy wounded hand." and the Lord said: —
 "Put thine ear to my hand." and thou didst so,
 And, in the wound made by the cruel nail,
 A sound heard'st as of hammering on an anvil,
 And ask'dst the Lord what meant that hammering sound.
 And the Lord said: — "That hammering sound 's my WORD,
 Which shall cease never, day and night, to hammer,
 Until the iron heart of unbelief
 Is softened in the Heathen, and not Three
 Kings only from the Éast come, but all kings,
 From north and south and east and west come crowding,
 To lay their treasures at the Saviour's feet."
 And thóu saidst to the Lord: — "Be not displeas'd
 If I would fain mine ear lay to thy side
 Where it was wounded by the cruel spear."
 And the Lord bade thee, and thou laid'st thine ear
 To the spear wound and listen'dst, and a sound
 Heard'st, as it were of a loud clanging trumpet,
 Startling and shrill though distant; and thou drewest
 Thy héad back, terrified, and ask'dst the Lord
 What meant that dreadful clarion, which thine ear
 So made to tingle and thy blood run cold.
 And the Lord bade thee nót fear, but thine ear
 Lay to, again, and listen; and thou didst so,
 And heard'st a sound as if the sea were breaking,
 With all its waves at once, upon one shore;
 Or as if, down high Himalaya's side,
 The accumulated snows of all the years
 The world has lasted or shall ever last,
 In one stupendous avalanche were falling;
 And had the Lord not with his finger touch'd
 Thine ear, its drum had broken, and thou hadst never
 Heard sóund more: and thou knew'st it was the Last

Trumpet, thou hadst heard, and Rising of the Dead.
And, for two whole days after, thou wast deaf
And lay'st in bed, and on the third day, first,
Thy foot sett'st to the ground, then first assured
'Twas steady, and, though on the very eve
Of its last labour, not in the actual throes,
And, for a day or two, might hold together.

Matilda, come! come thou to whom the Lord
Imparted by the laying on of hands
— Of his most pure and holy hands on thine,
Thumb on thumb laid, and finger laid on finger,
And palm on palm — the power to work and do
As he had worked and done, here, in the flesh:
To whom the Lord, his eyes on thine eyes laying,
The gift of tears imparted and repentance;
Laying his ears on thine, the gift to hear
Rebuke with patience and no word retort;
Laying on thine his rosy lips, the gift
To preach and pray and minister and teach,
And magnify in all men's ears his name;
And — last, best gift of all — to thy cold heart
His throbbing heart applying, pressed and pressed
Till thou grew'st warm with love, and took'st, like wax
Softened before the fire, the seal's impression.
Thou, thou who, when the Lord was fain to leave thee,
Criedst: "Náy; not yét, Lord!" and laid'st hold on him,
Even as the wife of Potiphar on Joseph,
And clung'st to him and wouldst not let him go,
And took'st thy harp and play'dst on it, and sang'st: —
MANE, O MANE, DOMINE, NOBISCUM;
MANE NOBISCUM, DOMINE, REX GLORIAE!
And the Lord turned about to thee and said,
"Look in mine eyes." and thou look'dst in his eyes,
And he in thine looked, and thou sawest thyself
In the Lord's eyes as in a looking-glass;
And light from thine eyes passed into the Lord's,
And from the Lord's eyes light passed into thine,
As from one looking-glass into another

The sun's rays are reflected back and forward.
And the Lord raised his voice and VENI, sang,
VENI, AMICA MEA! and thou sang'st
DOMINE! VENIO. and thy voice became
One with the Lord's, though different the words;
And angels brought and set upon thy head
A golden crown, all glittering bright with jewels,
And knelt, and tuned their opal harps, and sang
The praises of the crowned bride of the Lord.

Thou comest not, thou hearest not my prayer,
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!
For with the Lord thou hast gone into the desert,
Arm in arm walking, in sweet confidence,
And lighting there upon a pleasant spot,
Shady and fresh, and gay with various flowers,
At sheep-and-shepherd playest with the Lord,
He sitting on a bank, thou browsing near,
And with gold collar and a chain of gold
Linked to a golden eyelet in his heart,
And kept from straying. In his breast 's a rose,
Blushing, full blown, with five sweet-smelling petals,
— Emblems of SEEING, HEARING, TASTING, SMELLING,
And TOUCHING; the five lifeguards of the flesh —
His crook lies at his side, and, on his pipe,
He plays airs so delicious I don't blame thee
Thou hear'st not, heed'st not, com'st not to mine aid,
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 6, 1861.]

MAN, of all animals, has the strongest faith
And weakest reason,
For, of all animals, Man alone believes
Against plain reason.

[GIRSCH, BOHEMIA, Aug. 16, 1860.]

LIVE, while thou liv'st; and, when thou com'st to die,
Bow graceful, and retire without a sigh.
Thou hast played thy part; let those who ring thy knell
Settle, among them, whether ill or well;
It 's their concern, not thine; for praise and blame,
And ill and well, are to the dead the same,
And alike brave, magnanimous and just
Are dead Achilles and 'Thersites' dust.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 9, 1861.]

"NEXT time you 're making a great world," to God
Said Satan once, still smarting from the rod,
"Let me but have some hand in it, and some will,
And, I 'll be bound, 'twill not turn out so ill."
"Who spoiled my first world?" cried Omnipotence:
"I thought till now, even devils had some sense."
"Nay, don't be angry, sire," said Satan, mild,
"Nor quite the heart break of your once loved child;
I own my error; but the question 's not
Who was it sent your first made world to pot,
But why it was so badly put together
That, like a ship which, in mere stress of weather,
Goes to the bottom far from shoal or rock,
It foundered, helpless, in the first blast's shock.
So, what do you think, if, next time, you and I
Would put together our two heads, and try
Whether we can't between us make a man
Of better stuff than Adam? there 's a plan

Strikes me just now, that with both heaven and hell
 Dispenses, and perhaps might answer well."
 "Out with it, quick," said God, "for, thrown away
 On me, good hint was never: when men pray
 I always listen, and a wise suggestion
 Thus pick up, sometimes, on a knotty question;
 Rarely, however; for it 's sad to say
 How oft they cheat me, even when they pray.
 But upon you I think I may rely,
 Though fallen, an angel born, and of the sky
 And this high court of mine permitted guest,
 And free to mingle with the first and best
 When I hold levee, or in starry hall
 Dinner official give, or fancy ball.
 Out with your plan then, bold." "It 's simply this,
 Wise sire," said Satan; "take it not amiss:
 We 'll to our joint work not the choice leave free,
 To stand or fall; it was that liberty
 — Not I, who bade him use it — your man spoiled,
 And all his Maker's kind intentions foiled.
 We 'll make our man what wé choose, choose, and be
 Our humble servant — not his servants, we.
 You to be God ceased, when you delegated
 Your royal privilege, and were soon checkmated.
 Our man we 'll make choose not to fall but stand,
 And do in all things just as we command.
 Fie! it 's below the dignity of God
 To keep a school and govern with the rod."
 "Egad! you 're right," said God, "my clever Sat;
 Wasn't I a blockhead, not to think of that!
 Give me your hand: our new man chooses free,
 Or thinks he chooses, while, behind backs, we
 Inspire his free choice and our sovereignty
 Maintain intact." So said, they parted, friends;
 And here, at last, my truthful story ends.
 Some add that God slept little all that night
 Thinking of Satan till the dawning light,
 And how not through his ówn fault Adam fell,
 And should by no means have been sent to hell,

And then and there his mind made up, some time
Or other, to take on himself the crime
He had himself occasioned, and to die
In proper person or by deputy,
And so his sense of justice satisfy —
Oddly enough, methinks the reader says,
And I say too; but, in those ancient days,
Nothing more common was than something odd
Done, or intended to be done, by God.

[Walking from LEGHORN to TORRE DI CALAFURIA, March 6, 1861.]

LIFE'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —
Until the last; and then — “What then?” Why, nothing;
Unless, indeed, last minute 's not last minute,
And what 's come to an end is not yet ended.

WORLD'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —
Until the last; and then — “What then?” Why, nothing;
What except nothing can come after last
Minute, not come while anything exists?
For time is but a property of thing,
— Belongs to thing, like number or extension —
Or, if you please, a mode of viewing thing,
An aspect under which things are compared,
And dies away and vanishes, with thing.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 15, 1861.]

“VOX populi vox dei.” To be sure!
For, be Gods many, few, or only one,
They are the people’s making — made, to make
Them and the world, and do their will supreme.
Woe, woe betide the God who dares rebel!
Ask Jove, Jehovah ask, if I ’m not right;
After a hundred ages more, ask Christ.

[MILAN, June 8, 1861.]

GENUS HOMO.

MAN, I ’ve heard say — no matter by whom said
A say so vain — is but a wiser ape,
Made of same flesh and blood; one of the vast
Fraternity of living, sentient beings
Which on this twirling ball are born and die,
And dust with dust mix undistinguishable,
Material for new beings evermore.
But I ’ll describe the ford as I have found it,
Filling the blanks of my experience up
With reference now and then to th’ Authorized
Statistical Society Report:

Man ’s a ten-fingered, ten-toed, tailless biped,
With toothless, gummy jaws till six months old,
And scarce at two full years old able first
To express by other means than cries and sobs
The wants of the intelligent, ethereal,
Immortal spirit which within him dwells,
Hid, no one knows exactly how or where

Or for what purpose, but within him hid
 Undoubtedly, and some day to break forth
 Glorious, unveiled, in all its native beauty
 Unspeakable, and dwell for ever more
 With seraphs, and the praises sing of God.
 In the mean time he 's flogged at school, and learns
 To spell and read, perhaps, and add up Pounds
 Shillings and Pence, and home by dear Mamma
 At Christmas brought, or Easter, has outgrown
 — Prodigious! — in the short space of six months,
 By five full finger-breadths his corduroys,
 And must get new, or be the laughing-stock,
 After the holidays, of the whole school.
 And has not the ethereal germ within,
 Enlarged in like proportion? learned to play
 At odd-and-even, rob a blackbird's nest
 Or magpie's, in the season, and despise
 As idle bugbears, fit to frighten fools,
 The dangers of a midnight escapade
 Into the vicar's orchard, though the way
 Lies past the church and through the church-yard straight?

So pass two lustrums and one half the third;
 The other half the third and all the fourth
 Are scarce enough to humanize a little,
 And fine with Greek and Latin down, the spirit,
 Divine indèed, but barbarous still and coarse,
 And little fit for office or profession
 Civil or military, or to sit
 In either House and win respect and honor.
 So praised be Greek and Latin, although hard,
 And Mathematics; enemies, to the death,
 Of gambling, betting, cockfighting, horse-racing,
 Drinking, tobacco-smoking, handicapping,
 And all the ruder instincts of the fine,
 Delicate, ethereal, heaven-descended spirit.
 Cruel the war, and with like bravery waged
 On either side, and varying success;
 And many a laurel 's won on either side,

And many a sad reverse comes unexpected.
But help 's to one side near; for, with the fifth
Revolving lustrum, Thirst of Gold accursed,
And, more accursed still, Thirst of Domination
Make with their cognate Instincts common cause,
And Greek and Latin, routed, quit the field
And in entrenched forts hide, with Mathematics;
And th' Instincts' banner floats upon the breeze,
Victorious; and the Instincts' legion shout,
Rending the sky, with Io-paeans shakes
Heaven's palaces, and indecorous stuns
With gratitude uproarious the Gods' ears.

Our heaven-descended animal at ease
Passes the next five lustrums, for the field,
Once won, is by the Instincts held tenacious,
And his whole body and whole soul are theirs,
And Interest rules the roast, and Toil and Pleasure
Divide the man between them, and he grows
Stooped, by degrees, and stiff, and hoary haired,
And dim of vision, and of hearing dull;
And rich or poor as Fortune throws the dice,
Capricious; and from lustrum into lustrum
Slides gradual — sighing, and sore discontent
'To see heaven, every day, a whole day nearer:
Ah! why so soon, for unknown, empty ether,
Must this familiar ball of earth, delicious,
So firm and so substantial, be exchanged?
Ah! why not here the immortal spirit fill
Its years unnumbered, up, as well as yonder?
Why must it writhe and wriggle, into two
By Death cut — like a snake by a cart-wheel?
No matter; lustrums come and lustrums go,
And every one away upon its wing
Takes with it some part, fractional or whole,
Of our compounded animal and spirit:
'Teeth by half dozens, tresses by whole handfuls,
The ruby of the lips, the cheek's red rose,
The soft, white, shining satin of the skin,

The light, elastic step, the pliant joint,
The tense and vigorous muscle, and — worse rape —
The solid judgment, vivid memory clear,
The lively joke, the ready repartee,
Mirth, joy, and hope, and Bacchus and Dione.

And so into his dreaded fifteenth lustrum,
Or his sixteenth perhaps, goes hobbling on,
Not without stick's or crutch's aid, or both,
Our scion of the Gods, our imp divine,
Our intellectual, spiritual biped
Omnivorous — omnivorous, I mean,
While he has teeth, for sago is his food,
These long years past, and jelly, and soft meats,
And, to assist his gummy, ill-matched jaws,
He carries in his pouch an apple-scoop;
A wig defends his bald pate from the flies;
Bleared are his eyes, and from his livid nose
Distils the clear drop: one ear 's wholly deaf;
In through a trumpet screaming to the other,
You make the immortal soul hear where she sits
Shy hid within her sanctum — make her hear,
But strive in vain to make her understand;
How can she understand, who can no longer
Reason or judge — whose memory 's not a mere
Rased tablet, but a tablet from whose surface
All new impressions vanish instantaneous?
But, sent already twice, lo! Palsy comes
Third time, and finds our spirit ripe for heaven
And angel choirs, and takes her on his wing,
And soars aloft, and on the golden threshold
Of God's court sets her down, to sing God's praise
And tune a seraph's harp for ever more,
Forgetful of the flesh, which, left behind
On earth, lies rotting and to dust returning,
Till the last trump's alarm shall raise it up
In dusty clouds and carry it to heaven,
There to renew acquaintance, and remind
Of "auld lang syne" the spirit, and, afresh

Forming one compound with her, undergo
 God's judgment on the former compound's doings.
 Nor deem unjust the judgment: who art thou,
 Emmet! that tak'st on thee to judge thy judge?
 All judgment 's free indeed — else 'twere not judgment —
 But, whilst thou hast yet to stand before the bar,
 Thou 'lt, if thou 'rt wise, thy judge, if not applaud,
 At least not censure — even by implication.
 So not one word of pity for the spirit,
 After her thousand or ten thousand years
 Of separation from the encumbering body,
 Again united with it, to be judged.
 Hasn't she a chance, a fair chance, of acquittal?
 Isn't her judge wise and merciful and good?
 He won't, nay! nay! he won't if he can help it,
 Send hér to hell down, who has so long enjoyed
 — Provisorily indeed, but still enjoyed —
 The burgher-right of heaven, and so long sung,
 In unison with angel harps, his praise.
 Nor word of pity venture for the dust,
 After a thousand or ten thousand years,
 Revivified, not on its own behoof
 Or for its own good, but to be again
 Exposed to peril and vicissitude,
 And suffer judgment posthumous for acts
 Forced on it by the spirit. Isn't its judge
 As full of mercy as he 's wise and strong,
 And won't he do his possible to save it
 From his own righteous condemnation's pains?

Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!
 Sole genus composite, of all the unnumbered
 Genera that walk, fly, swim, or hop, or creep;
 Sole laughing, weeping, talking, cooking genus;
 Sole genus with inheritance *post mortem* —
 By right, in hell; in heaven, by grace especial;
 Grace, to some odd elect scores granted free,
 Withheld from millions equally deserving.
 Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!

Genus aristocrat, for whose sole use
 The Impartial has created all the others,
 And given them to it for service or mere pastime,
 Their skins for clothing and their flesh for food;
 Genus *par excellence*, made in its Maker's
 Image, so like, some naturalists have taken
 MAKER and MADE for one and the same genus.
 Such is the genus Homo! art not proud of it,
 Kind, gentle, yawning, most magnanimous reader —
 Far be it from me to call thee wiser ape,
 And so upon my back bring two at once,
 Thee, and the ape's offended dignity?

[Finished at SEEVELEN (CANTON ST. GALLEN), June 26, 1861.]

WHY I 'm not popular 's in one word told:
 To lash the vices of mankind I 'm bold,
 And little given their vanity to flatter;
 What wonder so few like me — or what matter?
 Wordsworth for most of them is good enough,
 Or Moore's or Byron's ill digested stuff;
 Or Bab Macaulay's lays; or touching scene
 Of Hiawatha or Evangeline;
 Or tale of some old clock at the stair head,
 That strikes the hour as you go up to bed;
 Or Idyls of the King — fit title, sure,
 For laureate verses, and the ear to allure
 Of condescending royalty, to hear
 Notes that won't jar even on a royal ear.
 It 's seldom I praise God, or anthems sing;
 But when I do, it 's always for one thing:
 That his good providence has so supplied
 With worthless books this great world far and wide,
 Readers are not compelled to have recourse
 To better books for the mere lack of worse.

[Walking from SEEVELEN, CANTON ST. GALLEN, to WILDHAUS, June 26, 1861.]

WHAT a pity Gambrinus a temple built not,
 And high on the altar set up a beer-pot
 With home-brewed frothing over! from Mecca and Rome
 And far-famed Jerusalem the pilgrims had come,
 Each one with a bottle, to bring home a drop
 Of the certified tap, and set up a beer-shop;
 And the old Flanders' king had all prophets out-done,
 And the beer-drinker's faith, all faiths under the sun;
 And I 'd been a convert, and, errors forsworn,
 Nourished body and soul upon John Barleycorn,
 And grown fatter, and plumper, and rounder each day,
 And turned my nose up at oat-gruel and whey,
 And lived till Death took me, and cared not one jot
 How soon or how late. — Fellow, fill me the pot!
 Fill it up! your healths, all, sirs! and aren't we in clover,
 With his pipe, every one, and full pot foaming over?

[Walking from DUSSLINGEN to TüBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

HERE 's my faith, my chapel here,
 In this foaming pot of beer;
 Here I 'll live and here I 'll die,
 These true words my elegy:

Whilst he lived he was a man;
 Whilst he lived he loved his can;
 Now he 's dead and drinks no more,
 On that sad and sober shore,
 Stranger, go and do as he
 Living did, and merry be,
 Drinking every day thy can,
 A rosy, fat, kind-hearted man.

[TüBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

"ALL things require a maker." To be sure!
 All things within the world require a maker;
 But he who argues that the world itself
 Therefore requires a maker, argues vain,
 Argues, that is, without *vis consequentiae*,
 For, parallel to the world, we have no thing,
 No second world from which to draw conclusions.
 Cease, then, to talk of Maker of the world,
 As if the world a thing were, in the world —
 Mouse, man, or blade of grass, or stone, or clock,
 Table or chair or book or warming-pan.
 Enough for thee, of things within the world,
 Modest, to think, and to each thing assign,
 As far as in thee lies, its proper cause,
 Near or remote. Beyond the world 's a blank —
 Nay, less; for not with all thy wit canst thou
 So much as even BEYOND THE WORLD imagine.

[Walking from MUDAU in the ODENWALD to AMORBACH, July 31, 1861.]

THE HOLY FRIAR.

WHO cheats me best, I love him most,
 And do the most admire; —
 "The doctor?" No. "The lawyer?" Pshaw!
 It is the holy friar.

The doctor comes and feels my pulse,
 And bids me show my tongue;
 Then knits his brow and shakes his head: —
 "There 's surely something wrong."

"O Doctor, Doctor, save my life;
I am a dying man:
There 's gold, there 's gold, and do for me
What art and physic can."

The lawyer comes with parchment sheet,
Behind his ear, his quill: —
"There 's gold, there 's gold, sweet Lawyer dear,
And draw for me my will."

The friar comes, and prays with me: —
"To heaven thy soul shall go."
"There 's gold, there 's gold, thou holy Friar!
Thy words me comfort so."

"I spurn thy gold," the friar replies,
"Heaven is not bought with gold;
The Church for thee wide open throws
The door of Jesus' fold;

"Confess thy sins, and enter in,
And banish doubt and fear;
Eternal joy awaits, above,
The child of sorrow here."

"Twelve acres of my fattest land
I leave the Church, in fee,
To build an abbey fair thereon,
And masses sing for me;

"Masses to sing for my soul's rest,
When I am dead and gone;
And every priest that sings a mass,
Shall have a golden crown.

"Twelve acres more I leave the prior,
And name the Church, trustee;
The third and last twelve acres shall
My children's heritage be."

And so I die. — Who cheats me best
I love most and admire; —
‘The doctor?’ No. ‘The lawyer?’ Pshaw!
It is the holy friar.

[Walking from ASCHAFFENBURG to FRAMERSBACH (SPESSART), Aug. 4, 1861.]

QUEM CREAVIT ADORAVIT.

QUEM creavit, adoravit
Pia mater;
QUEM creavit, ignoravit
Catus pater;
ILLUM nothum, delibutum
Quinta parte
Mellis sui, ipse Deus
Segregavit,
Adoptavit, educavit,
Martyr'zavit,
E sepulchro suscitavit
Et in altum
Caeli solium, honoratum
Collocavit,
Ut piaret nostrum scelus —
Bonus Deus!
In perpetuum sit laudatum
Nomen ejus.

[Walking from SASSUOLO (near MODENA) to PAULO, Nov. 1, 1861.]

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

You say the priests deceive the people; I
Beg you 'd so kind be as to tell me why —
Why should a man play fast-and-loose with those
Who give him money, lodging, food and clothes;
Who show him honor, all his biddings do,
And at his side stand faithful still and true.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But they are men of learning and good sense,
And must know well, one half they say 's pretence.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Ay, to be sure! but not upon their part:
They say their lesson, like a child, by heart;
Preach what their bounden duty 'tis, to preach;
And what they are paid and fed for teaching, teach.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Their duty is to teach and preach what 's true.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Dear sir, excuse me; that would never do.
A man, if stout and healthy, lives, you know,
Some sixty, seventy, eighty years, or so,
But to explore and to the bottom probe
Doctrinal truth, too few the years of Job
Or old Methuselah.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I did never doubt
A single life too short to make truth out,
And priests must preach, or of mere hunger die;
All I require 's they do not preach a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die
Or teach the people —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Only not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die
Or to the people preach —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Something they must preach, or of hunger die;
And life 's too short to find out what 's a lie
And what is truth —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But lives together strung
Find the truth out; it flies from tongue to tongue.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

And so we agree; the priest, not what he knows,
Preaches, or what his own clear reason shows
To be the truth, but what he has heard is true,
And dares not doubt — starvation full in view,
And, to some minds worse even than starvation,
Reproach and infamy and degradation.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

You mean to say it 's not the priests who guide,
But to the people's tail the priests are tied.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Not to the tail tied, but set in the van
To cry "Come on!" and with old, rusty pan,
Kettle and tongs make, each, what noise he can;
As you have seen before some regiment go
A band of music, to inspire the slow,
And regulate the step — not point the way —
Each fife and drum in quarter-master's pay.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

All true, it must be owned; but how is it, then,
Ever a Luther rises amongst men?

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Some bran new crotchet, whispered not avowed,
Finds here and there odd converts in the crowd;
A party 's formed; a party needs a head;
No flock of goats but by a buck is led;
Honor 's the guerdon, and a glorious name:
Who would not take the danger, for the fame?
So Luthers, Numas, Calvins, Christs arise,
And bold Mohammed's banner flouts the skies;
So Cranmers, Ridleys, Savonarolas burn,
And every creed stands at the stake in turn,
And mounts in turn the throne, puts on the crown,
And at its feet sees half the world bow down.
Make haste and with the rest bow, Prudence cries; —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I bow, I bow.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

All right; and thou art wise.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, November 15, 1861.]

ROMA, CAPITALE D' ITALIA.

MAN 's a robber by instinct; who doubts it the least,
Who has seen two kings join, to rob even their own priest?
To be sure! and an excellent rule 's tit for tat,
Though less robber than thief was the priest, for all that;
For the strong man 's a robber, the weak man 's a thief,
And to take others' goods, of all instincts is chief;
And robbers and robbed are the whole human race,
And these and those change, every now and then, place;
And today I 'm a robber, tomorrow I 'm robbed;
And my booty today, by a stronger is fobbed
Or a cleverer, tomorrow; and so it goes on,
And so, since the world went on wheels, it has gone,

And so, while the world goes on wheels, it will go;
 By whose fault, if you ask me, I vow I don't know,
 And to ferret it out though I batter my brains,
 Get only more dust in my eyes for my pains.
 Well, no matter, sweet reader! even robbers, you know,
 Have some honor amongst them, at least they say so,
 And I pledge thee the faith of a robber, I 'll thee
 Never rob while I live, so thou never robb'st me;
 And hurrah for ROB ROY and ROY ROB and the man
 Who takes all he 's able and keeps all he can!
 And let him who can't stand, take good heed lest he fall
 In spite of his crutch and God's help and the wall;
 For I 'd like to know why should the Seven Hills of Rome
 Of the same band of thieves be for ever the home;
 And if Cacus himself was put down by a stronger,
 Why should Pius the Ninth hold the den an hour longer?
 Up then! up then, Italians! your guns on your shoulder!
 GARIBALDI 's the word! Ere the year 's a day older,
 To the Capitol forward! — For Venice we 'll hope —
 Evviva l' Italia! To hell with the Pope!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 31, 1862.]

WELL! I 'll be patient, to myself I said,
 And, though it 's hard, do what I can to bear it,
 Not doubting but it 's all to end in good.
 And yet, methinks, and with respect be it said,
 Heaven did not take exactly the right way
 To have me patient, giving me in hand
 The ill, and only promising the good.
 Ah, if instead of setting the cart so
 Before the horse, it had into my hand
 Given the good, and promised me the ill,
 What perfect model I had been of patience!
 With what sure hope looked forward to the future!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 4, 1862.]

THE CONGRESS.

ONCE on a time, three Powers in Congress met,
And to divide the world between them, set,
As if 't had been an apple. Of the three
Not one but was the pink of courtesy
And gentle breeding, full of common sense,
And high above suspicion of pretence
Or double-dealing; starred and gartered two,
And truly Christian; whether the third Jew,
Mormon or pagan was, or infidel,
So plain his costume, it were hard to tell: —
“Into three parts,” said Knowledge, in the chair,
“We 'll cut it, and take each an equal share.”
“All wrong,” said Dogma; “every body knows
The Chair has n^o right either to propose
Or vote; its business is to put the question.
Ignorance, we 're waiting upon thy suggestion.”
“Wait not on me,” said Ignorance; “I agree
Always in every word that falls from thee,
Respected Dogma. Never from the side
Of his best friend shall Ignorance divide.”
“My motion 's this,” said Dogma; “that we cut
The world in two.” The Chair the question put,
And took the votes — it was not hard to do —
And sighing said: — “The ayes have it” and withdrew.
“I don't know why we should divide at all,”
Said Ignorance, when Knowledge left the hall;
“Nor I,” said Dogma, “now that villain 's gone;
Ignorance and Dogma never were but one,

Nor ever shall be. Give me here thy hand:
 We 'll rule together over sea and land,
 One heart, one head, one interest, one soul;
 Thou shalt have mine, I thine, and both the whole.
 Princes and senates shall our subjects be;
 Priests, our police; heaven, hell and purgat'ry
 Our brevets, honors, decorations, taws,
 For those that keep, and those that break, our laws."
 "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Ignorance, and took
 The hand of Dogma and with fervor shook;
 "We 'll have the laugh at Knowledge, at the fool,
 Or knave, I don't know which, who thought to rule,
 To rule with us, the impertinent!" They said,
 Drew up the protocol, and, when they had read
 And found it áll right, parted with a kiss,
 To rule the world from that hour until this.

So old the story, I 'll not vouch it true;
 To few old stories is much credit due;
 They 're mostly parables, like the Prodigal Son;
 So, if you please, you may take this for one.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Dec. 21, 1861.]

GOD AND GOLD.

"Ah! had I but that L of thine," to Gold
 Said God one day, "methinks I would be happy."
 "What wilt thou give me for 't?" said Gold, considering.
 "Nothing," said God, "it only does thee harm;
 If it were mine I 'd know how to make use of it."
 "Well! as thou 'rt God," said Gold, "thou mayst command me."
 And handed God his L. Wasn't he a ninny?
 And wasn't God clever? for, from that day forth,
 God had the real honor; Gold, the show.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, February 2, 1862.]

THE GO-BETWEEN.

ONCE on a time I knew a go-between,
Who back and forward ran, the livelong day
And all his life, between two not too well
Agreeing parties, and so cleverly
His business managed as to cheat them both,
And on his gains live happily and well.
He came to me one day, this go-between,
The bearer, as he said, of compliments
From one of the two parties, and inquired
If he might not my compliments bring back.
But I knew well, and, if I had not known,
Had in his supple cringe and bland smile seen,
'Twas but to drive a wider trade he wanted;
To open a new market, as they say,
And force his wares upon me. So I told him,
Whoever sent him, if he had aught to say,
Might come himself and say it; I dealt only
With principals; and took him by the shoulder
And pushed him out, and slammed the door upon him,
And thought I had got rid of him; but lo!
That very night I had my windows broken,
And my friends tell me that from that day forth
He has never ceased to call me names opprobrious,
And threaten vengeance, not his own alone
But that of both the parties who employ him.

His name I dare not for my life divulge,
But by this sign you 'll know him anywhere :
God is his first word, every time he speaks,
And every time he speaks, his last word 's money.
Thou shak'st thine head, and look'st, embarrassed, round
For an interpreter; behold him, there !
Never Academician better knew
Than Prince Plon-Plon, to find thee rhyme for TRAITRE.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 13, 1862.]

IF this beer-can a chapel were,
What pious man were I !
The very sight of it fills my heart
With love and ecstasy ;

And then the touch — the smell — the taste —
Ye Gods, but they 're divine !
I 'll never, never from it part,
While life and breath are mine.

And when at last my breath is out,
And up to heaven I go,
I 'll be content if I no worse
Above fare, than below ;

Let me a chapel find above,
As foaming, full, and strong,
And there I 'll worship all the day,
Nor find the day too long.

This is my prayer; Gambrinus, hear!
And intercede for me!
Now, jolly fellows, fill your pots: —
"Gambrinus' memory!"

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 9, 1862.]

GUNPOWDER, Steam, and Printing, and The Wire —
Rude! so to call the holy Prophet, liar;
Upstarts! as if he had nothing else to do
— So full you 're of yourselves — but think of you!
Come, try your own hands, sirs, and let us see
How wiser much than the old, the new seers be.
I knew it! new Printings, Steams, Gunpowders, Wires,
And — how could you forget? — new Prophet liars!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, JAN. 20, 1862.]

I.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who gave the power
And will to sin, and knew both would be used.

II.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, to whose sole will
Sinner and sin alike owe their existence.

III.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who, being Omniscient,
Foresees all sins, and, being Omnipotent,
Can, if he please, prevent them and does not —
Nay, not alone does not, but punishes;
And — one tic farther still, one farther tic
Incredible — when punishment 's no use.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, JAN. 21, 1862.]

SHE begged my alms *because she was a widow.*
'Twas her own fault, I said, she needn't have married;
Pity, she hadn't some dozen of children too!
My alms should then have been some dozen times greater.
"In one respect then, even on your own showing,
I 'm right," replied the beggar, "and deserve
If not your alms, at least your approbation."
I smiled, and gave to flippancy the alms
I had, in social reason's name, refused
To mendicancy, and we parted friends,
She with my penny, rich, I with her blessing,
Each bestowed lightly, neither well deserved.

Brotherly kindness, whither hast thou fled?
In what wild Tartar steppe, what Arab waste,
Amongst what savage horde of Esquimaux,
Sweet human pity, hast thou taken refuge,
Chased from among the civilized, by Rates,
Commissioners, Inspectors, Guardian-boards,
Relieving-officers and Settlements,
And all the dire machinery of the hard,
Heartless, demoralizing Workhouse Law?

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

HE died unwept. "Because he went to heaven?"
No, but because unfit to heaven to go;
Had he been good enough to go to heaven,
There had been no end to our pitying tears:
Whee! whee! see how I weep for the Prince Consort.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 18, 1862.]

MY first director on the way to knowledge
— Ere yet ten summers o'er my head had rolled,
And I still lingered about Bluebeard's castle,
Or wandered in the wood where Beauty lay
Sleeping her long, deep sleep of forty years —
Was Volney, awful with his Empire Ruins
— Awful to me a child — and many an hour
I gazed, bewildered, at the shadowy hand
Which beckoned me a way I feared to tread.
Goethe came next — not Dorothea's Goethe,
Or maniac Tasso's, or Iphigenia's,
But Charlotte's Goethe — and a lesson read me
Perilous to my young heart, and all day
I raved of Werther and all night long dreamed,
Till a fantastic mask, beside a stage
Erected on the fair-green of our village,
Inviting me, I enter, and, astonished,
Find myself in the midst of fairy sprites,
Wizards, hobgoblins, loving ladies fair,
Barons and knights and courts and camps and battles,
And sigh with Romeo, and with Hamlet rave,
And jest with gay Mercutio, and the storm
With Ariel ride, and cry: "Tom 's cold", with Edgar,
And moralize with Jacques; and laugh and weep,
And weep and laugh, by turns, and blush for shame;
And love and hate, at once, vile human nature.
Next, to my door a wandering minstrel came,
Blind and in tatters, and so sweetly sang

Divine Achilles' wrath and Priam's tears,
 And hapless Heector's bold, undaunted heart,
 And patriotism and love, that I forgot
 Vile human nature, and looked happy forward
 To be, some time at last, a brave, good man,
 And serve my country, and, if need required,
 Even for my country die. A fair youth, then,
 Of easy manners, as to courts accustomed,
 And modest though not diffident, approached me,
 And linked his arm in mine, and drew me with him
 Apart into his closet, and there sang me,
 In tones whose melody thrills in mine ear,
 Even to this day, unrivaled, the exploits
 Of that magnanimous, heaven-favored prince
 Who led Troy's fugitives across the deep
 To found in Italy a greater Troy.
 So sweet the song, that I almost forgave
 Its aim, to please unlearned and learned alike;
 Almost admired the Proteus bard's address,
 Now, to Jove's will supreme and uncontrolled,
 The universe and all that it contains
 Abject submitting; now, to stronger Fate,
 Making submit even Jove's unconquered will,
 And blowing hot and cold, and cold and hot,
 With the same breath, alternate; bent to please
 No matter at what cost, and carry off
 From all competitors the laurel crown.
 Yet great the gratitude I owe the youth,
 Nor ever without loud praise shall my lips
 Pronounce the name of Italy's greatest poet —
 Greatest in mine, as in the world's, opinion.
 Manners and men, and wondrous Nature's forms
 Diversified, he taught me, and, with love
 Of whatsoever's lovely, filled my heart;
 And when, adventurous and scarce enough
 Counting the risks, I took in hand, first time,
 The poet's pen, his master hand on mine
 Laid kindly, and my trembling fingers steadied,
 Bidding me be of good cheer and remember

That Labour was Skill's parent, and Success
 The child of Skill; and, with good-natured frown,
 Shaking his head when I, mistrustingly,
 Muttered aside: — "Minerva non invita."
 But with severe, authoritative voice,
 My master's master, from the shade behind,
 Called to his brilliant, courtly, faithless pupil,
 Commanding to desist, nor with rose odours
 And concord of sweet sounds me too allure
 Into that wide, waste swamp, where, in the light
 Of Plato's flickering ignis-fatuus lamp,
 Good and Ill absolute, absolute Right and Wrong,
 Free chosen Virtue, and as free chosen Vice,
 Pains purgatorial, Tartarus and Elysium,
 Angels and ghosts and demons and great Gods
 Their sabbath celebrate, and, round and round,
 Wheel in inextricable morris dance
 Fantasmagorian, scarcely by the strong
 Beheld without vertigo, of the weak
 Subverting oft the reason, and of all
 The fair, erect front bowing to the dust
 Under the foot of priest and priest-made king.
 No word my teacher answered, nor with look
 Or action showed displeasure, but abashed
 Rose and retired, and left me with a new,
 More philosophical, less complacent master;
 Who to the open air forth by the hand
 Led me, and pointing to the vaulted heaven,
 And setting sun in glory, and red moon
 Opposite, full orb'd, upon the ocean's rim: —
 "If, to make these, a hand divine were needed,
 To make that hand divine another hand
 Still more divine were by like reason, needed,"
 Said solemn, and with eye intent on mine;
 "And if for these and other objects needed
 A hand creative, that creative hand
 Must of necessity have anteceded
 All objects, and by consequence all objects'
 Relations, first and principal of which

Are time and space; but a creative hand
 Existent out of time and space — what is it?
 A mere non-entity and contradiction,
 A tortoise on whose strong shell to support
 The elephant whose back supports the world.”
 He said, and by his candour won no less
 My heart, than by his argument, my reason;
 And from that day forth I have lived with him,
 A loving, docile, and admiring pupil,
 And more for truth solicitous than to please,
 And wear the laurel — wreath it round my bust,
 Posterity! ’twill not corrupt me there.
 To Caro and his friends revolving years
 But bound me more, and from the world apart
 I lived with them a solitary’s life,
 Commenting on, not mixing with, events;
 Flaccus most pleased me, and we laughed together,
 Long evenings, at Man’s virtues and Man’s vices,
 Madnesses, follies, vanities and whims,
 And profound wisdom measuring the stars,
 All relative, unreal, imaginary,
 Will-o’-the-Wisp lights, magic-lantern phantoms
 Illusory, fantastic, evanescent:
 And then he ’d take his lyre and, “Let us sing
 Venus,” he ’d say, “and mirth and love and wine,
 And crown our heads with roses, and beside
 The fountain, in the plane tree’s shadow sit
 And eat and drink and see Neaera dance
 And with Neaera chat the livelong evening;
 And happy live today — we die tomorrow.”

But suddenly a martial note, from far,
 Comes, on the mountain breeze borne; it ’s the pibroch,
 Donald Dhu’s pibroch, gathering Clan Connel;
 I listen, but it dies away in distance,
 And from the opposite side burst on mine ear
 Shouts, and the beat of drums, and clang of battle,
 And I hear Marmion cry: — “On! Stanley, on!”
 And see his spouting blood stain Flodden field;

And Romance woos me, scarce unwilling, back
From rules of art to Nature's stronger rules,
And Castle Bluebeard and the Sleeping Beauty,
And Branksome's nine and twenty knights of fame,
And James Fitz-James and Roderick and the Graeme,
And blast of other than the Douglas' horn
To rowing Ellen cross the waters borne,
And Rishingam, his race of terror run,
Red sinking rapid, like the tropic sun,
And I go pilgrim by the pale moonlight
To Melrose' mouldering pile, and see it right,
When every buttress seems of ivory made
Or ebon, in the alternate light and shade,
And little think, in Dryburgh, where I stand
Between the grass-grown tombs on either hand,
I stand where in a few years shall be laid
All that remains of Scott except the shade,
The unsubstantial spirit of the verse,
Which for a while survives the poet's hearse;
Survives a while — with Man a while is long,
And longest of Man's whiles the while of song.

With fair, blue eyes, and handsome features grave,
A close shaved puritan was next my master,
And preached to me, long hours, of heaven and hell,
And Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe —
Child's fables, with no more foundation real
Than Bluebeard's castle and the Sleeping Beauty,
And Jack the Giant-killer's famed exploits,
Yet preached with so much earnestness and zeal,
And charm of numbers eloquent, and wit,
And profound learning, that the lore sank deep,
And took its place in my heart's core, beside
Wandering Ulysses and the war of Troy,
And hapless Dido's rage magnanimous,
And whatsoe'er of sweetest, pagan bard
Sang ever, with the help of all The Nine.

A drop serene the old man's visual ray
Quenched premature, but only brighter shone
His intellectual, and he never ceased
Singing and teaching, oftener grave than gay,
But always learned and musical and sweet;
And I to listen ceased not, and to learn
New from him daily, oracle or myth,
Or apophthegm not easily erased;
Nor, when another master came in turn,
Left I well pleased the old, blind puritan,
But often to him stole at dead of night,
Or earliest peep of dawn, to hear once more
His voice divine, and glean new wisdom from him;
Nor rarely has his venerable form
Seemed to glide past, upbraiding, as I sat
Low at my next succeeding master's feet.

Joyous he was, my next succeeding master,
And better knew than the severe old man
The kidney of the world, and how to use
His neighbours of mankind, not be used by them;
And was a welcome visitor at courts,
And hand and glove with princes, and had taught me,
Had I but cared to learn, the ignoble art;
Yet he could touch the lyre, and on the pipe
Played so delicious airs I cared for nothing,
Nothing else in the world, while he kept playing;
But he knew not himself — who knows himself? —
And chose the orchestra rather, and to tread
Where Aeschylus with godlike step had trod,
And threw about his shoulders the ill-fitting
Pallium, and strutted up and down, applauded
With clap of hands innumerable and shouts
Of bravo! bravo! but I slunk away
And could not be persuaded back to see him
Travesty Satan, and would hear no more of him,
Although they vowed and swore he was the same
Had charmed my infancy with Werther's Sorrows,
The very same to whom the whole day long

I listened still with ever new delight,
 As often as he sang of Dorothea.
 Portly his form; Olympian Jove's, his brow,
 Capacious to admit all sorts of knowledge;
 But, on his lips of perfect symmetry,
 Voluptuousness enthroned sat, and within
 His deep, broad chest's enclosure, throbbed no heart.
 Faith he had none — how could he, being so wise? —
 And Fame and Joy and Knowledge were his Gods.
 Death was to him long night, for although wise,
 He was not wise enough to know that night,
 Or long or short, comes only to the living,
 And that we don't in cold obstruction rot,
 But cease outright, and there 's no more of us
 — Either to rot or lie in cold obstruction —
 But we are as we were before our birth
 And those are now who shall come after us —
 As *is* enraged Pelides' sceptre now,
 As *was* enraged Pelides' sceptre ere
 Sown in the forest yet its parent stem.

Contemporaneous, but at different hours,
 I had the lessons of a different master,
 Different in all respects, and yet the two
 Were friends, and lived in harmony together
 Till by the younger's premature death parted,
 And Goethe strewed with laurel Schiller's grave.
 Ingenuous, all ideal, visionary,
 Enthusiastic as an unspoiled child
 And of men's crooked ways as ignorant,
 Why kept not Schiller far away from courts?
 Why not, since in his breast enshrined the gem,
 His back turned on the counterfeit, of honor:
 The title and the pension and the ribbon? —
 Trappings for Hooker, Larrey, Humboldt fit,
 Or any other hound of royal kennel,
 But not fit trappings for the bard of Marbach.
 I think I see him still — tall, slender, stooped,
 Long featured, flaxen haired, pale, melancholy,

And full, to overflowing, of sweet faith
In God and Man and what he was, himself,
Of great and grand and beautiful, to do,
And leave behind accomplished when he died,
Whilst, all the while, went grinning at his side
His wiser friend's friend, Mephistopheles,
And, counting up his years, found that they might,
At most and longest, reach to forty-six.

John Hunter took me then, and led me with him
Through hospitals and burying-grounds and schools,
Where bones and nerves and muscles were my books,
And Man himself — not Man's thoughts or Man's works,
Or fair or foul or neither — all my study;
And I anatomized with lancet point
The seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling,
Reasoning, comparing, and remembering substance;
And sought in vain for boundary or mark
Distinctive between Man and the brute beast,
Instinct, alike, with life and moving passion:
Hunger and thirst, aversion and desire,
Pain, pleasure, fear, and hope, and jealousy,
And gratitude — white blackbird! — and audacious
Courage, and anger dire, and desperation,
And love of one's own progeny, little short
Of adoration, and — supremest love,
Motor and lever — love of one's own self;
And I held out the hand of brotherhood
To every living thing, and less and less
Cared for my nearest neighbour, more for all.

John Hunter left and the dissecting room,
I wandered forth into the open fields
To breathe fresh air a while, and change the scene,
And gathered flowers with Jussieu and Linnæus;
Into the mine, in search of ore, went down
With Werner; climbed the mountain side,
Hammer in hand, with Cuvier and Von Buch,
Exploring craters, and the periods counting,

Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene,
 Of this great little speck of Earth, eternal;
 And swung myself — with Herschel, hand in hand,
 And Arago, — into the illimitable
 Ocean of space, whose grains of sand are worlds,
 Whose stratified deposits, solar systems.
 Humboldt, acquainted here, had with me come,
 And proffered me the hand, but with my guides
 Content, I turned away and left him there
 To honor with the truth some chosen friend
 Special, and all the world besides deceive.*
 Expose me to wild Indians, tigers wild,
 War, famine, pestilence, or the raging sea,
 But, from the man whose words conceal his thoughts,
 Be merciful and save me, Fate supreme!

So tutored, moulded, kneaded to such dough,
 How could I not impatiently receive
 The lessons of the exile of Ravenna —
 How sit and hear prelections on God's love,
 Hatred and jealousy and dire revenge,
 And skill unparalleled in the torturer's art;
 Or rise, and, by a blinder than myself
 Led by the hand, the tour, from cell to cell,
 Make, of the infernal penitentiary,
 Seeing such sights, hearing such sounds of woe,
 Smelling such smells, as never on the slopes
 Of Montfaucon, or at the charnel foot

* "Ihr letztes mir sehr ehrenvolles Schreiben enthielt Worte, die ich nicht missverstehen möchte. 'Sie gönnen sich kaum den Besitz meiner Impietäten.' Ueber solch Eigenthum mögen Sie nach meinem baldigen Hinscheiden walten und schalten. Wahrheit ist man im Leben nur denen schuldig, die man tief achtet, also Ihnen." Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen. (Brief vom 7. Dec. 1841.)

The reader who has well meditated on these words, will be at no loss to understand how it happens that so many men of the clearest intellect and highest scientific attainments, pass, during their whole lives, for assentients to, if not actual champions of, that mass of superstitious opinions and observances, which, however different in different countries and at different epochs, is yet, in each particular country and at each particular

Of the Gemonian Stair or Rock Tarpeian
 Or Ezzelin's gibbet, shocked onlooking Day,
 And filled the air with pestilence and horror?
 How was it not impossible for me,
 The pupil, although dull, of the Venusian,
 And, to the very lips, steeped in the lore
 That Heaven and Hell are but the brothel brood
 Of strumpet Folly to drunk father Fear,
 By Vanity adopted, nursed and reared,
 And, when adult, made over to Ambition
 'To serve a purpose I must not even name —
 How was it not impossible for me,
 Whose very nursery's play-ground had been Rome,
 Whose coral bells and hobby-horse, old Cato,
 Scipio and Laelius and The Commonweal,
 Not to rebel indignant, and bar out
 My Ghibelline schoolmaster, when he set
 Hell's viceroy's bust before me, for my study,
 And bade me on that model make my hand?
 "The nether parts," said he, "thou need'st not work,
 Neither the satyr's tail, nor hoof of Pan;
 In central ice imbedded to the waist,
 Let him project colossal, head and shoulders
 And broad chest to the navel, with three pair
 Of bat's wings, vast as windmill-sails, expanded,
 Fanning the ice and freezing all Cocytus.
 Three faces he must have, as in the model,
 To one sole head united Trinitarian,
 And turned, one forward, one to either side.
 Into the middle face's mouth put Judas,
 Head in, legs out; and so rebellious struggling
 That Satan's reddest face grows redder still,

epoch, denominated The Faith, and properly and characteristically so denominated, if it were only that its very name may indicate the direct opposition in which it stands, not to philosophical induction alone, but to universal, every-day experience, and plain common sense. Ah, that moral Truth and scientific Truth are not oftener inhabitants of one and the same breast; that the man of science is so rarely not a hypocrite, the man of good morals so rarely not an ignoramus!

J. H.

And blood and slime, with silver pieces mixed,
Come spewing forth, and clot upon his beard.
Legs in, head out, let Cassius in his left
And Brutus in his right mouth writhe convulsive,
And with their traitor lungs shout: Liberty!"
I heard no more, but barred him out, indignant;
And, looking through the keyhole, saw the wretch
Go down between the ice and Lucifer's
Sides hairy, making use of the stiff hair
As a step-ladder, and, at every step,
Muttering: — "This is the way, direct, to God."

Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones
Of one who thought this world could be made perfect
By education, and, to make it perfect,
In sad and sober earnest set about;
As if perfection aught were but agreement,
Or imperfection aught but disagreement,
With a soi-disant, arbitrary rule;
As if the world, made perfect by John Locke,
Were not sure to be found by William Locke
A chaos, waiting only for *his* voice
To start into harmonious life and action —
Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones
Of one whom I, a youth, loved as a youth
Should love a teacher bent, at every risk,
To teach what he believed the one sole RIGHT,
Not a hired schoolman bound perforce to do
Battle against all comers, for his bread.
And much the good man suffered, and was driven
From hearth and home an outcast, and his head
In foreign lands hid, preaching there and teaching
Undaunted, and his doctrines spreading wide;
And I, a youth, imbibed them and became
Disciple of the pupil of Gassendi,
And saw and felt, or thought I saw and felt
— As even today, methinks I see and feel —
The senses are of knowledge the sole inlet,
The one sole inlet, for I went one step

Beyond my master's furthest, and to Sense
Assigned the parentage even of Reflection:
Sense, great-grandfather, founder of the race;
Reflection and her offspring, great-grandchildren.
But though I honor, I had honored more
The memory of my master, had he more
Against the priestly goad recalcitrated,
The priestly bridle snapped, and quite broke loose,
And through the wide savanna galloped free;
And I had loved with more than double love
The memory of my master, had his heart
Been less entirely closed against the Muse;
Less cold and deaf his ear, his eye less blind,
To wondrous Nature's forms and hues and sounds;
Less literal and prosaic, his whole being.

Such were my youth's and early manhood's friends,
My guides successive through the intricate
Labyrinth of paths which toward the mountain tend
On whose high summit inaccessible,
Wrapt in eternal clouds and mists dwells Knowledge —
Enchantress! who her face so hides from all,
Yet fills the world so with her beauty's praise.

[Composed partly while walking along the LIGURIAN RIVIERA, Jan. 1861;
partly while walking from EMPOLI to ALTOPASCIO, May 22, 1861; and
partly in LEGHORN, March and April 1862.]

TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

Roma, capitale d' Italia.

To God's protection leave the pope and Rome —
Harry the Eighth his bishops made at home;
Do thou the same; about thee in a ring
Gather thy Church, and be all out a king,
The spiritual sceptre in thy right,
In thy left hand the ball of temporal might,
Upon thy head, the diadem; *gare qui touche!*
Thou fain wouldst, but dar'st not — poor scaramouche!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 21, 1862.]

HARD to be pleased, who thinkest ill of Man,
God's noblest work, the pearl of the creation!

Small praise for God, whose noblest work is Man,
Frail, at the best, and ignorant and mortal!

Through his own fault; his Maker made him perfect.

Praise, praise the God who made his noblest work
So perfect that it went wrong of itself —
Spoiled its own self, and foiled its Maker's purpose!

At least, 'twas clever of it, thou must own.

Why, yes; or maybe God a little stupid;
On either datum thou canst work the sum;
Man plus, God minus, to the same thing comes;
For, to bring Satan in, I own I 'm loth,
Though we all know he 's able to cheat both.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1, 1862.]

UNDER A PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI

WITH A HALO ROUND HIS HEAD, AS REPRESENTED IN THE LAMPIONE
OF FLORENCE, MARCH 18, 1862.

WHAT makes the Saint? The holiness,
I 've sometimes heard it said;
But I insist it is the rays
They paint about his head.

You don't agree? then look at Christ,
At Garibaldi look;
Two pages never were more like,
Of one and the same book.

"But not both saints, you must allow."
Both saints alike, I say;
That, of the prayerbook and the beads;
This, of the war array.

Hurrah for both! for him who says: —
"Put up your swords and pray."
And him who says: — "Out with your blades,
And fight to Rome your way."

Obeys them both; your good blades draw,
And fight to Rome your way;
Rome is the place to count your beads,
Rome is the place to pray.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, March 20, 1862.]

SHE died; that is, she ceased and was no more;
Dry up your tears; ye weep for what? for nothing.
I do ye wrong; ye weep for your own selves:
Weep on, weep on; ye have good cause to weep.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1862.]

THE dog his food takes from his master's hand,
And loves him for it, and will die for him.
Well for thee, if the man thy bounty feeds,
With no worse than ingratitude repays thee,
Does not conspire thine injury or ruin.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

"NAY, don't be angry, friend! have pity on them;
Cut them not so to the very bone; have mercy;
See how they bleed and writhe, hear how they groan."
Hold me not back; they 've not got half enough;
Hold me not back, I say; let go my arm;
I 'll flog them to within an inch of their lives,
The foul, incorrigible necromancers,
Who take the little harmless babe scarce born
And mutter witchcraft over it, and criss-cross it,
And rub their venomous oil behind its ears,
And sprinkle drops upon it in the name
Of their abominable three-headed idol,

Till they have made it more even than themselves
The child of hell, an imp to do their biddings
Wicked, as long as it lives, and when it dies
Receive, for all reward, their pass to heaven.
Let go my arm, I say, else thou art less
Their friend, than Man's and thine own enemy;
Let go, I say. Villains, take that and that
And that — See how they scamper! Hah! ha! ha! ---
Off to your idol, now, for spermaceti.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 23, 1862.]

“MAN'S choice is free.” Ay, to be sure!
Who doubts a fact so clear?
But isn't his free choice fixed for him?
That is the question here.

“Pshaw! his free choice is free as air —
Do you take me for a fool?”
No, but I 'd like to know for what
You send your child to school;

For what, if not to fix his choice —
To make him choose the right,
And, of his own will, go your way
When you are out of sight.

“I don't succeed; my darling boy
Chooses the wrong way still.”
Well! there 's some stronger cause at work,
Makes his free choice choose ill:

Bad nurse's milk, bad father's blood,
Or, may be, bad grandsire's;
Or bad example of your own,
Or his playfellows, liars.

To govern his free choice there 's still
Some hidden impulse strong:
Good impulse, when he chooses right;
Bad, when he chooses wrong.

Or, more exact to speak, there 's no
Such thing as choice at all,
But, what 's the work of impulse, we
The work of free choice call;

Impulse commands; the work is done;
We call it choice; some cause
Preceded impulse, for all things
Are fixed by Nature's laws,

Links of a chain, an endless chain,
And thou 'rt a link — no more —
Attached as fast to the link behind
As to the link before;

And freely goest with the links,
That pull thee to and fro;
Insensible it is their force,
Which makes thee stand or go;

For all this whole world is a mesh
Of chain-links intricate,
By Providence, as some say, worked,
As others say, by Fate.

I know not; but of this I 'm sure:
It 's all made of one piece,
Not motley mongrel of fixed laws
And Man's supreme caprice.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 26, 1862.]

ALL Inspiration from above descends:
From God, or prince, or minister, or friends
Of God or prince or minister. Some weight
— I don't say, much, but some, at any rate —
You must, if fair, allow to Inspiration,
Which follows so the law of gravitation.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 2, 1862.]

PATER quis est, dic mi, sodes,
Quisve avus est peccati?
Nullus omnium quos adivi
Satis scit responsum dare.
“En! ego respondeo volens.
Feras tu benigne meam
Qualemcunque ignorantiam:
Pater est peccati homo,
Miser ille, qui peccavit;
Avus autem ipse Deus,
Peccatorem qui creavit.”
Peccatorem, monstrum illud
Cur creavit bonus ille?
“Heu! nec novi nec audivi;
Credo neque ipsum scire.
Forsan ut glorificetur;
Multum laudis est amator.
Neque vero nullam meruit
Ille bonus, justus ille,
Cujus filius est peccator,
Nepos cujus est peccatum.

Deum, ergo, una omnes
Senes, juvenes laudemus;
Sanctum Dei nomen omnes
In perpetuum cantemus.
Canta patrem, o peccator;
Avum, o peccatum, canta;
Deum solum fontem mali,
Deum unicum auctorem
Mortis et miseriae nostrae
Omnes juvenes senesque
Uno ore celebremus.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

[HOREN on the LAKE OF ZÜRICH, July 1, 1862.]

WHAT animal is it, gains by losing one
Of its two component halves, yet by the loss
Is made imperfect and must get it back
Or remain always a mere fractional part,
A-bee's comb, one might say, without the cap,
Naked, exposed to every wind and weather,
A clock- or watch-work minus hands and dial,
A ship's hull stripped of masts and sails and rudder,
A torn out, silent, useless tongue of bell,
A churndash without churn, a central sun
Without even one poor planet to give light to?

[Walking from DÜSSLINGEN to TÜBINGEN, Aug. 6, 1862.]

WHY has no eye beyond the tomb seen aught?
Because beyond the tomb to see there 's nought.

[TÜBINGEN, Aug. 6, 1862.]

GOD made the world, there 's not a child but knows it,
 And not a flower, or blade of grass but shows it;
 But what made God himself does not appear,
 Unless — as old Lucretius says — 'twas Fear.
 Fear 's a great maker in a certain way,
 And sometimes works by night, sometimes by day;
 And, making ghosts by night, it sure were odd,
 If she could not in the broad day make God,
 Seeing that God 's a ghost, an airy sprite
 Easier to make than even the ghosts of night,
 For they have form and substance, have been seen
 And touched and smelt, which God has never been;
 So Fear is free to make him as she will,
 And sometimes makes him well and sometimes ill;
 But always he 's Fear's making, let him be
 Allah or Jove or Christ, or Jan-Sam-He.

[In the train from LONDON to HOLYHEAD, Sept. 15, 1862.]

RUBBED OUT.

"WHERE shall I go to when I die, Papa?"
 "Bring me your slate — is that your name? Tom Phipps.
 There, rub it out; where is it now?" "No where."
 "When you are dead you 'll go to the same place,
 And I and all, for we 'll be all rubbed out."

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Oct. 1863.]

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF THE PEDESTAL OF THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S
STATUE, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

I.

IN grateful memory of their well loved Swift,
The Dubliners this statue raised to Moore.

II.

WHOSE smutty statue 's this? what smith's or sweep's?
Stay, stay — all right; it 's Little Tommy Moore's.

III.

IMMORTAL Little, round thy honored brow
Erin's chaste daughters bind her shamrock green,

IV.

AND her brave sons doubt which most to admire,
Thy statue, pension, or famed verse obscene.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY, CO. DUBLIN, Dec. 16, 1863.]

A FAMOUS punster once said to a friend:
"Friend Rock, upon thy rock I 'll build my house."
The house was built, and, built upon a pun,
Has till now lasted and will last until
A wittier punster comes and pulls it down,
And builds his new house upon like foundation.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Aug. 22, 1863.]

"TIS a dull circle that we tread,
 Just from the window to the bed;
 We eat, we drink, we sleep, and then
 We eat and drink and sleep, again."
 "And then? what then?" "To heaven we go,
 To eat and drink and sleep no mo',
 No mo' from window to the bed
 Or bed to window, but, instead,
 Idle and lounge about, all day,
 Except when we sing psalms, or pray:
 Idle, all night, and lounge about,
 And sing and pray, year in, year out.
 Which of the two dull circles be
 Dullest, I hope to hear from thee."

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, NOV. 12, 1862.]

IGNORANCE is bliss, for first it saves the pain
 Of knowing how far wrong the road you go,
 And next it saves the greater pain of knowing
 There is a better way beyond your reach,
 Yet not even ignorance is perfect bliss,
 For while it teaches you to take for good
 Even your worst ill, it teaches you, same time,
 To shun, as your worst ill, your chiefest good.
 Not so entirely, then, to be disdained
 Thy hard won fruit, O stinging 'Tree of knowledge;
 Nor so without a canker, thy rich crop,
 Indigenous, luxuriant Ignorance.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, NOV. 30, 1862.]

PRINCE ALBERT.

A MAN of sterling sense and quick decision,
And royal, not to be controlled volition,
Prince Albert gave the slip to his physician,
And started off to see the Exhibition
Got up in heaven for ghosts of high condition,
And have a finger in it, with permission
Of archangelic, managing commission.
If he comes back — a thing that 's problematic —
What may we not expect of achromatic
Telescopes, and inventions hydrostatic
For floating iron-clads, and diplomatic
Ruses, celestial half and half Teutonic,
To out-ruse our dear ally Napoleonic?
And if he doesn't, why then the resignation
Comes into play, of the great Irish nation,
And we 'll appoint a day for humiliation,
And lowliness before God, and prostration,
And, clear with Heaven, beg Stephen's Green Commissioners
To hear the humble prayer of their petitioners,
And grant a site for statue to his glory
Who neither right Whig was, nor yet right Tory,
But between both went steadily a-rowing,
And over English, Scotch, and Irish crowing
Deep in his heart, for though one now crows never
Above one's breath, one crows as deep as ever,
And princes deepest, for your princes' bosoms
As deep are as Ahithophel's or Uzzum's
Or Palmerston's — and that 's as any well deep,
Or Newcastle coal-pit, or lowest Hell, deep.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 31, 1864.]

TWO Hands there are that shuffle all the cards:
Sir Right Hand trump holds, and would win the game
But for the greater cunning, of Sir Left,
And sharper sight which reads Sir Right Hand's cards,
Though turned their backs, as clearly as his own.
Ah, poor Sir Right Hand! how he grumbles, swears,
Curses and sweats, while Mephistopheles,
Bowling and simpering, pockets all the stakes.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 14, 1862.]

UNHAPPY man! a little wiser than
And of course persecuted by thy fellows,
Like the poor turkey with a patch on its head,
That's pecked and pecked, and round the farmyard hunted
Till it drops down and dies — and there's an end to it.
Hide, hide, my friend, hide, hide, if thou art wise,
Thy little patch of wisdom, if thou 'st any,
Or, better still, put on a patch of folly
Or wickedness, and be be-statued like
Profligate Moore and thriftless, silly Goldsmith.
Nothing men like so much as a touch of vice,
Unless it be a good, large dash of folly.
Thou 'st writ no brothel verses, never been
The common laughing-stock of thy acquaintance;
Thou hast not died four thousand pounds 'in debt,
Nor hadst thy debts paid by a royal pension;
What chance hast thou, thy fellow citizens
Will set thee up, example to their children,
And, on thy togaed statue's marble plinth,
Inscribe thy virtues, years, and glorious name?

[Walking from ROSAMOND to BALLINASCORNY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 29, 1863.]

JOHN TETZEL.

Quick drop your money in;
It saveth from all sin;
Past, present, future time
It purifieth from crime,
And souls from Limbo frees —
Your money, if you please;
Father's, mother's soul,
It buys out sound and whole,
And of your babes as many
As you drop in a penny.
I 'll hear of no excuse;
What interest or what use
Than this is more secure,
Or better for the poor?
For it 's to God you lend,
And God 's the poor man's friend,
And for the money lent
Still pays back cent per cent.
John Tetzal is my name;
You 've heard of me by fame;
From the Vatican I come,
And seven-hilled city, Rome.
Indulgences I bring,
— Let me hear your money ring —
Indulgences to sin;
In with your money, in.
To you, his faithful friends,
The Holy Father sends
Me with these boxes two,
Both blessed and criss-crossed new.

Of Indulgences one 's full
 As a pincushion 's of wool,
 Out of its side they pop,
 As fast as in you drop,
 Into the hole at top
 Of the other box, your pence,
 Showing your penitence,
 Contrition and sound sense
 And devotion to God's cause
 And Holy Church's laws.
 Come with your money, come,
 Children beloved of Rome;
 Who would not a groat pay
 To save his soul one day
 From purgatorial fire?
 Call John Tetzal liar
 If the Holy Father cares
 For your money or your prayers;
 Your money, it 's but trash,
 Tinkling cymbals your hard cash,
 But of your soul he thinks
 Every time your money clinks,
 And every groat you pay,
 A day shorter you shall stay
 In penitential fire,
 A step to heaven you 're nigher.
 See in this paper here,
 Where it 's written fair and clear:
 "Indulgence full and free,
 Absolution plenary —
 Past, present, future time,
 Permission for all crime."
 Quick drop your money in,
 And enjoy the venial sin;
 You may take your neighbour's life,
 You may sleep with neighbour's wife,
 You may leave your debts unpaid,
 You may cheat at cards or trade,

For God is over all,
 Can order and recall,
 Can make and unmake sin,
 — Quick drop your money in —
 And the Holy Father, he
 Is of God the nominee,
 Sole dispenser of God's grace,
 And fills of God the place,
 Sole judge of wrong and right,
 Sole possessor of God's might
 To punish and acquit,
 And do as he thinks fit.
 Be faithful, firm, and true
 To Church and Pope, and who
 Can one hair injure you?
 Church is a union strong
 To shield you from all wrong:
 Against all scathes and harms,
 Against Hell's wiles and charms,
 Against a world in arms,
 The Church maintains your rights;
 The Church protests and fights;
 The Pope 's the Church's head;
 God's vicar in God's stead.
 Never will Pope or Church
 Leave the faithful in the lurch —
 In with your money, in;
 It cleanseth from all sin.
 For the faithful what 's to dread,
 When the standard 's for them spread
 Of God and Church and Pope?
 Of sand they twist a rope
 Who strive against the Pope.
 Away with fear and doubt;
 See, I draw the Indulgence out,

[DA CAPO.]

[DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), JAN. 27, 1864.]

ALL 's wise and good, they say, and of design ;
 Imprimis cholera and the Lisbon earthquake,
 The St. Bartholomew, the Sicilian Vespers,
 And Waterloo's red field, and Solferino,
 And the down-going, headlong, in the sea
 With every living soul, of the Aurora,
 And President, not even a rat escaping,
 Nor Richmond's Duke, more worth than many rats :
 All good and wise and of design, they say
 Who better understand, than I, such matters ;
 Yet, not the less, eschew, as they would Satan,
 All personal acquaintance with such proofs
 Potent, of goodness, wisdom, and design.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, NOV. 15, 1862.]

"Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna,
 Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
 Atque una transire vadum tot millia cymba
 Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur,
 Sed tu vera puta."

JUVEN. ij. 140.

How much we have improved, let Juvenal say,
 Upon the popular credence of his day,
 We, who believe in Manes and the Devil
 And a post mortem judge of good and evil,
 And souls, that not one rag of flesh have on,
 Made rashers of, in Pyriphlegethon.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, 1863 or 1864.]

SCROLL

FOR THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE Dubliners, between the eccentric dean,
Long hesitating, and the libertine,
Decided for the libertine at last,
And so arose the statue thou here hast,
Very like neither, thou mayst well suppose,
In feature, air, or attitude or clothes,
But yet so smutty 'twill for either do,
And of the urinal improves the view.
Shouldst thou, kind stranger, on some future day
Happen to take this statue on thy way,
And have a pair of pantaloons to spare,
Look on these bare shanks, think of Christmas air,
And how thou 'dst feel thyself in Scottish kilt
And Roman pallium loose, not even gilt —
I 'll say no more -- sapienti verbum sat,
Goodnatured Oliver will translate you that,
For he too has a statue, clever Noll,
Almost inside the gate of Trinity Coll,
Not quite inside — why should he more than I,
Of lore scholastic both of us so shy?
Yet not so very shy as not to know
What way the auræ populares blow,
And how to mount on ignorance to fame,
Honor and statue and a poet's name.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 25, 1864.]

NUMBER THREE.

OF all numbers, number three
Is the one best pleases me:
Number one 's so very small,
You may count it none at all,
To nonentity next door;
Number two is but one more,
And to mind still brings the strife,
Ever waits on wedded life;
Hounds in couples, sad and slow,
Pulling different ways, they go,
One and one linked in a pair —
Of the fatal noose beware,
Thou who hast thy liberty,
Whether thou be he or she.

Four 's two twos, so twice as bad
As single two. The man is mad
Who doesn't at once perceive that three
Seasons than four would better be,
And without winter, frost, and ice,
Our earth, a little paradise;
Cuckoos and swallows, all year round,
And gay with buttercups the ground.
Mad he is, I say, nor he
Wiser much, who doesn't agree
That bad as were triumvirs three,
For Rome's Commonwealth a curse,
Four triumvirs had been worse —

If I may so, without offence
To grammar or to accidance,
Indulge my humor in a freak,
And of four triumvirs speak.

Five comes next; what man alive
Ever good word spoke of five?
Five, it was, made the cabal
Of Arlington and Lauderdale,
Clifford and Vil Buckingham,
And Ashley, royal Charles's Pam;
Little better Pam, I ween,
Than the Pam of our dear queen,
Who, as long as Nap 's his friend,
Has small chance his ways to mend.

Six and seven partake of ill,
From my youth up, I 've thought still;
For, on the earth as in the heavens,
Things at sixes and at sevens
Never were, or could be, right
In man's or God's or angel's sight.

Never, upon no pretence,
While I have one grain of sense,
Shall I, of free will, incline
Tó praise either eight or nine,
Numbers both of Satan's own,
Underminers of the throne,
Foes of all that 's good and great,
Of the church and of the state,
Fórerunners of the noyades,
Guillotines and fusillades.

So I turn to number three;
Three 's the number pleases me;
I loved always trinity,
Since I first went to the College
Of the Trinity for knowledge:

There I learned the Fates were three,
Th' Hesperides and Graces three,
And how in three choirs, of three
Blithe sisters each, linked lovingly,
Jove's daughters by Mnemosyne
Went roving on Apollo's hill,
And chanted till they had their fill:
Old friends of mine, those choirs of three
Blithe sisters each, and many a glee
I have sung with them, and they with me,
Since first I met them in the shade
Of the bay and laurel glade,
Thé steep mountain side upon,
Of the sunny Helicon,
Where the waters sprang to meet
And kiss the winged courser's feet.
And still, at times, of three we sing,
On three, at times, the changes ring:
How Neptune, Jove and Dis the wide
World into three shares divide;
How Dian, Hecate, Proserpine
Faces three in one combine;
How, with triple mouth and yell,
Porter Cerberus, in his cell,
Hades' entrance guarded well;
All let in, but such a rout
Made if one tried to slip out,
That the echo and rebound
Of the brazen concave round,
Jove's own rattling thunders drowned,
As the frightened ghost slunk back,
Like a flogged hound to his pack.

Three persons of the verb with three
Pronouns personal agree;
And, though but sexes two are known,
There are three genders, all must own,
Or much good schooling has been lost,
Much teachers' pains and parents' cost.

Good accountant if you 'd be,
You must count by Rule of Three;
Just comparisons to make,
Three degrees you still must take;
Three degrees, to be your guides,
Priscian to your hand provides:
Bad, worse, worst; good, better, best;
Many, more, most, and all the rest;
Never let them out of sight
And they'll lead you always right.

Aristotle taught the schools
Many wise and useful rules,
But one rule's worth all the rest,
'That with three you argue best,
And that prostrate to lay schism,
There's no sword like syllogism.

Ah! no friend of Erin he
Who loves not her shamrock's three
Green leaves indivisible
As the famous Gordian spell.

Patriotism and loyalty
With religion make up three;
Church and throne and state are three,
One undivided trirarchy.

Learned professions there are three,
Medicine, law, divinity,
Guardians of the items three,
Body, soul, and property,
Constituent of Man's entity;
For, of opinion though some be
That soul alone makes entity,
I'm not of those who care to see,
Still less of those who long to be,
Soul in a state of nudity;
A naked soul to me is a fright,

Especially at dead of night
When dimly burns the candle light,
And all is still, or fast asleep —
The very thought makes my flesh creep,
Even Dian's self 's afraid to peep.
I love my friend and wish him well,
Wish him long years in health to tell,
Well housed, well clad, and with a purse
Worthy of the Preacher's curse;
I like to see his smiling face
And hold him in mine arms' embrace,
To hear his voice and clasp his hand,
Beside him sit, beside him stand,
Alongside walk in cheerful chat,
Of this discoursing and of that,
But I would have him my friend whole,
Not my friend's disembodied soul,
Not my friend's ghost, and spirit thin,
Nothing outside and less within —
Be off, be off to Charon's coast
And poets' dreams, poor, silly ghost
And naked soul, mere idle boast
And vain pretence, nonentity
And meaningless absurdity —
Thou enterest not into my creed;
Begone; leave me at peace; God speed!

Poets unequalled there were three,
One born in Greece, in Italy
His greater born, the greatest he
Who drew in Albion's fog his breath,
And sang of paradise and death.

Unrivaled actors there were three,
Charmers of my infancy,
Whether Othello's rage were played,
Or Juliet's love, or with the shade
Of murdered sire held colloquy,
I hung enraptured on the three,

Awed by John Kemble, by O'Neill
Enchanted and by Cooke turned pale.
Nor at an end was my delight
When fell the curtain; all the night
I raved of tournament and fight,
Palfrey and squire and belted knight,
And airy daggers motioning
Toward the couch of sleeping king,
And "out, damned spot!" and medicine vain
To purge the blood spot from the brain.

Earth and heaven and hell are three,
Each on each hanging mutually,
And each of each a corollary;
For other worlds although there be,
Countless as sandgrains in the sea,
Yet with the wise majority,
— Christian, Jew, Pagan — I agree
To set them down as nullity;
As nullity, or, at the best,
Made to point the Atheist jest:
How from Olympus' heights rules Jove
Countless worlds those heights above?
Who, while Jove lies in Danae's arms,
Those countless worlds preserves from harms,
Above Jove's highest lightning's fling,
Above Jove's boldest eagle's wing,
Guards nationalities oppressed
And orders all things for the best?

'Twas three o'clock precise, each day
Of eight long years that slow away
Rolled o'er my helpless infancy,
Came and with kind hand set me free
From grammar fetters and the rule
Of the stern despot of the school,
And home I bounded full of joy,
A happy, thriving, chubby boy,

To be caressed by parents dear,
Till fatal nine, next day, drew near,
And I must to my cell again
And wear again the captive's chain,
Till friendly three should come once more—
And open throw my prison door.
Those days are gone not to return,
My parents long lie in their urn,
Yet never three chimes on mine ear
But I seem Freedom's voice to hear,
Youth's scenes come back, youth's joys and cares ---
How changed the face all nature wears!
The old man's heart swells, and a tear ---
But no! I would not have them here.

There 's never a royal diadem
Boasts not of some superior gem,
Some ruby red, some emerald green,
Some diamond's ever varying sheen,
Some pearl of price, some chrysolite,
Some opal pale, some malachite,
But brighter far the gems that round
Royal Victoria's brow are bound,
Redder than ruby there the rose
Of England in its full bloom glows,
Greener than emerald, there, the green
Shamrock of Erin creeps between
The English emblem and the blue
Thistle of Scotland, rough as true.
Fair the three bloom and fair the three
Under the garter's scroll agree:
GOD OF MY RIGHT 'S THE SURE DEFENCE.
HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Out of the East came wise kings three
To Bethlehem, a babe to see
Wiser than were themselves all three,
A unit of the Trinity,
High and inscrutable mystery!

Low in the dust on bended knee
They offered up, those wise kings three,
Their triple gifts and fealty.
Poor are my gifts, my fealty
Adds nothing to thy dignity,
I 'm-rich but in humility
And that I offer all to thee,
Incomprehensible Trinity.

Ave Maria, night and morn,
And the Angelus the day adorn
With triple worship, triple prayer;
Thrice the brow 's crossed and thrice laid bare
The heart before the deity —
“Domine! miserere mei.”

But what more than all moves me
To the preference I give three,
Is the still fresh memory
That in old times we were three,
Thou, my child, and I, and she
Who made up our household three.

[Begun on footjourney from LEGHORN to LOBENSTEIN (FÜRSTENTHUM REUSS),
in the summer of 1861; finished while walking from TURIN to FLORENCE,
Sept. 1864.]

I.

THE saying can't be too oft repeated:
The world consists of cheats and cheated.

II.

I 'M in this faith a firm believer:
Who 's not deceived is a deceiver.

[FLORENCE, Octob. 30, 1864.]

FRAGMENT.

U**PRISEN** at four, after a restless night,
— We are always restless on the eve of travel,
Sorry to break up old associations,
And, of the new, distrustful and ill-boding —
Our first care, after toilette made, is our breakfast,
Frugal as usual, and oft interrupted
By various cares prelude of the road:
In primis, manufacturing for our shoes
In-soles of folded paper; in secundis,
Re-reconnoitering umbrellas, wallets,
Guide-books and pocket-books and purse of gold,
And pocket compass and thermometer,
All reconnoitred well the night before
And set in order, ready for the morning.
Grapes and fresh figs and Gorgonzola cheese
And bread and capuè make no bad breakfast,
And, overnight prepared, stand ready for you,
Whether you choose to rise before the lark,
Or lie abed till Sol, his day's work done,
Hands the world over to his pale-cheeked sister,
And goes, himself, to rest behind the Azores.
To the spedizioniere, then,
Consigned for Rome our baggage, two hours' work,
Only at last at ten we are on the road,
Winding from Florence up the vale of Arno,
On our left hand the chain bridge, on our right
San Miniato from the cypress hill
Down-looking on the city fair and river
And, opposite, to Fiesole and the far,
Misty, rain-threatening mountains of Pistoja,

Where just three weeks ago, this very day,
Upon our hither way we visited,
And after greeting brief bade long adieu
To our old Irish friend, Grace-Bartolini,
Daughter of Irish Grace my father's friend,
From her youth up by choice of domicile,
And for the four last years by wedding vow,
Italianissima among Italians.

Pleasant to leave behind the noisy streets
And narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Florence,
And the ear-stunning cry of "vuole? vuole?"
And "tre alla palanca!" and to snuff
Pure air again, and see the sky though lowering,
And swing our arms, and feel our legs untied.
Churches and convents either side the road,
And long, stone walls between; these to keep out
The evil-doer, those within the bounds
Of holy mother Church to keep the mind,
No less here than in England apt to boast
Of its strong reason clear, and power of will,
And no whit less here than in England, bound
Helpless and hopeless with religion's chain;
Less grimly here however, for sweet roses
And manna-dropping foliage intertwine,
And take the shivering, sharp cold off, the iron.

And now we have left behind the long, stone walls
— The churches not yet, nor are likely ever —
And up the hill push from the Arno valley,
Taking the shorter way by San Donato,
To meet the stream descending from Incisa,
And spare the roundabout by Pontassieve.
Beautiful, Florence, as we look behind,
Its massy dome, and stately ducal tower
And, in church architecture never rivaled,
Giotto, thy campanile. Wide the eye
Over the valley of the Arno ranges,
Over long lapsed years wider still the mind:

And now it 's airy Guelphs and Ghibellines,
 Now spectral popes and emperors we see,
 Now visioned Macchiavellis, Medicis,
 Or Dante's pale, unconquerable spirit,
 Or Savonarola's; and Da Fiesole
 Sits in his cowl there in San Marco's cloister,
 Painting in silence his imaginations
 Of an imagined heaven's beatitude:
 Angels with delicate, small hands and feet
 And beardless, feminine faces, and as like,
 Each to the other, as so many sisters,
 In gold-bespangled skirts, blue, red or yellow,
 Gold-crowned, gold-winged, to lute and flute and viol
 And dulcimer and harp the praises singing
 Of an ideal, unsubstantial God,
 Who sees, hears, smells, thinks, loves, admires, and hates,
 Makes and unmakes, remembers and forgets,
 Prefers, postpones, rejects, goes slow and fast,
 Is pleased and displeased, smiles, frowns, blesses, curses,
 And does in 'all things like substantial man,
 His own most erring, most imperfect work,
 Cast off by him accordingly and hated,
 Killed, and to hell condemned, and then again
 Pitied, forgiven and coaxed, and up to heaven
 Carried on angels' wings, to dwell for ever
 With him in glory and his praises sing.

Still green the hedges, and the air still soft,
 Though in the murky sky November frown,
 And mindful churchbells, since two hours ere day,
 Have not ceased telling us it 's All Souls' morrow.
 The roadside bushes burn with Pyracanth's
 Red glowing clusters, dog-rose berries red,
 And the pink capsules of Evonymus
 Opening and showing its red ariled seeds,
 "Each in its narrow cell laid" — not "for ever."

* * * * *

Leaving FLORENCE for ROME, Nov. 1, 1864.

WHAT! Man no more than a mere reasoning beast
Which laughs, smokes, curses, swears, and pays the priest,
More than most other beasts his brother cheats,
Tortures and kills, and — who disputes it? — eats!

Degrade him not; his acts proclaim his birth:
Angel and heir of heaven, not son of earth;
A spark cast off from the eternal flame,
And differing from the godhead but in name.

[ALBERGO DELL' AQUILA NERA, MONTEFIASCONE (STATI PONTIFICI), NOV. 8, 1864.]

FEAR 's a great maker: first she made the Devil,
And worshiped low the author of all evil;
Then she made God, the better still to keep
The Devil off and get a good, sound sleep.

[ROME, VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE, DEC. 23, 1864.]

MODERATION.

BE moderate in all things, and, of all,
In moderation most be moderate,
For, for what else but use in proper season
Thine every-obstacle-o'ercoming passion,
Love, jealousy and wrath, hope, hate and fear?
For what the extreme, high culminating impulse —
For what in man or beast, but to be used?
Nature made nought in vain, and least in vain,

Be it of hope, fear, ire, or hate, or love
 Or jealousy, the culminating impulse,
 The extreme extreme. The world has verge enough;
 The power to be immoderate implies
 There 's time and place to be immoderate,
 Nor made not to be used the extreme extreme,
 High towering, overtopping point of passion.
 'Twas not by moderation Caesar rose,
 Or Brutus fell, or Christ and Mahomet
 The world's opima spolia shared between them.
 Be moderate as the bee and as the ant,
 Be moderate as the lion and the tiger,
 Be moderate as the race-horse; as the shaft
 Shot from the bow flies moderate to the mark,
 As from the zenith moderate swoops the falcon,
 On to the goal press moderate thou with Paul,
 Not looking once behind thee; moderate press
 Forward in season, out of season forward,
 And only at the goal and ocean's edge
 Arrived, with Philip's son, sit down and weep.

[Walking from SPOLETO to FOLIGNO, June 28, 1865.]

VICTORY,

AN EQUATION CALCULATED IN THE CAFFÈ DELLA FERROVIA, PASSIGNANO,
 LAGO TRASIMENO, July 1, 1865.

WHICH side shall conquer? Both sides have the right,
 And God 's for both sides. Which shall win the fight?
 Strike out from both sides God, from both sides right,
 — Why should God fight with God, or right with right? —
 And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

Set God back on the field and set back right,
 And to it again; which now shall win the fight?
 God 's neutralized by God, and right by right,
 And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

BEHOLD in Christ the sober, matron hen,
Gathering beneath her wings her cowering brood;
In Mahomet behold the dunghill king,
Leading his brood to conquest and to battle.
"Cluck-cluck! cluck-cluck!" dame hen cries; "cluck! cluck! cluck!"
"Tantararara-ra!" crows loud sir cock.

[Walking from MONTE CARELLI (TUSCANY), to FILIGARE, July 18, 1865.]

LA FUTA.

OUR coffee boils; our hostess at the fire
Suckles her baby scarce a fortnight old,
Watching, same time, the moment to pour off
Into the glass the soot-black beverage
Restorative, while we the minutes count
Impatient, and the sweat wipe from our brows,
For the sun's high in Leo and we have walked,
Over the bare and rugged Apennine,
Up hill full five miles since we saw him rise
This morning on our last night's baiting quarters,
Monte Carelli, first day's climb from Florence.
Seated upon the hearth, the second child
Whinges incessant, or, from time to time,
Is pacified with lump of broken sugar,
As, with the dug, the infant in the arms;
Never without the whinge of one or other
Quiet the kitchen for one single instant.
Beside the door the father whiffs his pipe,
And spits, alternate, out across the sill.

Our coffee 's drunk, our hostess paid her crazie,
And so we separate, not to meet again
Till we meet there, at last, to live content,
Where there is neither dug nor sugar lump,
Nor pipe nor crazie nor drop of coffee.
Quod bonum sit faustumque, Domine meus!

[Walking from LA FUTA to BOLOGNA, July 18 and 19, 1865.]

WHAT for, two Gods? why doubled the expense?
One God 's enough, sure, for a man of sense;
And let that one God be the evil one,
To do the good God's work as well as his own.
There 's little fear he 'll find more work to do
Than he has always been accustomed to,
The amount of good 's a minimum at best —
Who does the evil well may do the rest
For pastime sake and sweet variety,
And from one useless sinecure set us free.

[Walking from PELLEGRINA to VERONA, July 23, 1865.]

THE TWO BARBERS OF FREEDOMTOWN.

IN Freedomtown two barbers won,
With razors sharp and clean;
One shaves the right cheek, one the left,
While thou sitt'st still between,

And budgest not, nor utterest sound,
Nor seem'st to feel one tittle,
Though now and then red blood be drawn,
And scarfskin razed a little.

CHURCH of one barber is the name,
The other's name is STATE;
In Freedomtown those barbers twain
Shave early and shave late.

"By grace of God and right divine"
— I 'm reading from the scroll,
Which, with the basin, at the door
Hangs dangling from the pole —

"By grace of God and right divine
— Let none the right contest —
All cheeks are ours in Freedomtown,
To shave as we like best."

Hurrah for those two barbers bold!
Hurrah for Freedomtown!
Nowhere I 'd rather live than where
Not even one's beard 's one's own.

[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, July 30, 1865.]

"Sua si bona norint."

HAPPY the man who has neither wife nor child!
Not freer life the deer's in forest wild;
He has none to flout him when he comes home late,
And leaves to whom he likes best, his estate.

Happy the man who has neither house nor land!
Fewer, his insolent menials to command,
He 'll not be ruined by a roguish steward,
Nor need he keep his premises insured.

Happy the man who has an empty purse!
Let things go as they will, he can't be worse
Unless he goes in debt, and that he 'll find
Difficult, whilst his purse remains unlined.

Happy the man who 's to be hanged tomorrow!
Hé has but óne day, thou long years of sorrow;
He 'll in the dark sleep sound tomorrow night
Whilst thou start'st at each noise and burn'st a light.

[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, Aug. 1, 1865.]

GOTT SEGNE DIES HAUS.

Inscribed on the inn in Abfalterbach, Tirol.*

GOD bless this house,
Both man and mouse,
And young and old,
Pigsty and pig,
And hat and wig,
Silver and gold.

God bless the ass,
God bless the mas-
ter and mistress,
God bless their store,
And make it more,
And never less.

* Such devout inscriptions on houses are of frequent occurrence both in Tirol and Austria. Since this poem was written I have met the following on a house in Wolfert near Linz in Austria:

GROSSER GOTT GIB DEINEN SEGEN,
SEI MIT DEINEM SCHUTZ ZUGEGEN,
SEGNE MEINEN NAHRUNGSSTAND
UND DIE ARBEIT MEINER HAND,
SEGNE FREUND UND SEGNE FEIND
UND DIE GANZE PFARRGEMEIND'.

God bless the cow,
The calf, the yowe,
And wrinkled aunt,
And give the churn
Another turn,
When butter 's scant.

God bless the mill,
God bless the pill,
And make both do,
Year in, year out,
In rain and drought,
Their duty true.

God bless the cat,
God bless the brat
And hussey lass,
God bless the salt,
God bless the malt
And foaming glass.

God bless this house,
Both man and mouse
And but and ben,
And let all sing
"God save the king!"
Amen, amen!

It 's not enough.
God bless the snuff-
-box and dudeen,
God bless the state
And make it great,
God bless the queen.

[Walking from ABFALTERBACH to LIENZ (TIROL), Aug. 28, 1865.]

CRADLE HYMN,

SUGGESTED BY DR. WATTS'S.

"HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head,"

None sô heavy as to break it —
Hush, my babe, and nothing fear;
God thy little soul won't take yet,
Still a while will leave thee here;

Here to struggle and to scramble
Through the world as thou mayst best,
Torn by rose and torn by bramble —
Hush, my babe, and take thy rest.

Don't, my babe, don't make wry faces,
Keep them for the teething fit,
That first blessing Heaven 's to send thee,
If thou liv'st to eat a bit.

That 's my good babe! now thou 'rt quiet,
I can hardly hear thy breath —
With my héart's blood I would buy it,
Thou might'st so sleep on till death,

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,
Of the blessings Heaven lets fall —
Be they light or be they heavy,
So thou best escap'st them all:

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,
Of the angels round thy bed,
Or how much it is, or little,
Guardian angels stand in stead.

Ah! my child, might'st thou but sleep so
Till thou drewest thy latest breath,
Thy sad mother need not weep so,
Or so hate the thought of death;

Death, the grand finale blessing,
Heaven upon all heads lets fall;
Let thy mother feel it doublè,
So thou feel'st it not at all;

So thou 'rt spared the pang of parting
From thy nearest, dearest friend,
Whether thou 'rt left here to mourn her,
Or she 's left to mourn thine end.

Might we but together sleep out
Our brief night's existence frail,
Not be wakened up ere midnight,
Each to hear the other's wail,

When the scythe-armed guardian angel
Separates the locked embrace,
And one 's left to mourn the other's
Ever fresh remembered face!

Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast learned yet
How like sleep is unto death;
Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast felt yet
How life shortens with each breath;

Sleep on soundly ere the dreams come,
Which disturb the soundest sleep;
Sleep on soundly ere the tears come,
Thou must, if thou livest, weep.

Sleep, my babe, on; wake not up yet
The forbidden fruit to eat;
Good and evil both are bitter,
Life itself 's a bitter sweet.

[Walking from VILLNÖSS to KIRCHBACH in the GAILTHAL, TIBOL, Aug. 25 to
Sept. 1, 1865.]

"TWAS a mower a-mowing stood under a tree,
And with his sharp scythe he mowed down three
Tall, ugly, rough thistles which stood in his way.
"What the names of those thistles were, tell me, I pray."

The first of those thistles, they called him Mastai;
He was mowed down the first, because most in the way.
The second, they called him Napoleon Louis;
If ever a thistle was thistly, 'twas he:

He was mowed down the second and laid by his friend,
And POTES and NON POSSUMUS came to one end.
The third and last thistle, Vittorio was called,
A sinister curlpate inclining to bald,

So ill-favored, no ass would one leaf of him chew;
But the scythe cared as little as I care or you,
And cut him off short, and he fell by the board,
And in the one dung-heap the whole three lie stored;

I passed by today, as I came from the bank,
But I held my nose close, for, behold you! they stank.
Three as ugly, rough thistles now stand in their place,
For prolific was always the great thistle race.

[Walking from VOLZANA to CANALE (ILLYRIAN KÜSTENLAND), Sept. 6, 1865.]

. "Nullis inclusit limina portis.
Nocte dieque patent.
.
Nulla quies intus, nullaque silentia parte."

IS it just in Heaven to favor so the eyes
With lids to keep out dust and glare and flies,
And leave the poor ears open, night and day,
To all each chattering fool may choose to say,
To all assaults of sturdy hurdygurd,
And grand-piano octave, chord, and third,
And rapid volley of well-quavered note,
Out of wide gaping, husband-seeking throat,
And fiddle squeak, and railway whistle shrill,
Big drum and little drum and beetling mill,
Trumpet and fife, triangle and trombone,
And hiss and shout and scream and grunt and groan?
Be gracious, Heaven! and, if no law forbid,
Grant the distracted ear such share of lid
That we may sometimes soundly sleep at night,
Not kept awake until the dawning light,
By rattling window-sash, or miauling cat,
Or howling dog, or nibbling mouse or rat,
Or cooped-up capon fain like cock to crow,
Or carts that down the paved street clattering go,
Or nurse, in the next room, and sickly child,
Warbling by turns their native woodnotes wild.
Judge us not by thyself, who darest not sleep,
But open always, day and night, must keep
Both eye and ear, to see and hear how go
All things above the clouds, and all below;
Lids for thine ears, as for thine eyes, were worse
Than useless, an impediment and curse;

We, with less care, our eyes are free to close
 At night, or for an after-dinner doze,
 And for this purpose thou hast kindly given,
 And with a bounty worthy of high Heaven,
 Each eye a pair of lids. One lid might do
 For each ear, if thou wilt not hear of two,
 One large, well fitting lid; and night and day,
 As bound in duty, we will ever pray;
 And thou with satisfaction shalt behold
 Our ears no less protected from the cold
 Than our dear eyes, and never more need'st fear
 That to thy word we turn a hard, deaf ear;
 Never more fear that discord should arise
 And jealous bickerings between ears and eyes,
 Both members of one body corporate,
 Both loyal subjects of one church and state;
 Never more see us, on a frosty day,
 Stuffing in cotton, or hear caviller say:
 "I'd like to know why fallen less happy lot
 On ear than on snuffbox and mustardpot;
 What is it ever ear thought or ear did,
 To disentitle it to its share of lid?"
 Earlids, kind Heaven, or who knows what —? But no!
 Silence, rebellious tongue, and let ear go
 And plead its own case. Lidless, Heaven's own ear,
 And, whether it will or not, must always hear.

[Walking from REVERE to VERONA, July 22 and 23, and in DRESDEN, Oct. 22, 1865.]

WAYS AND MEANS.

WITH ways and means, if you 're a cheat,
 Something you still will get to eat;
 But devil-a-bit you 'll get to eat
 With ways and means, if you 're no cheat.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, March 4, 1866.]

WISER than Athens' wisest, Britain's wisest,
Dying, palavered not of dualism
And the dead man's tomorrow, nor a cock
Offered to Aesculapius, but sat down
In his great elbow-chair, and set his watch,
And asked what news, and lit his pipe and smoked,
And for the last time listened to Bow bells,
And one of his attendants to another
Said, anxious looking at him: "He is dead."

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 16, 1865.]

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

My brothers are my equals; God's the same
Kind, good, considerate God to all his children,
Who've, every one, the same rights as myself.
Of course I don't include among God's children
Having the same rights as myself, my sisters;
I'd rather die, and go to heaven offhand,
Where neither hes nor shes find entrance ever,
But only its — the paradise of neuters —
Than by the sexus sequior so be swamped.
Nature abhors a vacuum; I, a bloomer.
Hurrah then for FRATERNITY! hurrah!
For LIBERTY hurrah, and EQUAL RIGHTS!
To hell with SORORIETY! down! down!
We're all alike God's children; God's the same
Kind, even-handed parent to us all,
Rich, poor, and young and old, unlearned and learned,
Wise, fool, and good and bad — except the women.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 12, 1866.]

FARE AGE, QUID VENIAS; JAM ISTINC.

WHAT brings thee here? hast any news to tell,
Or goods for other goods or cash, to sell?
“Out of the fray I bring with me my skin;
Open, Saint Peter dear, and let me in.”
No rag of skin 's admitted here; go back,
And hang both skin and bones up on the rack.
Then come again, and to the company,
Be it late or early, I 'll admit thee free.
“Thank thee, Saint Peter; but when I come back,
Leaving both bones and skin hung on the rack,
What need have I of porter or of gate,
— Whether it 's early, I come back, or late —
Or place in heaven at all, or company?
Spirit fills no place and can nowhere be;
Good bye, Saint Peter, and remember me.”

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 20, 1866.]

BY what mistake were pigeons made so happy,
So plump and fat and sleek and well content,
So little with affairs of others meddling,
So little meddled with? say, collared dog,
And hard worked ox, and horse still harder worked,
And caged canary, why, uncribbed, unmaimed,
Unworked and of its will lord absolute,
The pigeon sole has free board and free quarters,
Till at its throat the knife, and pigeon pie
Must smoke ere noon upon the parson's table;
Say, if ye can; I cannot, for the life o' me;
But, wheresoe'er I go, I find it so;

The pigeon of all things that walk or fly
 Or swim or creep, the best cared-for and happiest;
 Ornament ever fresh and ever fair
 Of castle and of cottage, palace roof
 And village street, alike, and stubble field,
 And every eye and volute of the minster;
 Philosopher's and poet's and my own
 Envy and admiration, theme and riddle;
 Emblem and hieroglyphic of the third
 Integral unit of the Trinity;
 Not even by pagan set to heavier task
 Than draw the car of Venus; since the deluge
 Never once asked to carry in the bill,
 And by the telegraph and penny-post
 Released for ever from all charge of letters.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Oct. 31, 1865.]

WHAT is a beggar? one well skilled to pray
 Blessings on you he can't get for himself,
 And fill with wind the charitable void
 Left in your strong box by each doit you fling him.
 A Jew he is, who barter for hard cash
 His cheques upon a bank in which he has neither
 Credit nor assets. Saint, in honor held
 By the wide proletariat just one peg
 Lower than Peter, down the scale, or Paul,
 He is a bug upon the prince's coat,
 A boil, an ulcer on the bloated cheek
 Of city alderman and councillor,
 A hole in the bottom of the tradesman's till,
 Through which the silver penny daily drops
 Down into bottomless vacuity.
 He is a mad dog hunted from the street,
 Market and promenade by the police;

A pest-infected — shut up, prisoner close,
 In Lazar-house as long as the breath 's in him
 And through the tiles no golden Jove slides down
 In quest of some Acrisian in the workhouse,
 Until at last — if no Acrisian 's there,
 Nor up the corridor comes bolting in,
 Some twentieth of February morning,
 Angel deliverer in the radiant shape
 Of miser legacy of long forgotten
 Thirty-first cousin, far beyond th' Atlantic —
 A shell 's provided, and sir Lazarus
 Packed off direct to father Abraham's bosom,
 There to rejoice for ever, singing psalms
 Never so much as dreamt of by divine
 Plato, or Zoroaster or Confucius,
 While David on his harp accompanies,
 And pardoned felons listen and applaud,
 And every now and then an echo swings
 Down heavily through Chaos to where Solon,
 Numa and Titus, in thick darkness sitting,
 Gnash with their teeth, and wonder what has happened.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 3, 1866.]

"WHAT 's the main difference, tell me if you can,
 Between the English and the Irish man."
 The Englishman, in want of cash, the life
 Insures of his dear child or dearer wife;
 Then, as his house so pestered is with rats,
 In spite of all his traps and dogs and cats,
 Buys, neat wrapped up in paper white and clean,
 Some half dozen grains of arsenic or strychnine
 Which gets — no one knows how — into the tea
 Of wife or child, and — a rich man is he.
 But Paddy 's of a different mould, and cash
 With him is, as 'twas with the apostles, trash.

So when the oestrus stings him, he drives lead
 From his revolver through his landlord's head,
 And makes off to America, if he can,
 There to turn Fenian or some other plan
 Hit on of dying no richer than before
 He changed for Yankee land his native shore.
 Yet this main difference, in the end, 's but small,
 Nay, well considered, almost none at all;
 For each, as death approaches, grows contrite,
 And by repentance makes his conscience light;
 His sins confesses, and, through Christ forgiven,
 Spurns with his feet the earth, and soars to heaven,
 There to rejoice for ever with the just
 And all who put in Christ their only trust;
 For all incompetent mere mortal judge,
 And codes of morals are but codes of fudge.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 9, 1866.]

Striking a light, at night.

"FIRST for the Bible, then the printing-press,
 Most for the lucifer match, the Gods I bless;
 Without the other two, at dead of night,
 What were the first?" I said, and struck a light.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, JAN. 25, 1866.]

"I NEVER fleeced my friend." "It may be true;
 But if you didn't, be sure, your friend fleeced you.
 Ovunque il guardo osservator tu giri,
 Scorticatori, e scorticati miri."

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, JAN. 21, 1866.]

INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH.

"SIX days thou hast to advertise thine own self:
Thy shop, thy wares, thy works of every kind.
I claim the seventh day; on that day thou shalt
Advertise ME, ME only" — saith the Lord.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, May 3, 1866.]

"WE 're the superior creature," I heard once
One of my sex say to a female friend.
"In sign whereof," said she, "ye go about
Smoking, and spitting upon all ye meet;
Look at my gown, look here." "An accident
Not easy in the street to be avoided" —
"So long as the superior creature 's proud
To practise what the inferior creature may not,
Without incurring infamy, descend to."

[Walking from DRESDEN to KLOTSCHA, Jan. 5, 1866.]

CHARTER OF THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

LIE, and lie still, and keep away from rhymes,
And browbeat all the world, and be THE TIMES,
And for three pence your separate numbers sell,
And take the title WE and use it well,
To none responsible; and still make sport
Of Celt and Celtic. —

Given at our court
Of Humbug, in our city of Cocaigne,
This thousandth anniversary of our reign,
And signed with our cross manual, and sealed:
Reinecke Fuchs rampant, gules, on argent field.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, March 15, 1866.]

..... "Aerane tantum
Aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu?"

MUSIC alone, of all the arts I know,
Finds equal grace in heaven and here below;
Why, but because Zeus has a tutored ear,
And dearly loves *do re mi fa* to hear?
Therefore Zeus raises Music from the tomb,
Takes Music to him into Kingdom Come,
Leaving to rot here on the earth below,
All else we have learned, all else we feel and know.
Thrice happy Mozart, on that awful day,
Thrice happy Händel! ye shall sing and play;
And Catalani's notes, all notes above,
Take by sweet storm the enraptured ear of Jove;
And angels forward lean on tippy toe,
And lend a helping hand, as, from below,
Clearing the ladder's last steep step, each one
On heaven's broad pavement lays his burthen down:
Flutes, pipes, accordions, hautboys, mandolines,
Drums, kettle-drums, triangles, tambourines,
And great, resounding big drums — tum! tum! tum!
And organs loud enough to make the dumb
Their deaf ears rub, and joybells, many a peal,
Ding-donging, caps of bronze and tongues of steel:
Single, plain bob and grandsire bob, they ring,
Bob major and bob minor — ding! dong! ding!
You 'd swear 'twas Bow called Whittington again,
To hang about his neck the lord mayor's chain:
"Turn again, Whittington, to London town,
The Mansion House and aldermanic gown."
And Paganini in his pocket brings
His scutty fiddle, and four extra strings
In case of a mishap; and great bass moans
Sullen, and Scottish bagpipe whines and drones,

And Tara's harp on Tara's wall no more
 Its tale of ruin tells, but, at heaven's door,
 New strung and burnished, for the overture
 Preludes, and gathers odd pence for the poor.
 And portering caryatides set down
 Ponderous pianos — Liszt's and Thalberg's own —
 And handier concertinas, and whole sets
 Of music-glasses, strings of castanets,
 Boxes of resin, catgut, tuning-keys,
 Jew's-trumps, and fiddle-sticks, and what you please.
 And now I hear their voices, see their faces,
 Fingers, stops, pedals, scores, and dire grimaces;
 And warder Peter, all in ecstasies,
 Shuffles time with his feet and with the keys,
 And follows from the gate to hear again
 That dying fall, that spirit-stirring strain;
 And Orpheus and Musaeus are forgiven
 Old counts, and on the second seats in heaven
 Sit lilting down, when "Lo! Cecilia comes,"
 A voice cries; "sound your trumpets, beat your drums."
 And, by her angel *cicisbeo* led,
 White lily in her hand, upon her head
 Garland of amaranth and roses red,
 And by the earthly partner of her bed
 Followed at humble distance, enters in
 Th' inventress of the organ, music's queen,
 And takes her place, and th' overtures begin
 Of heaven's grand opera — I 'll not be there,
 But Beethoven will, who not one squeak can hear,
 Who, when he should lift high, sinks low his wand,
 And regulates the whole with master hand.
 Zeus is the word, with Zeus they all begin,
 Zeus, Zeus, and Zeus again, with such a din
 The devils hear it on the distant shore
 Of their blue-burning lake, and with a roar
 Answer, which shakes the brazen concave round,
 And hell and heaven alike are stunned with sound.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 15, 1865.]

CONTENTS.

[Titles are printed in capital letters, first lines in ordinary type.]

	Page
UNDER A DEAD BUTTERFLY.	1
Thanks, Fortune! that thou sent'st into the world	1
The pious Christian says the Turk 's quite wrong	2
This infinite goodness which we see all r'ound us	2
"Thank thee, kind Providence," thè cuckoo said	2
THE FOUR HAPPY BEASTS.	3
There is a way to be by all beloved	4
I don't know which is worse, the Turk or Heathen	4
"Who 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"	5
The pious man alone makes way with God	5
INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG'S COLLAR.	6
Hush! not one word about it! here 's my child	6
If I said truth, forgive me, good, kind friend	6
PROVIDENCE.	7
The king walked out	7
Go to! Go to! thou that believ'st thy soul	8
Religion learns addition well	8
No statute against lying; why? because	9
With memory short and understanding weak	9
I ask no better omen of my lore	10
Happy and good, who well deceives his foes	10
It 's a holy whim, a holy whim	11
Unlamented, well deserving	11
My country's language is the stone of which	12
O ever-trundling Dresden, if so few	12
Firm to the truth adhere so long as thou gain'st by it	12
I took my dog with me, one day, to church	13
Thou, pious Christian, when thou diest bring'st with thee	13
UNDER A PICTURE OF MISS LOUISA GRACE'S DOG, ALI	14
I would not be Ali — not for the whole	14
Á fine, hopeful boy, your Tommy	15
I saw him pick it up; it was a rag	16

	Page
ADAM'S EPITAPH.	17
"This world's goods are dross and rubbish"	17
This life 's a jest, you wicked poet	18
Arrant cheats, as all the world knows	18
Thou praisest, blessest, glorifiest God	19
MILES VETUS AND TIRO.	19
If hé 's religious who believes in one	20
TOMMY AND NEDDY	20
Being themselves of all the whole, wide world's	21
LADY GOUT.	22
JULIAN AND GALLUS.	23
So thou hast been at Delphi, yet not learned	24
She was a gallant ship, that, many a day	24
SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPIL AND MONITOR.	25
Christ's kingdom is of love, pure love alone	26
Once upon a time a yóung man	27
This bread 's my body, and this wine 's my blood	28
God's will be done! God's will is always good	28
THE LORD AND ADAM.	29
DERVIS AND BIBLE-READER.	30
Painter, wouldst thou paint a yóung man	31
He that has lost his lást tooth may bid bold	32
A DREAM.	33
Reason shines in his front erect, they say	37
TOMMY AND HIS MASTER.	38
IRA DEUM.	40
The poet's proper aim, they say, 's to please	41
Headache and heartache, toothache and the rheum	41
Learn something every day, and every night	42
Where thrée roads met, stood Hecate with three heads	42
THEIST AND ATHEIST.	43
Easiest of all to understand, is that	44
TO A BABY SMILING IN ITS CRADLE.	44
DORA AND HER MAID OF ALL WORK.	45
A hundred years long, to the fire thou mayst pray	49
MONK MARTIN.	49
FIDEI CONFESSIO.	50
"The conscios water saw its God and blushed."	52
If it 's right to dó it	53
<i>Γρωθε σεαυτον</i>	53
It is a star. — And what 's to me a star?	54
Sixty-five years ago, or maybe seventy	54
JOCKEY AND SPORTSMAN.	55
Stone-blind Assisi's saint, else, with so long	55
Impossible, impossible remains	56
The difference esséntial between man and béast	56

	Page
God either did not choose, or was not able	56
Once upon a time I prayed God	57
So gross and impious fanatics, these Rayas	57
THE LAMB AND ITS SHEARER.	58
Religions change; the new drives out the old	58
Thou need'st not punish us, revengeful Maker.	59
Away with Gods! away with Fate!	59
There is one folly which exceeds all others	59
It is a lovely sight to see	60
Napoleon, ambidexter, with one hand	61
Pray Heaven forgive me! but I never hear	62
PRO DEO, LEGE, REGE. Why? because	62
Some say the world by accident was made	62
THE TENTH BEATITUDE.	62
Why did God give Man reason, make him wise	63
It is an apple — Ay me! so it is	63
Jove reigns supreme in heaven, and Dis in hell	63
SCEPTIC AND BELIEVER.	64
OLD-WORLD STORIES. I. THE CREATION.	65
II. ADAM AND EVE.	72
III. CAIN AND ABEL	78
IV. NOAH'S ARK.	81
V. THE TOWER OF BABEL.	100
VI. ABRAHAM	102
NEMESIS.	125
TO A QUAKER FRIEND.	126
THE HOUSE THAT ZEUS BUILT.	127
INVOCATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, MATILDA OF EISLEBEN.	127
Man, of all animals, has the strongest faith	139
Live, while thou liv'st; and, when thou com'st to die	140
"Next time you 're making a great world," to God	140
LIFE'S MINUTES.	142
WORLD'S MINUTES.	142
"Vox populi vox dei." To be sure!.	143
GENUS HOMO.	143
Why I 'm not popular 's in one word told	148
What a pity Gambrinus a temple built not	149
Here 's my faith, my chapel here	149
"All things require a maker." To be sure!.	150
THE HOLY FRIAR.	150
QUEM CREAVIT ADORAVIT.	152
You say the priests deceive the people; I	153
ROMA, CAPITALE D' ITALIA.	155
Well! I 'll be patient, to myself I said	156
THE CONGRESS.	157
GOD AND GOLD.	158

	Page
THE GO-BETWEEN	153
If this beer-can a chapel were	160
Gunpowder, Steam, and Printing, and The Wire	161
Who 's the great sinner? He, who gave the power	161
She begged my alms <i>because she was a widow</i>	162
He died unwept. "Because he went to heaven?"	163
My first director on the way to knowledge	163
TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. <i>Roma, capitale d' Italia</i>	175
Hard to be pleased, who thinkest ill of Man	175
UNDER A PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI.	176
She died; that is, she ceased and was no more	177
The dog his food takes from his master's hand	177
Nay, don't be angry, friend! have pity on them	177
"Man's choice is free." Ay, to be sure!	178
All Inspiration from above descends	180
Pater quis est, dic mi, sodes	180
What animal is it, gains by losing one	181
Why has no eye beyond the tomb seen aught?	181
God made the world, there 's not a child but knows it	182
RUBBED OUT.	182
INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PEDESTAL OF THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE	183
A famous punster once said to a friend	183
'Tis a dull circle that we tread	184
Ignorance is bliss, for first it saves the pain	184
PRINCE ALBERT.	185
Two Hands there are that shuffle all the cards	186
Unhappy man! a little wiser than	186
JOHN TETZEL.	187
All 's wise and good, they say, and of design	190
How much we have improved, let Juvenal say	190
SCROLL FOR THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE	191
NUMBER THREE.	192
The saying can't be too oft repeated	193
I 'm in this faith a firm believer	193
FRAGMENT.	200
What! Man no more than a mere reasoning beast	203
Fear 's a great maker: first she made the Devil	203
MODERATION.	203
Which side shall conquer? Both sides have the right	204
Behold in Christ the sober, matron hen	205
Our coffee boils; our hostess at the fire	205
What for, two Gods? why doubled the expense?	206
THE TWO BARBERS OF FREEDOMTOWN	206
Happy the man who has neither wife nor child!	207
GOTT SEGNE DIES HAUS	208
CRADLE HYMN, SUGGESTED BY DR. WATT'S	210

	Page
'Twas a mower a-mowing stood under a tree	212
Is it just in Heaven to favor so the eyes	213
WAYS AND MEANS	214
Wiser than Athens' wisest, Britain's wisest	215
LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.	215
FARE AGE, QUID VENIAS; JAM ISTINC.	216
By what mistake were pigeons made so happy	216
What is a beggar? one well skilled to pray	217
What 's the main difference, tell me if you can	218
STRIKING A LIGHT, AT NIGHT.	219
"I never fleeced my friend." It may be true	219
INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH.	220
"We 're the superior creature," I heard once	220
CHARTER OF THE TIMES NEWSPAPER	220
Music alone, of all the arts I know	221

CORRIGENDA.

- Page 114, line 15 from bottom, del. comma at end of line.
- 157, line 8 from top, insert comma after third.
 - 157, line 5 from bottom, insert comma after it.
 - 173, lines 12 and 23 from top, instead of Lever's read Laver's.
-


OMITTED.

OF all earth's various sucking tribes, the tribe
By naturalists denominated SMOKERS,
Suck longest, to the dug with desperate lips
Clinging the whole day long and half the night,
Till Death his aloë fingers thrusts between,
And, odious drynurse, carries off by force
And weans the sore recalcitrating babe.

[ZSCHERTNITZ near DRESDEN, May 13, 1866.]

"Vox populi, vox dei." To be sure!
And surer still: Vox dei, populi vox.
The marionette's voice is the voice of him
Who made the marionette and pulls the wires.

[STRUVESTASSE, DRESDEN, May 16, 1866.]





35536

LE
H5224F

Author Henry, James

Title Poems..... first ed. Vol.1.

DATE.	NAME OF BORROWER.



